THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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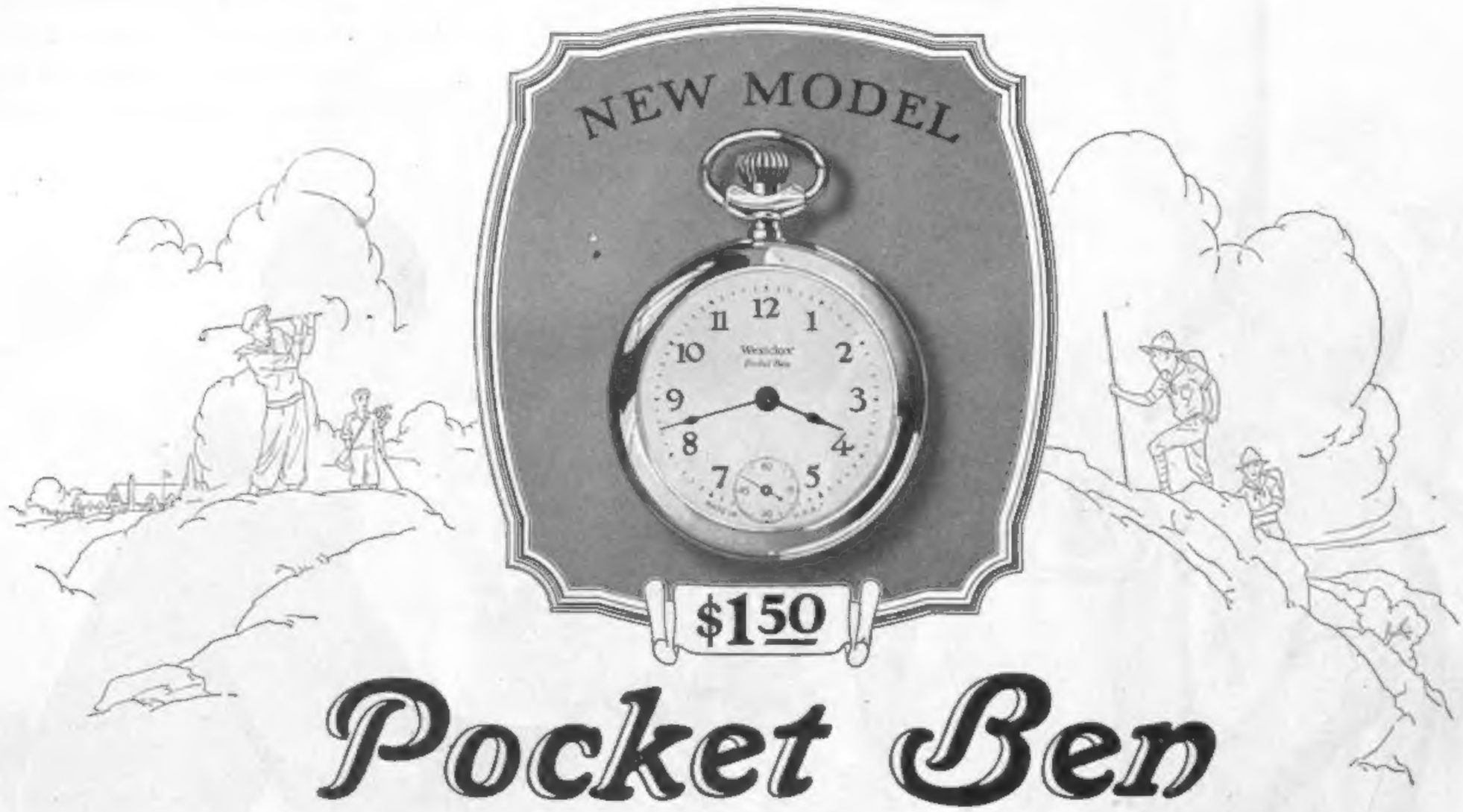

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THE DUKE STEPS OUT

"And Then She Said 'Are You Engaged to Him?' I Said 'Which One?' She Said 'I Mean the Man Who Kissed You'"

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Duke got up and moved toward the door. He had sat for two days in a corner of a large sitting room on the fifth floor of the most expensive hotel in Chicago, listening to a wrangle about two and a half per cent. Sometimes his manager or his lawyer pretended that the difference between them and the promoters and the promoters' lawyers was over the guaranty. But this was only a device. The promoters had agreed to a guaranty of one hundred thousand dollars after a trifling argument of four or five hours. Only they didn't say a hundred thousand dollars. They said a hundred grand.

The Duke would have made them a present of that two and a half per cent rather than sit in that room another hour. But Jake Levy wouldn't. Jake loved to haggle about money. Haggling about money was not only his business but his chief pleasure in life.

The Duke surveyed the group gathered around the table in the middle of the room while he waited for the right moment. He regarded them with that curious mingling of contempt and fear, that distaste, with which a young man of talent does occasionally regard the older and wiser men who live by his talent. He had always liked and trusted Jake. He knew that Jake was real. Only the Duke sometimes wished he didn't have to see so much of him. Jake had the intensity which makes so many of his sort trying after a few hours and unendurable after two days. Even his good humor and his kindliness were intense.

Now Jake's intensity about that two and a half per cent had them all leaning over the table, exposing their pink accordion-pleated necks. They were all fat men—all except Mullin, his lawyer—and even Mullin was too fat. The Duke was two inches taller and fifty pounds lighter and twenty years younger than the youngest of them. They smoked fat cigars and talked about fat sums of money, with fat hands ornamented with fat diamonds. They were so fatly eager to make more money out of the Duke that they had forgotten his existence. They failed to observe that he was leaving.

The Duke, who moved with the silent grace of a young panther, slipped into his bedroom, got his coat and hat and went down to the lobby of the hotel. He intended to find Barney, who had parked the Benham around the corner, and drive for a couple of hours out along the shore of Lake Michigan and get back before the fat men were too much worried about his absence.

It was the Monday after New Year's Day. The lake was frozen as far as you could see. The thought of the cold winter afternoon was tempting after the confinement of a room that was too hot and too thick with cigar smoke and the fumes of Scotch whisky and words.

By the Time the Duke Had Eaten All That He Wanted and Ordered Coffee With Cream, the Young Man Called Tommy Had Dug a Ukulele Out of His Luggage

Barney was watching for him and started toward him as he came out of the elevator. But in the few seconds that it took Barney to cross the lobby something happened to change the Duke's mind—something that in all his twenty-four years had never happened to him before.

The girl, with a young man beside her, had come in from Michigan Avenue. She passed within a yard of the Duke, and as she passed he heard her say to her escort, "Remember, Tommy, our train goes at five." She was very young—certainly not more than twenty—very pretty and very happily dressed. She had something else also—the something else that is so instantly communicated by one human being in ten thousand—she had verve. She was almost as slender as girls try to be nowadays. But she did not look weak. On the contrary, she glowed with health, like a good animal. Even the bronze curls that escaped from under the brim of her small hat had the vitality of natural curls. But it was her voice—her singularly agreeable, unstrained, low-pitched voice—that stopped the Duke. He stood staring after her as she walked into the grill. He continued to stare after she had disappeared, so that Barney had to touch his arm to get his attention.

"What's on your mind, chief?" Barney asked.

"I'll be wanting you before five o'clock," the Duke said.

"I'll be all set," Barney promised—"across the street."

The Duke nodded to Barney and followed the girl into the grill and found a table on the other side of the dance floor from where she sat, and ordered tea. While he waited for the tea he pretended to watch the members of the dance orchestra come in and take their places and tune their instruments. It was the first time in his life that he had ever followed a girl.

He had met a great many girls who had followed him. Some of them, he knew, for he was not a fool, had followed him because they liked his looks; and some because he had fame and money; and some because his rivals had promised them rewards if they succeeded in getting him. One girl had confessed quite recently, with tears, that they had offered her five hundred dollars if she got the Duke drunk, and two thousand if she could keep him drunk for three days.

Norah McCune was the only friend he had ever had among women. Norah had some of the jolly warmth of Bessie McCoy, with a handsome contralto voice. But Norah was older than the Duke, and busy getting on and up as a musical-comedy actress, and their fondness for each other had never quite clicked.

The orchestra began very softly to play, with all the brasses muted against the steady throb of the banjos. The girl and her young man danced together, and dancing, they swung so close to the Duke's table that he could have reached out and touched her. She danced as well as he had known she would dance when he had seen her walk across the lobby a few minutes earlier. She was a smash. Anybody would have granted that she was a smash, from her slender silken ankles to the top of her lovely head. Not that there was anything flashy about her. You had no chance to be a smash, in the Duke's opinion, if you said or did or were anything flashy.

The Duke was by temperament—though he didn't know it—a classicist. He believed far, far more than he could possibly have known, in good form, in what's done, in the correct thing. It is the special fate of such a temperament that it has some day to face an issue which the formula of the correct thing does not answer.

Another and a rougher bird than the Duke would have said "What a whiz of a girl! I wish I could take her out," and decided that there wasn't any chance to pick her up, and gone on and forgotten about her. The Duke knew that there wasn't any chance to pick her up. But he couldn't go on and forget about her. She mattered too much. Which is why he ran into all the trouble that followed and why he will always wear a scar across his forehead that looks like a sword cut, but was actually made with a chair; and why he got at last into a jam that his feeling for the correct thing could not get him out of.

He hadn't from the first moment any debate with himself about what he was going to do. He was going to sit in the grill as long as she did. When she left he would leave; where she went he would go; and when he found out where she lived and who she was, he would plan how he could meet her. He was so sure of what he wanted and he wanted it so much that for the moment he forgot about the fat men upstairs who had so completely ruled his life of late, and who would certainly do anything in their power to stop him.

The girl danced two dances before she saw that she had no time to spare and jumped up suddenly and went out with the young man at her heels. The Duke was not two yards behind them when they went through the revolving doors into Michigan Avenue. A taxi came forward from the hotel stand and the young man helped the girl in. The Duke waved his hand to Barney, across the street, and watched the Benham describe a sweeping curve and swing in front of the hotel's awning. He had a thrill of pride in the car as he walked toward it—the pride of a man who looks on his pet extravagance and finds it good. He had bought the Benham in England because he liked it better than any other car in the world, and had it fitted with a particularly sporting collapsible sedan body. It was not a big car, but it was fast. The makers had guaranteed it to do ninety miles an hour, and in their quaint English fashion had proceeded to do ninety miles an hour with it on the track at Brooklands. The Duke did not regret the three thousand pounds the car had cost him; and especially he did not regret it now, when he jumped into it and told Barney to catch the taxi in which the girl had left the hotel.

"They're making a five o'clock train," he added, "and so am I."

Barney stole a quick astonished glance at his young employer. They had shared each other's confidence for five or six years now, and lost and won and gone hungry together.

The Duke grinned. He liked to tease Barney. "I'll come back," he said, "but I don't know when."

"What'll I tell those birds up topside?" Barney asked. He had been in the Navy and he had some navy tricks of speech.

"Tell them you took me to the railway station and I said to wait and you waited and that's all you know."

"Yeah," said Barney grimly. "Yeah, you think that'll hold Jake Levy!"

"After all, Barney, Jake can't fire you."

Barney grinned. "I can take it," he said, still grim. "If," he added hopefully, "you don't think you need me along."

"No," the Duke said, "I'll play this one alone."

The taxi ran up to the railway station, the Benham's sharp nose just behind it. The Duke hopped out, waved his hand to Barney and followed the girl and her young man into the station. There they met two other girls and another young man, and the five of them went on to a train gate and had their tickets punched and went downstairs to the train shed. The Duke had no ticket, but he

"I Shall Tell Them That You are a Perfect Dear," She Assured Him, Her Eyes Sparkling

He Proceeded to Entertain Himself and His Friends With a Series of Songs of the Sort That Their Mothers Did Not Sing

hurried through with such an air of owning the place that the man at the gate did not try to stop him. In another five minutes the train was rolling out of the train shed and the Duke was learning, from the old porter in charge of the Pullman, that the young people aboard were students at the state university at Grandison. The Duke didn't know what state the porter meant, but when the conductor came through he paid his fare to Grandison and learned that he was in for a six-hour journey.

The car in which he found himself was of a sort he hadn't met before in America. It was part chair car, with a kitchen or pantry for serving meals, and part smoking compartment. The Duke chose the smoking compartment, not wanting the girl to notice that he was following her, and sat on the leather-cushioned bench that ran across the end. The rest of the bench and the chairs were soon occupied by three or four college boys. The Duke hid himself behind an evening paper and listened to their talk and wished that he could have gone to college. He had a quarter of a million dollars in sound bonds stowed away in New York. He would have given them all for the privilege of being one of these happy-go-lucky chaps, a year or two younger than himself. He would have thrown in everything else he possessed, even the Benham, to be one of them.

The Duke had left school when he was fifteen. He had been on his own ever since. And though his uncommon gifts had made him known in New York and London and Melbourne, and though he had made a great deal of money for his years, he had not achieved his early ambition to be a scholar and a gentleman. He was naïve enough to suppose that the only hope was to go through college. And now, surrounded by young men who took going to college so for granted that they actually complained of having to go back after the Christmas holidays, he felt keenly how little he belonged. He felt utterly inferior to these blithe young men. They had the privilege of meeting the girl he had followed, on terms of equality. They shared her background, her manners, her speech, her social class. The Duke had always lived in another and a harsher world.

He had been born in that part of New York that is still called Chelsea, and lived in a tenement that was shaken twenty-four hours a day by the Ninth Avenue Elevated, and consorted with other sons of longshoremen, who hoped one day to be tough enough to join the Hudson Dusters. His mother had died when he was ten. His father had been killed a few years later when a line parted and a flying block from a cargo boom struck him between the eyes. The Duke had escaped the charitable societies that threatened his liberty by running away with a carnival company. His early memories were of people who counted themselves well off if they had enough to eat during the week and a bottle of whisky on Saturday night. And if nowadays he knew which fork to use, it was because he had read about it.

Just once in those harsh early years he had caught a glimpse of gentler ways. The summer that he was ten years old a real-estate operator bought up a block of old rooming houses, ejected the tenants and put the carpenters and the plumbers and the steam fitters to work. In three months the frowzy block revealed itself as a neat row of red brick houses of the charming sort that were built in Thomas Jefferson's time. A new highbrow weekly took over two of the houses for its offices; college professors, reformers and book reviewers took the others.

The only child among the invading families was a boy of the Duke's own age. His name was Alan Brooke. The Duke met him, boy fashion, over a matter of pigeons. They constructed a pigeon loft on the roof of a shed that marked the boundary of the Brookes' back yard and Alan Brooke asked him to his birthday party. The Duke thanked him, but he did not mention the matter at home. He had no desire to join a party of boys from the private school across town that Alan Brooke attended. But Mrs. Brooke sent a formal invitation by mail. The Duke's mother insisted that he go.

So the Duke, scrubbed until his ears were a pale translucent pink, saw with his own eyes a brown mahogany table, sparkling with glass and silver and flowers, and learned that the slim paper cylinder beside your plate went off like a firecracker when you pulled both ends, disclosing a motto which you were supposed to read out loud and a paper cap which you were supposed to put on; and he ate elaborate ice cream and angel's-food cake in painful silence while the eight other boys, all in Eton collars and shorts and bare knees, made just as much noise as if they were not dressed up.

The one deep impression he carried away with him was that Alan Brooke's mother had beautiful slim white hands with long, polished, pink finger nails the shape of almonds, and looked like a girl. His own mother was no older in years. But her hands were red and rough and her nails were broken back to the quick. The Duke reflected, going home, that when you were rich your mother was still young and smiling.

He would never have gone inside the Brookes' house again but for the episode of the milk bottle.

The Duke came down Ninth Avenue one winter afternoon on his way home from school, with a wary eye out for Rusty Callahan and his gang. At Twenty-fourth Street he paused and looked both ways. He saw the mêlée from a distance of fifty or sixty yards. But there was no mistaking Alan Brooke's bare knees.

The Duke ran, and running, saw the milk bottle sitting on a doorstep. He picked up the bottle almost without pausing.

Alan was down when he got there, and Rusty and two of his gang were kicking him. The bottle caught Rusty on top of the head. The two others ran away. The Duke, frightened at seeing Rusty look so suddenly white, bent over him in panic. And at that moment Alan Brooke's father stepped out of a taxicab.

Mr. Brooke had picked up Rusty and they had all gone into the basement of the Brooke house. Rusty came round after a minute or two and ran away before they could look at his head. Mr. Brooke looked singularly stern. He took Alan and the Duke upstairs to his library and when they had told their story he shook his head.

"Young man," he said to the Duke, "milk bottles are barred. Fight with your fists if you want to, but not with bottles. It just isn't done."

"Father," Alan Brooke protested, "there were three of them and all bigger!"

The Duke said nothing. What did this tall, elegant gentleman smoking a cigar in his book-lined room know about the world?

(Continued on Page 55)

THUS WE TOOK ROME

By Benito Mussolini

AND now we were on the eve of the historic march on the Eternal City. Having completed my survey and estimate of the conditions in the provinces; having listened to the reports of the various chiefs of the Black Shirts; having selected the plans of action and determined in a general way upon the most favorable moment—I called together in Florence the chiefs of the Fascist movement and of the squads of action. There were Michele Bianchi, De Bono, Italo Balbo, Giuriati and various others. Someone at that quiet conference suggested the mobilization of the Black Shirts for November fourth, the anniversary of the victory. I rejected that proposal, for it would have spoiled a day of commemoration by introducing the element of revolutionary activity.

Advance Plans

IT WAS necessary to give our movement the full advantage of opportunity and to make it sparkle and detonate. It was necessary to weigh, besides the military aspect, the political effects and values. We had to consider, finally, the painful possibility of a violent suppression, or a failure spreading from some slip to all of our plans. We were obliged to determine beforehand all the hows and whens, the details of the means, with what men and with what aims the Fascist assault could most wisely be launched.

The Fascist meeting in Naples, which was advertised as our second great congress, with its display of discipline and of speech-making, served to hide the beginnings of the real mobilization. At a fixed moment the squads of action of all Italy were to be at arms. They would have to occupy the vital nerve centers—the cities and the post offices, the prefectures, police headquarters, railroad stations and military barracks.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, OF N. Y. C.

Fascist Leaders Being Reviewed in Rome, After the Overthrow of the Facta Government

Detachments of Fascisti were to march along the Tyrrhenian Sea toward Rome, led by chiefs, all of them brave former officers. The same movement was to take place on the Adriatic side, from which direction were to be launched on Rome the strength of the low Romagna, Marches and Abruzzi districts. That plan required that we should free Ancona from the Socialist-Communist dominion. This had been done. From Middle Italy the squadrons already mobilized for the meeting at Naples were also to be directed upon Rome. They were supported by groups of Fascist cavalry under the command of Caradonna.

The moment the Fascist mobilization and campaign was decided and actually began operation, the martial law, the stern rules and orders of Fascism both for officers and privates were to be enforced. The political powers of our National Directorate were turned over to a military quadrumvirate of action in the persons of Generals De Bono, De Vecchi, Italo Balbo and Michele Bianchi. I presided over the quadrumvirate and I was the Duce—the leader—and had the ultimate responsibility for the work of the four men—a responsibility for which I was fully pledged not only to the Fascists but to Italy.

We selected as general concentration headquarters the town of Perugia, capital of Umbria, where many roads flow to a center and from which it is easy to reach Rome. In case of military and political failure, we could, by crossing the Apennine range, retire to the Valley of the Po. That zone in any revolutionary movement of history has always been properly considered the keystone of the situation. There our domination was absolute and undisputed. We selected the watchword, we fixed the details of the action. Everything had to be reported to me, in the offices of the Popolo d'Italia. Trusted Fascist messengers wove webs like scurrying spiders. All day long I was issuing the necessary orders. I wrote the proclamation which was to be addressed to the country on the eve of action.

We knew from very faithful unforgettable friends that the army, unless exceptional circumstances arose, would maintain itself on a ground of amiable neutrality.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE, MILAN

The Duce

The Proclamation

AT THE historic congress at Naples, after my opening speech, which traced the outlines of the Fascist action in the state and assigned to Naples the title Queen of the Mediterranean, the general discussion continued in academic tune, without a definite aim except that of gaining time. The leader in that dissembling and sham discussion was Michele Bianchi, one of the quadrumvirs for the march on Rome. At that time he had revealed already a notable political mind. De Bono and Balbo, who had great authority over the squadrons of action, joined the general headquarters in Perugia.

I went from the adjourned congress back to Milan. During the trip I had opportunity to see many friends and to build additional preparations. I had important conversations on that particular drive which had to be organized in Milan, as in other centers of the Lombardy district. In order not to arouse the suspicion of the police, for I was always surrounded by spies, I assumed the attitude of an indifferent person without a worry or trouble in the world. This was somewhat difficult, for I had to spend precious time in trying the speed of a new car and in other workaday comings and goings. In the evenings I went to the theaters. I pretended to have a great spirit of activity in my editorial writing and newspaper management.

But suddenly, when I knew that everything was ready, I addressed from Milan, through the Popolo d'Italia and by means of independent publications and through the correspondents of all the Italian newspapers, my proclamation of revolution. It had been signed by the quadrumvirate. Here is the text of the memorable document:

Fascisti! Italians!

The time for determined battle has come! Four years ago the national army loosed at this season the final offensive, which brought it to Victory. Today the army of the Black Shirts takes again possession of that Victory, which has been mutilated, and going directly to Rome, brings Victory again to the glory of that capital. From now on principi and triari are mobilized. The martial law of Fascism now becomes a fact. By order of the Duce, all the military, political and administrative functions of the party management are taken over by a secret Quadrumvirate of Action with dictatorial powers.

The army, the reserve and safeguard of the nation, must not take part in this struggle. Fascism renews its highest homage given to the army of Vittorio Veneto. Fascism, furthermore, does not march against the police, but against a political class both cowardly and imbecile, which in four long years has not

P. & A. PHOTO.

Premier Mussolini Reaping Grain on His Farm

been able to give a government to the nation. Those who form the productive class must know that Fascism wants to impose nothing more than order and discipline upon the nation and to help to raise the strength which will renew progress and prosperity. The people who work in the fields and in the factories, those who work in the railroads or in offices, have nothing to fear from the Fascist government. Their just rights will be protected. We will even be generous with unarmed adversaries.

Fascism draws its sword to cut the multiple Gordian knots which tie and burden Italian life. We call God and the spirit of our five hundred thousand dead to witness that only one impulse sends us on, that only one passion burns within us—the impulse and the passion to contribute to the safety and greatness of our country.

Fascisti of all Italy!

Stretch forth like Romans your spirits and your fibers! We must win! We will.

Long live Italy! Long live Fascism!

THE QUADRUMVIRATE.

P. & A. PHOTO

Mussolini Walking With D'Annunzio on the Grounds of the Latter's Palace

At night there reached me the first news of bloody clashes in Cremona, Alessandria and Bologna, and of the assaults on munition factories and upon military barracks. I had composed my proclamation in a very short and resounding form; it had impressed the whole of the Italian people. Our life was suddenly brought into an ardent atmosphere of revolution. News of the struggles that happened in the various cities, sometimes exaggerated by the imagination of reporters, gave a dramatic touch to the revolution. Responsible elements of the country asserted that as a result of this movement there would be at last a government able to rule and to command respect. The great mass of the population, however, looked out astonished, as it were, from their windows.

A State of War

NONE of the subversive or liberal chiefs showed themselves. All went into their holes, inspired only by fear. They understood quite thoroughly that this was the striking of our hour. Everyone felt sure that the struggle of Fascism would have a victorious end. I could sense this even from far away. The air was full of it. The wind spoke of it, the rain brought it down, the earth drank it.

I put on the black shirt. I barricaded the Popolo d'Italia. In the livid and gray morning, Milan had a fantastic and new appearance. Some pauses and some sudden silences gave one the sensation of certain great hours that come and go in the course of history.

Frowning battalions of Royal Guards scouted the city, and the monotonous rhythm of their feet sounded ominous, echoing in the almost deserted streets.

The public services functioned on a reduced and meager scale. The assaults of the Fascisti against the barracks and on the post offices were the causes of fusillades of shots. This rather gave to the city a sinister echo of civil war.

I had provided the offices of my newspaper with everything for defense against attack. I knew that if the government authorities desired to give a proof of their strength they would direct their first violent assault at the Popolo d'Italia. In fact, in the early hours of the morning, I saw trained upon the offices and me the ugly muzzles of the *mitrailleuses*. There was a rapid exchange of shots. I had my rifle charged and I went down to defend the doors. The neighbors had barricaded entrances and windows and were begging for protection.

During the firing, bullets whistled around my ears.

A major of the Royal Guard finally asked for a truce and to speak with me. After a brief initial conversation, we agreed that the Royal Guard should go as far as two hundred meters and the *mitrailleuses* should be brought away from the middle of the street, to be put at a crossing of the street about a hundred meters away. With that sort of armistice began for me the day of October twenty-eighth.

At night, deputies, senators, political men of Milan, the most well known and responsible of the Lombard parliamentary world—among whom were Senator Conti, Crespi and the Deputy De Capitani—came together to the offices of the Popolo d'Italia to ask me to desist in a struggle which they asserted would be the beginning of a violent, grave and reprehensible civil war. They proposed to me a sort of armistice and truce with the central government. Perhaps a ministerial crisis might save, they said, the situation and the country.

I smiled back at the parliamentarians because of innocence. I answered them in words like these:

"Dear sirs, there is not the slightest question of any partial or total crisis or of substitution of one ministry for another. The game I have undertaken has a wider and more serious character. For three years we have lived in a caldron boiling with small battles and devastation. This time I will not put down weapons until a full victory is concluded. It is time to change the direction not only of the government but also of the whole of Italian life. There is no question of a struggle of parties in parliament, but here is a question—we want to know if we Italians are able to live an autonomous life or are to be slaves of our own weakness, not only as to foreign nations but also in our own affairs. War is declared! We will bring it to the bitter end. Do you see these communications? Well, the struggle is blazing all over Italy. Youth is in arms. I am rated as a leader who precedes and not one who follows. I will not humiliate with arbitration this page of marvelous resurrection of Italian youth. I tell you that it is the last chapter. It will fulfill the traditions of our country. It cannot die in a compromise."

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Mussolini Being Greeted by the King of Italy, 1922

A Firm Ally in D'Annunzio

I THEN showed my visitors a letter which I had received at dawn from Commander Gabriele D'Annunzio. I had sent a brief message to the redeemer of Fiume, who had been with us since the first moments of the darkest struggle. It was brought by the Generals Giampietro and Douhet and Eugenio Coselschi. D'Annunzio, toward whom in vain some vague hopes of the politicians had turned, had immediately answered in these terms:

Dear Mussolini: I received tonight the three messengers, after a hard day of work.

In this book, so many times interrupted, are gathered the truths that the one-eyed man discovers in retirement and meditation. I think that now Italian youth must recognize them and follow them with purified heart.

It is necessary to gather together all the sincere forces and start them toward the great goals that are fixed for Italy by her eternal destinies.

From virile patience and not from restless impatience salvation will come to us.

The messengers will tell you my thoughts and my intentions, free from all vague colorings.

The King knows that I am still the most faithful and most eager soldier of Italy.

Let him stand against the adverse destinies, which must be faced and defeated.

Victory has the light eyes of Pallas.

Do not blindfold her.

Sine strage vincit, strepitu sine ullo.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

After having read the letter of D'Annunzio to these Lombard politicians, I sent them away with the

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PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Fascisti Parading Through the Streets of Rome Carrying Destroyed Pictures of Lenin, Trotsky and Karl Marx

HOKUM AND ROSES

Gordon Came Back of the Scenes on a First Night With Some Know-it-All Critic

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

GORDON telephoned at ten minutes of seven and Penny, wriggling feverishly into her blue lace frock—still unpaid for, but what has that to do with loveliness, with frosty moonlit ecstasy of blue lace over blue chiffon?—Penny had to hear that he wasn't, after all, coming to take her out to dinner.

"Oh-h!" she said—practically a groan. Disappointed, of course; and Penny never could learn to suffer in silence.

"What is that?" insisted Gordon's deep, dignified barytone. "I didn't quite hear you, Penelope."

She couldn't say oh-h again. It had sounded none too intelligent the first time, so she changed to "I'm so sorry," in the little-girl voice which Gordon always evoked from her. As if, she sometimes thought to herself—as if he were a medium, and she, little Bright-Eyes, the Indian-child control.

Gordon went on to say that he was sorry, too, but that he had learned about noon that day that he would have to stay overnight in Philadelphia. He was calling from his hotel.

"I've tried half a dozen times," he said, "since noon, to get you."

Not reproach, but something just this side of it.

Penny said she'd been out. Her little Bright-Eyes murmur was so ineffectual she had to say it twice; adding more loudly, "I've just this moment got in."

"What will you do with yourself this evening?" inquired Gordon anxiously.

The warmest, most comfortable feeling—Gordon's unfailing interest in what she was going to do, anywhere, any time. He seemed never quite to get her off his mind.

"I hope you'll stay in," he urged, "and read a book and go to bed early. Wouldn't do you a bit of harm."

Penny said meekly she knew it wouldn't. As if she spent her days and nights running up and down the earth looking for things that wouldn't do her harm. She'd said she thought she'd do a little work maybe.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic," said Gordon, pleased. He never liked her to be too enthusiastic about her work. He often said, "We'll see about all this some day, young lady"—significantly. Implying a time when she should sit on a cushion and sew a fine hem at his expense, and no more argument. Strawberries and cream provided, gratis.

The biggest excuse for the sheltered woman, so far as Penny was concerned, lay in the fact that she herself secretly liked Gordon to say things like that—liked the gleam in his keen gray eyes under the heavy eyebrows, liked the grim twist of his splendid thin-lipped mouth, like a Roman emperor or something.

A racial instinct in her liked it—an unconquered and, she was afraid, unconquerable racial memory. Firelight on the walls of a cave, maybe; heavy fingers in one's hair. Only Penny's bronze-brown curls wouldn't have provided any too good a hold. Anyhow, she liked him to say it.

She replied—as she knew he was waiting to hear her do—"I'm not awfully excited. I'm going to be lonely."

"That's good!" said Gordon with an indulgent chuckle. "Never mind; it won't be long till tomorrow night."

"It's always long till tomorrow night," said Penny. "Sometimes it never comes."

Just the sort of thing he wouldn't be looking for. Why must she say it?

"Well"—it did make him a trifle impatient—"well, see here, Penelope. Tomorrow night then, same time, same arrangement, eh?"

"Yes, I'd love it," said Penny, repentant and wistful.

"Be a good girl," said Gordon. He always wound up with that. Very comforting also. Like the clasp of his big hard hand, with the heavy bloodstone ring on the little finger. Gordon's coat of arms was on the bloodstone, and the motto of his family—Fidèle ou Fini.

"Miss me a lot?" said Gordon.

"Horribly!" said Penny.

The conversation must be costing him something, she reflected. They had talked almost half an hour. As if he, too, had just prudently remembered—although, unlike Penny, he had no need for prudence—he said:

"Tomorrow night, Penelope. Till then!"

"'By," said Penelope, small and docile.

Getting out of the adored blue lace with much less haste than she had exerted getting into it, she reflected on "Till then" as a form of farewell. Almost Shakesperean, wasn't it? No one but Gordon ——

The blue lace went onto a hanger and into a small dark closet. Penny took out of the closet a pair of black silk pajamas, thrust her legs into the trousers, her arms into the sleeveless coat, slid her feet into a pair of gaudy Chinese slippers and then slowly, with a certain amount of bored distaste, set about getting dinner upon a well-known political formula—of, by and for herself.

Gordon didn't like the black silk pajamas, although his sister had given them to Penny, and although they were of the sort described in advertisements as very chic for tea. They suited Penny's slim, freckled, dryadish person—at least she felt they did—but Gordon didn't like them. Even with the brocaded coat which was supposed to complete their chicness, he gave them nothing at all, and said so frankly. More than frankly, he said so with a kind of facetiousness bordering on deliberate vulgarity.

"Pajamas?" he said. "For tea? Tea for two, I suppose!"

Mrs. Nash, his sister, had been very cold with him. "Really, Gordon, you do keep your mind in cold storage, don't you?"

"I have some regard for old-fashioned decency"—that was what Gordon had said.

However, even if he didn't like the black pajamas, it was no reason Penny shouldn't get dinner alone in them. She shuffled about in her gay Chinese slippers, with her white arms showing very white, her white throat very soft and slim against the somber silk. She even eventually rose to the point of singing as she shuffled: "Some day he'll come along—the man I love!" Without particular significance. Gordon, of course, had already come.

It was only a song. It seemed to fit in somehow with the close June evening, with dusk lying thick and still outside the windows of the studio, with taxis rattling by in the narrow street, with the eldritch cries of children playing down the block.

If Penny had gone out to dinner with Gordon he would have come for her in his big, dark, shining car, with an impassive young man at the wheel. Gordon wasn't young—Roman emperors didn't have to be young to be wonderful. He was forty-five, perhaps. Well, why not be frank? He was forty-eight. His sister had said so. And there would have been a lovely, rushing, soundless drive along Riverside and back before settling upon a place to eat —— "Somewhere that's a fit background for you, Penelope."

Gordon thought of backgrounds. Not one man in a hundred thought of backgrounds when taking a girl out to dinner.

"Food's pretty good at Louis'," they said, or, "Tell you a place you can get anything you want. We'll go there."

Gordon thought of food, too, but as if it had been pictures or Chinese glazes. Guinea hen, artichokes, crêpes Suzettes—things like that, making up a glamorous meal, with the head waiter obsequious at the finish.

"I hope you were pleased tonight, Mr. Leverte."

"Very good, indeed, Antoine."

Penny, in the black pajamas and the Chinese slippers, dreaming of crêpes Suzettes and artichokes, emptied a tin of corned-beef hash into the electric grill pan and stirred it, patted it down, smeared a little dab of butter across the top.

"Darn it! Only one roll and that's stale," she said to herself. She didn't go out for more. It was too warm. She was too lazy. And she wasn't hungry for corned-beef hash anyhow.

After supper, when she was washing the grill and her one willow-ware plate at the washstand in the monastic cubby-hole which served her for a bedroom, her telephone rang again in the studio. The studio was really fairly large, and what with adroit handling of a Vie-de-Bohemish north light, a couch with a smashing assortment of cushions, a piano, a lot of sketches, a tea table, a forest of purple-and-white petunias in a window box—what with this and with that, as Mayfair was wont to say—in the dear dead days of last year, was it?—the studio had something. A kind of untidy charm chiefly.

The telephone stood on the piano. Penny's telephone would. And it rang with a species of executive persistency till Penny got to it.

"This is Cordelia Nash," it said. "How are you, dear? Is Gordon there? I know you were planning to dine together."

When Penny explained that she had only just dined alone, by virtue of Gordon's long-distance defection, his sister grumbled affectionately.

"Isn't that simply too disgusting! I wanted to get hold of him. An old friend of his and mine is in town. Came in today on the Berengaria—Comtesse d'Artêches—she was Marie Judkin, of Chicago. I went to school with her; Gordon was an usher at her wedding. Most fascinating creature you ever saw in your life. Her husband was killed in a motor accident last year, south of France. She's only just beginning to go about again."

Penny murmured inarticulate sympathy for motor-killed husbands, inarticulate appreciation of fascinating creatures just beginning to go about again. Whether she murmured anything at all, she knew, made little difference. Cordelia, in spate, was resistless.

"I'm having a party for her tomorrow night. Only a little thing—very *intime* ——"

With Cordelia's butler no party could be *intime*, but Penny didn't murmur that.

"I want you, of course, Penny. Are you free, child?"

Penny said she was free to meet such a *comtesse* at any moment, day or night.

"You absurd, delicious infant! Europe hasn't changed her. She's just her old radiant self. She is the most perfect thing in black! Of course French mourning, if anything, can console a widow for being a widow. It absolutely is the last word in chic and charm. . . . Now, about that bad brother of mine, when did he say he'd be back, darling?"

Penny told her.

"I can get him at the club about noon, I expect," said Cordelia Nash. She said, "What are you doing tonight, child? Not moping, I hope." Penny said she thought she'd do a little work. "All soul alone?"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Penny. Sometimes she did, though.

"Gordon hates your being down there in that wretched neighborhood all by yourself, and I don't blame him."

"It's very nice, really," said Penny. "It isn't too wretched."

Queer, she didn't resent Cordelia Nash's fussing over her any more than Gordon. They both stood for security, shelter, protection—of which Penny sometimes felt she might like to avail herself.

"Well, go to bed early and get a lot of beauty sleep," said Cordelia. "This will be a very good party I'm giving tomorrow night."

Penny promised.

The blue lace gown then would get its innings after all. It would walk into Cordelia's ivory-paneled, shining-floored drawing-room beside Gordon's tall arrogant figure,

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"Must We?" Deplored the Comtesse. "Just as I Was Becoming So Interested in Mr.——"

GOLDEN FLEECE

By Frank M. Inman

In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

THERE is a legend, often heard during the cotton-picking months, about a Louisiana planter of ante-bellum days who imported a shipload of monkeys from Brazil in the hope that he could train them to harvest his cotton crop. Before he could complete their education the monkeys scampered to freedom in the woods, and little pickaninnies had to finish the job.

I have never attempted to establish the historical accuracy of this legend, but I find it easy to believe, because men have made many fantastic efforts to evolve a cheaper, if not a better, way of performing the most arduous work required in the production of cotton. Nowadays, though, my buyers often ship me bales of what we distinguish as sledded cotton. Instead of being hand-picked, this cotton has been harvested by a crude mechanism, the improvement of which is taxing the minds of inventors of agricultural machinery. Most of those in use today are homemade affairs, the usual form being a wagon bed with high slat sides. The open front is armed with a dozen or more long comb teeth of wood or steel. This contrivance is hauled by a team of horses or mules along the cotton row so that the teeth strip the cotton from the stalks in a fashion similar to an older hand method called snapping. Improved modern machinery at the gins, and later at the mills, cleans cotton harvested in this manner until its fibers are free from dirt, leaves, hulls and stalks.

The Deadly Boll Weevil at Work

Sledding Cotton in Texas

THE dam of this invention, as so often happens, was necessity. In 1926 Southern farmers planted the largest acreage of cotton in history. Growing conditions were favorable. On the southern plains of the Texas Panhandle there was a serious shortage of labor to pick the crop. Overnight, almost as if a wand had been waved over thousands of square miles, bolls ripened and burst into fleecy whiteness. Farmers in that region, faced with the loss of a 500,000-bale crop, made themselves masters of the situation by creating thousands of sleds.

My business is buying and selling cotton. Buyers representing our firm go to the gins and country stores, the first concentration points of this great crop, and buy the bales the farmers have delivered there as currency in payment of their last year's bills and this year's needs. After sorting these purchases into even-running lots, according to the length of the fibers, the grades and the condition of the lint, we ship it to customers all over the world. Sledded cotton is easily marketed, and to me this means that we of the cotton trade are watching the occurrence of a transition of tremendous importance. Like wheat, cotton is becoming a crop best suited for large-scale production. Agriculturally its course is westward.

Grain crops ripen on the stalk uniformly, so that the wheat growers of the Northwest can harvest their crop simply by driving their combines across their land until only stubble remains. Cotton, however, ripens most often in the manner of fruit, and the farmer must pick the bolls when they burst, not before and not long afterward. Sometimes the pickers go through a field again and again before they pluck the final cotton from the top bolls. The crop requires an average of three pickings.

Grading Cotton at Graniteville, South Carolina, to Ascertain the Length of Staple, the Color and the Amount of Trash Mixed With the Fiber

Those Texas plants harvested by sleds were a smaller growth than we are accustomed to see in our fields in Georgia and the other South Atlantic States, and the bolls ripen uniformly. One picking was enough, and so the sleds were produced. It is not a matter about which anyone associated with the cotton trade wishes to be dogmatic, but I believe as time goes on there will be less and less hand-picked cotton.

One man with a sled can harvest from twelve to fifteen bales a day at a cost of about two dollars a bale, but the cheapest kind of hand-picked cotton, stripped from the stalks by hands shielded by heavy gloves, costs about seventeen dollars a bale. The cost of the old-fashioned clean cotton, in which the pickers take only the fully ripened cotton and no leaves or hulls, is much higher, and since the gins and the mills are now equipped with machinery that can do for cotton what the threshing machines and the cleaning machines of the mills have long done for wheat, the answer seems obvious. We are going to have an increasing amount of machine-picked cotton and a steadily decreasing amount of hand-picked fibers.

If the machines cannot be adjusted to harvest all the kinds of cotton now grown, then an economic pressure will force the individual farmer to grow only that kind of cotton which can be machine picked, or else to give up cotton growing.

A Cotton Warehouse at New Orleans With a 10,000-Bale Capacity

Georgia, where I have spent my life, illustrates this clearly. Until only a few years ago I was accustomed to boast that my native state was the second-largest cotton-producing area in the South. Now it is fifth, and if it became sixth or seventh Georgians would not care, because they know the land that once was planted with cotton is being worked in other ways. Instead of merely producing a cash crop of cotton or corn, our farmers are growing apples, peaches, melons, tobacco and pecans. Industrial plants have been developed, too, so that fingers once engaged in picking cotton are now occupied in supervising the processes of spinning it. General diversification of farming has taken the place of dependence on only one crop.

Each year sees in the Southern States of the Atlantic seaboard a lessened acreage planted with cotton; each year sees an increase of cotton planting in the Southern States west of the Mississippi. As a sharp contrast with Georgia, there is Texas. Black, fertile soil there, where half-wild cattle grazed twenty years ago, has been turned now into limitless cotton fields. The modern tractor plows and cotton-harvesting machines can be operated economically on the big, level plantations of Texas as they cannot be on the undulating little farms of older states, where successive generations have seen the land divided into smaller and smaller units, and where the terrain is hilly and wooded.

Price Peaks in the Cotton Market

IN MY life I have seen one other change comparable with this one in its effects on the magnificent annual enterprise which we call the cotton crop. That one was the coming of the boll weevil.

A chart of the cotton-market-price fluctuations during the last quarter of a century would show four sharp peaks. Cotton men speak of one of those peaks as the Sully year, of another as the Scales year, and the other two have not been distinguished in that fashion, because no speculators were outstandingly successful in reading the changes or in dominating the market. One of those latter peaks came in 1920, when cotton touched forty-four cents, and the next was in 1923, when it was reaching for thirty-eight cents.

Dan Sully's year was 1903. He had been in the spot-cotton business in Providence, Rhode Island, associated with a firm selling cotton to the mills of that region. Then he made about $100,000 trading in stocks. That sum must have seemed a fortune to him then, but while he was in possession of it news of weather in the cotton-growing regions suggested that there might be a crop shortage. Moreover, there were only about 20,000 bales of actual cotton stored in New York. Sully started buying moderately, but stronger indications of a crop shortage caused

him to buy more and more, until he was able to take out a profit of about $3,000,000.

By that time the spot-cotton business was much too slow for him. He opened offices in New York, Chicago and New Orleans, and was doing a large business for those days in cotton futures for Southern accounts. He was credited with having put cotton up. To many in the South who had profited by the high prices he was a hero.

In September, 1903, he went into the market again, but did not fare so well. He traded profitably in January, 1904, and thereafter determined to start another buying campaign. May contracts that were selling at 12.65 in February had risen to 16.65 by the tenth of March. It seemed as if Sully's millions might be trebled. The market cracked badly in the morning of March 18, 1904, and the notice of his failure was flashed over the country about two o'clock that afternoon. The cotton he held had lost nearly a quarter of its value in those few hours.

I remember that deal and others like it chiefly because of the strain we were under through the need of supplying money to margin our short hedges, which we carried as price insurance against our stock of cotton in warehouses. In one of those bull campaigns we kept responding to calls for margins and yet more margins until we had all the capital stock of our concern pledged in margins. I remember, too, with what relief we saw the break come. Within a week the market had dropped so far that our brokers had restored to us all the money we had posted. Naturally the merchant does not enjoy himself when the market skyrockets and then swoops, and I think he is glad,

A Cotton Gin in Georgia

as a rule, to see the nervy speculators, playing with vast sums, swept from the ring.

So much for Sully. During the months of his extreme prosperity he had purchased a $10,000 annuity for his wife, and they retired to a home at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and what Sully was doing ceased to be a matter of moment to the million or more Southern growers of cotton.

The Boll Weevil Invasion

ABOUT 1892 that insect invasion to which I have referred began. The boll weevil crossed the Rio Grande near Brownsville, Texas. Far less important happenings along that border have been more carefully noted by historians. There are plenty of living men who can show the precise spot where Villa crossed when he raided Columbus, New Mexico, and many can name the date, but there is none to say at what moment the first invading weevil, laden with her eggs, flew into a Texas cotton patch. Certainly it is a date that will always be significant in our history

Two years later half a dozen Texas counties reported the presence of boll weevils in cotton patches. Government entomologists who made an examination were appalled by their discovery of the enormous capacity of the insects to do damage. Ten years after the first appearance scientists estimated that the extent of its annual spread was 5640 square miles. From 1901 to 1911 the annual increase of infested territory averaged 26,880 square miles After 1916, each year saw 71,800 additional square miles swarming with weevils, so that today there remain only a few uninfected counties in the cotton-growing states. The adult boll weevil is about one-quarter of an inch long, with a breadth of about one-third its length. The fecundity of this tiny creature is a terrifying thing for an agriculturist to behold. Throughout the day the females spend their time piercing squares in the green cotton bolls, and depositing their eggs.

An old man who died recently in New York was one of the first to read an economic meaning into the progress of those insects that with each year crossed more county borders and state lines. The twelve months' period that spinners all over the earth and cotton growers everywhere in the Southern States still call the Scales year was in 1908–1909. Year after year Eugene G. Scales had been watching the march of the boll weevil, but that year its ravenous appetite and its frightful increase entitled it to speculative consideration.

A few months before his death the newspapers reported that Scales was broke again, that he had filed a petition in bankruptcy, but none who had watched him make and lose millions and then make them again believes he would have remained poor if only he had been permitted to sit long enough in his chair before a quotation board of the mid-town cotton-brokerage office in New York where he spent his last days.

Scales was born in Dallas and grew up at Paris, Texas, within sound of the voices of field hands singing in the cotton patches. The thumping cough of the gin compress making bales was the *obbligato* of that music. The people around him were sorry or glad, accordingly as the cotton crop was bad or good. He became the proprietor of a small country store in Red River County and the currency with which he bought and sold was the loosely compressed bales produced in near-by fields. After that he had a store in Bowie County. Whether he sold calico dresses, brogans, plows or mule harness, his accounts invariably were settled in cotton. This is just as true today of store transactions in the cotton country as when that old speculator was a youth.

Finally Scales went into the cotton-oil business and then branched out as a cotton broker. He established a string of brokerage offices in Temple, Brownwood, Waco, Corsicana and Taylor, all in Texas, and became a member of the cotton exchanges in New York and New Orleans. In 1884 he was rated a millionaire. In 1885 he was broke. Twice before the close of the century he was very rich, and twice he was very poor. Men said he pressed his luck too hard, but seemingly there were only three important words in his vocabulary. One was "cotton." The other two were "supply" and "demand." He studied the factors of those conditions as a general might study the plan of a battle. The number of millions of spindles in the cotton mills all over the world were the battalions of demand; the growing crop, the bales in warehouses at the end of each season, the carry-over, seed in the ground, weather conditions and insects, all were figured in his estimates of supply.

People said he was broke when he went to New York, about 1907. He had, it is said, twenty-eight cents and a diamond ring, which he pawned for $200. But there was one other thing included in the sum of his assets, and that was a vivid mental picture of the cotton crop as he had seen it in long, dusty, buckboard drives through the endless fields of what the ancients knew as tree wool.

From Poverty to Riches

FROM a room in a shabby inexpensive little hotel, Scales set out for a brokerage office near the cotton exchange, then still housed in its old Pearl Street building, with the money raised on his ring. He began to buy cotton, pyramiding his profits as the market advanced. What he actually bought, of course, was not cotton but the contracts of other men who agreed to deliver cotton to him at some specified month in the future. With the close of that season Scales once more was a rich man.

In the spring of 1908 Scales went South. There had been a winter without rain and a spring drought, indicating clearly to Scales that there was going to be a short crop. He knew that there were spindles enough in the world to devour several million more bales than were likely to be produced; but as he drove through many Texas counties, stopping from time to time to make a first-hand inspection of a row of cotton plants, he became aware of a new consumer—a beetle not so large as a house fly. Scales, like other men interested in cotton, had been watching the mathematical progression of the boll weevil for many years prior to 1908. When he made his trip through the drought-stricken fields of Texas he knew that in large areas where there had been a satisfactory amount of rain the insects were destroying potential bales that would be kept from coming on the market later in the year to the embarrassment of any bull speculators.

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A Family of Louisiana Cotton Pickers

WOTAN'S CHILD

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

WHEN Sergeant George Kaelred of Battery B broke his toe by catching it in a knothole of the shower bath's floor he swore so that some armadillos sitting in a tree beside the baths shuddered and turned their backs, but he did not know that he had broken the toe. This happened on a Tuesday. On Wednesday he fainted with dignity from his horse during drill and the surgeon repaired him. On Saturday afternoon he limped down the regimental street, much jeered at by friends, and settled on the steps of the supply office.

"I feel for you," he told me, jerking a brown thumb at my carpet slipper. "Never had anything wrong with a hoof before. Say, ain't it inconvenient?"

"Have a lady stab you in the neck accidental, fella," Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson advised, "if you want a wad of inconveniences."

He passed a finger down the white scar on a side of his neck and went on typing. Sweat shook from his bare arms. I believe that the thermometer was too tired that day for its job. It merely said ninety-two in the shade. Most of the regiment had piled into motors and was gone from the hills of Leon Springs into San Antonio, where there would be soda bars and electric fans and female conversation. These illusions would help them through another broiling August day. At night the Texan winds would stir, or another thunderstorm might crash in the dusty forests of the great military reservation. Meanwhile we broiled, and heat made me remember momently that the surgeon had lanced a new collection of odd blisters on the sole of my infected foot that morning. I noted on a chart that F Battery needed forty new pairs of shoes, size 9 BB, or some such mysterious rating, and then stooped to shift the bandages around my ankle.

"How was it you got your neck cut, Robbie?"

"Interferin' with a lady and her husband which was quarrelin', K," said the slim supply sergeant, "on the banks of the Pasig, far away. Useless," he informed me, "you've got this thing about as mixed up as it could be got. Reach me some more paper an' pray to be made a better boy."

We were toiling through the endlessness of the regimental requisition for new clothes and equipment. I never saw the last of this job. An order carried me northward into the state of Arkansas on August 22, 1917, and I don't know what became of the hat cords, shoe laces, trousers, all olive drab, underclothes, belts, socks and shirts we were listing for this college of arms. The recruits were being taught to drill and I was learning, with Robinson's help, what an army's bookkeeping was like. Nobody has ever been decorated for writing a regiment's requisition on the Quartermaster Corps for its simple needs. First the batteries send in lists to the supply officer, and then the supply sergeant and his clerk copy out the stuff on various slips of paper and go mad among them, finding that the number of shoes in one size, say, for A Battery has got added wrongly to the slip from C Battery, and that B Battery has not sent in for shirts. Then the batteries all send in additions and oversights and the whole job has to be done once more. And then the supply officer carelessly takes the list of hats for F Battery to clean his pipe and there is more fun. But who ever heard of a regimental supply sergeant being given a medal? I looked at big Kaelred lolling on the hot doorstep, with his blue eyes following the movement of an armadillo along the branch of the oak above him. He had nothing but a broken toe. We had a requisition.

"How's your kid brother getting on, sergeant?"

"Swell! He's gettin' better. Swore at a horse this mornin'. Jimmy'll be military as hell by and by. He gave a short lecture on opera this noon. But there's enough educated kids in the outfit so that nobody sent for the doctor. . . . He'll do."

"Him an' the colonel would be friends," said Robinson, typing steadily.

"How so, Robbie?"

"The Old Man's a dog for opera music. Had the band playin' that Ride of the Valkyries business out in the Islands every concert. Hey, they say his kid's here."

"That heifer that was down on the border last fall to see him?"

"Yeh. He's proud to death of her. I'd like to see the baby," Robinson drawled, leaning back from his machine. "I was his striker when she was a pup—1906. She must be fourteen. Wheeled her all around the presidio. Her nurse was pretty good-lookin'. . . . Gee—1906! I wasn't sixteen yet."

"Eighteen on your service record, Robbie."

Robinson paid no attention to that. "They had the colonel he was a captain then—detailed to the presidio to be disagreeable about somethin' they was reorganizin'. We was three months there. He knows somethin' about near everything. Remember him talkin'—— What d'you call this about diggin' up old towns an' all? Ark'logy? Yeh. He was talkin' that to a civilian that was round a lot. He's a wise man. That's what his monocle's for."

"Stage effect?" I asked.

"Sure. See him scold a *teniente* sometime. Takes it outa his face and whirls it around. Hypnotism, kinda. He's nearsighted in that eye too."

Our colonel was almost an enthusiasm with Robinson, who largely took men and women and armies for just about what they are. But he admired the gaunt officer. And I was beginning to admire anybody willful enough to grab this amorphous body of recruits, young sergeants a pair of years in the service and two score veterans, and make the thing a regiment in twenty days of tigerish supervision. The colonel's monocle first gleamed among us on the twentieth of July. It was now the end of the second week in August, and this was a regiment. Horrid spasms of rumor came daily downhill from headquarters. The god with white mustaches had noticed something wrong in F Battery's kitchen or on the starboard side of the raised roofless shower baths, and battery commanders had been sent for, and the tiger had lashed his tail—a tremulous riding crop—on one of his boots as he snarled at a captain or lieutenant. He was said to walk out at night in moccasins, and Private Angelo Giolitti of C Battery had seen him perched on a tree, talking to an armadillo by moonlight in an unknown tongue.

"The Old Man can see a long way," said Kaelred drowsily, pitching a dead cigarette up at the oak. "Here comes Jim. Bawl him out some, Robbie."

Private James Kaelred approached down the dust of the sloping street between the brown cantonments. He was reading a newspaper as he came, and the top of his fading hat hid his face, but he was obviously Private James Kaelred of C Battery. Nothing else walked with that air of efficient perfection. His mother—she must have been outrageously beautiful - once took this soldier up to Columbus to be photographed when he was a lovely child of six. On the train she fell into talk with a benevolent person named Waldo Grant, who believed in eugenics and hygienics and mnemonics and physical statistics and culture. And the result of this meeting was that a curly-headed sturdy whelp began to figure in advertisements of the Waldo Grant Physical Culture School at Chicago and the Waldo Grant Memory Course—fifty dollars for fifty lessons by mail. Jimmy Kaelred developed as the Perfect Child and then as the Perfect Boy under his stepfather's systems. His

The Storm Was Beginning When They Came on the Boy Leading This Frantic Woman Along the Edge of the Drill Ground, Half a Mile Away, and Towing a Lamed Horse

education was considered complete when he was fourteen and he was sent out to commit lectures at eugenic congresses. But his mother and her earnest husband were killed in a railway wreck in November of 1916. I am afraid that Jimmy suffered a good deal in the summer of 1917 while his brother and Regimental Supply Sergeant Clifford Robinson were making him over, but a lot of honest Spartan discipline had been worked into the mass of his training and he put up with what the two random young soldiers did to him.

"Well, perfection," said Robinson, "how's things?"

"Why, all right, sergeant."

"You ain't complained to the colonel about the cookin' or the condition of the regiment's morals lately? Or tried to have smokin' prohibited to increase our efficiency? . . . 'At's a good boy! Try to be human, perfection, and look hot."

"I really don't feel the heat much, sergeant," said Private Jimmy, taking his hat off his golden curls, "because I don't use starchy foods and m——"

"That'll be all, kid," Kaelred ordered, moving his lean hips on the sill to make room for his charge. "Sit down and shut up. Robbie's workin'."

Private Jimmy sat down and became human. When he had not seen his brother for an hour or so, he always beamed at him. You began liking him after one second of this expression. Nothing is so winning as an idol worshiper who does his work unashamedly in public, without caring about an audience.

Big George Kaelred grinned at the kid—he was immensely fond of Jim—and said, "Your hair's gettin' bleached. Looks like you'd been puttin' this peroxide on it. Get it cut some Monday, babe. . . . What's in the paper?"

"Nothing much, Georgie," said Private Jimmy. "Oh, old Madame Lokke died, in Stockholm."

"Who was she, Jim?"

"Well, she was very famous in Wagnerian rôles," said the educated creature. "I heard her sing Brünnhilde in Die Walküre in New York in 1909. She was pretty fat. Lots of those opera people eat too much, trying to keep their vitality at par. But she did sing well."

"You must have been eight years old in 1909," Kaelred yawned. "Lot you knew about it, kid."

Robinson's chair creaked as his light body turned. "About 'at Valkyrie thing, perfection. I saw it in San Francisco once. I was runnin' with a German dame and she dragged me there. It ain't bad, neither. Who's the old fella with a patch on his eye that's boss of those gods and so on—him that puts the girl to sleep on the rocks at the end of it?"

"Wotan, sergeant. The Walküre were his daughters. They went around picking up dead heroes after battles and took them to Valhalla. It was a kind of paradise. The Scandinavian conception of paradise," the appalling boy went on, "was not unlike the Mohammedan. The souls of the virtuous were ——"

"Yeh, they had 'em a lot of females and red licker," said Robinson meekly. "I've read some books, babe. It might get kinda tiresome. I'd want some range problems to work out, or a book of trigonometry examples. The guys which invent heavens always make 'em sorta monotonous. Go stand on your head some, perfection. It rests me to see people work."

Private Jimmy did not mind at all. He was proud of his gymnastic accomplishments, anyway. He stood on his head at once, with his ankles crossed to make things harder. His beautiful face slowly reddened around his lake-blue eyes, but he showed no other sign of not liking this position. He stood on his bright head until my ears began to ache. Then he spun over and came upright, rather flushed through his perfect tan, and looked to Robinson for approval.

"That's kinda monotonous, too," said the supply sergeant. "Couldn't you do it some other way, bud?"

I glanced off at four horses whose hoofs made no noise on the dusty ascent and then watched Private Jimmy. He stood on his head, this time, with his legs a trifle bent and it seemed to be another monotonous test of mere balance until we saw that he was slowly turning. His flattened hands worked on the ground and his face inched out of sight. The thing is not easily done. Robinson nodded to me sideways before the boy's chin came back into sight, and Kaelred smiled at his brother.

Melissa

Then Jimmy fell flat backward and a gray pony snorted above him and a female said shrilly, "Oh, I spoiled it! Do it again, private!"

"Huh?"

"Please do it again," the girl cried. "I can stand on my head, but I can't do that! Stand on your head some more and twiddle around. Go on! Come and watch him, dad," she commanded over a shoulder. "He's simply sweet!"

Sergeant Kaelred rose on the step. Private Jimmy staggered to his feet and was correctly stiff. The colonel flapped a glove on the neck of his little black mount and came riding. His boots shone viciously and his eyeglass was a baleful star. Two orderlies rode behind him on taller horses and were blots vague commonplaces against the brown wall of F Battery's cantonment. Wotan had appeared, you understand, on a moving black rock with a glass patch on his eye and a riding crop for a spear.

"Possibly the young man may not want to stand on his head any more, Melissa."

"Oh, he will unless you get awf'ly military and scare the pants off him, dad!"

"The pants off of him, Melissa," the colonel purred, "might be better. All right. Son, my daughter wants to see you stand on your head again—if you don't mind obliging her. She's interested in gymnastics."

I winced. But Private Jimmy was securely master of his muscles. I never heard silence reign so violently as it did when he stood on his head for the third time. Miss Melissa dropped from her pony and chewed the elastic of a three-cornered hat with enthusiasm. Three youths looked through screens out of F Battery's dormitory at her, summoned from somewhere by the sound of a girl speaking. She was only fourteen and the colonel's daughter, but she was a girl. She stood with her tawny boots wide apart and gazed at Private Jimmy, twiddling himself around with his curls in the dust of Texas and his face bright red.

"Isn't that sweet, dad? I'd give my left lung," she declared, "to be able to do that."

"I'm not sure that the bargain would be worth it, Melissa. I think it's in order for you to thank Private Kaelred and come along away now."

Melissa took that hint for what it was worth. She looked rapturously upon Private Jimmy and told him: "The

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Hunt Yelled "There Y'are!" His Voice Came Through Air in a Blast of Heat

A RHAPSODY IN GREENS

McWhinney Groaned. "Boys," He Said, "the Stuff's Off. Let's Go Home and Mourn"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

IF YOU have ever seen Old Man Terhune play golf, you have been present at a spectacle. He is a hale elder of decided personality who smokes his cigars black and takes his language without milk and sugar. He is rather protuberant fore and aft and his golf waggle is worth traveling miles to see.

It is a ritual, a sort of dance, a combination of stake driving with a maul and Oriental undulations. The thing commences as he takes his station before the ball, scowls at it with malice, bends his back and smites the ground a terrific whack to make sure there is no worm cast or other obstruction behind the sphere. After this he goes back on his heels, lifting his toes quite from the turf and very trickily turning them in and out twice. He then carefully replaces his feet on the ground and devotes his attention to the after parts, shaking his person as does a dog that has just climbed out of a puddle. After this he clears his throat and slices the ball out of bounds.

As McWhinney and Weevil and Wills came in from their afternoon round, Old Man Terhune was sitting on a bench with a towel about the middle of him and an expression on his face. His was a face constructed by Nature to give a home to expressions, but the present one was his masterpiece. It combined shame, venom, alarm, rage, baffled bewilderment and chagrin. The trio regarded it appreciatively.

"Well," asked Weevil, "when is it to be?"

"What to be?" snapped Old Man Terhune.

"The suicide or the murder—we can't make out which."

"Young man," said Old Man Terhune impressively, "there ain't much choice."

"Off your game?" asked McWhinney.

"Drat my game!" said Old Man Terhune, and the three stood aghast. He had said the words they were repeating to themselves; he actually had uttered them. "Drat my game" was the expression he made use of. He, Old Man Terhune, who had devoted his life and his fortune to the accumulation of what he called a game, was now in a state of mind where he could drat it.

"Thus," said Wills, "is serious."

"You're dog-gone hootin'-tootin' right it's serious," said Mr. Terhune.

"Such as?" queries Weevil.

"A he piano player," said Mr. Terhune. "A feller that whangs a music box and knows do-re-me-fa by their first names. He does it for a livin'."

"Why not?" asked Wills. "Somebody's got to play pianos or they'd quit manufacturing them and lots of folks would be out of work."

"He kin set right down with a pencil," said Old Man Terhune, "and write out music on the back of an envelope, with sharps and flats in it."

"Ah," said Weevil, "a composer."

"But why the agony?" asked McWhinney. "Or did you just discover there were such people? There always have been. You got to have piano players just like you got to have folks with clubfeet or the hives. There's a reason for 'em."

"What is it?" asked Wills.

"To give joy to the rest of us," said McWhinney. "Every time we hear a piano goin' off, we sit back and think how lucky we are we can't play one."

"Sure," said Weevil; "but where does music impinge upon Terhune's aura, so to speak?"

"He's impingin' on Lucy," said the Old Man, "and he's impingin' hard. They're impingin' back and forth, and right now they're doin' it with teacups in the clubhouse."

"I see a great light," said Weevil. "Mr. Terhune abhors the thought that his daughter may be married in the key of B-flat."

"You said it," Terhune snapped.

"Is he a good piano player?" asked Wills.

"Is there a good case of smallpox?" countered Old Man Terhune.

"The point," said McWhinney, "is well taken. Does he wear his hair long?"

"No."

"Does he affect lace collars?"

"No."

"Or lavender shirts with turndown collars?"

"No."

"I see. . . . His only vice is music."

"I heard him playin' something by a feller he called Brahms," said Terhune, "and if the' was a tune to it I'll eat an organ. It went pilly-wee-dee-wee and then it went r-rumph—r-rumph—whang, and that's all the' was to it for exactly eleven minutes by the watch. Lucy was like to of kissed him when he quit."

"Let's go look at him," said Weevil.

"What's his name?" asked Wills. "Cecil?"

"His name's Tom," said the Old Man, "and more's the pity—Tom Gallagher."

"Did I hear you right?" asked McWhinney.

"Pat Gallagher's son," said Terhune mournfully. "He's been off learning about sixteenth notes and arpeggios in Paris or Munich or Windsor, Ontario, or some of them foreign places."

"Let's look," repeated Weevil.

So the three of them trooped into the clubhouse, where they found Lucy Terhune taking tea with lemon in it at a table on the veranda with a young man who looked as if his name was Gallagher. Upward of six feet of him looked that way, and his hair was red and close-cropped. Nor

was he beautiful to the most doting eye. He was a durable-looking young man, with jaw muscles and a chest

"Can't be him," said McWhinney. "He might lift pianos, but he couldn't play on one."

"If he slapped those hands down on the keys," said Wills, "he'd bust the ivory."

"Some hands! Say, they're bigger'n Walter Hagen's. And take a look at those wrists! Big as piano legs."

"Imagine it! With hands and wrists like that, he wastes time playin' grace notes instead of walloping a golf ball."

"It can't be him," McWhinney said again.

"'Tis, though. Listen to the patter. They're talkin' about a feller named Debussy, and nuances and what not. Ever see a nuance, Wills?"

"I played out of one on the sixth hole," said Wills. "Let's advance tactfully and inquire diplomatically into this and that."

He led the way out onto the porch, started with surprise to find it occupied, and exclaimed "Why, hello, Lucy! Having tea?"

Lucy examined her cup carefully and then nodded. "Yes," she said brightly, "I think it's tea. It's the right color. . . . Did papa send you in?"

"Hr-r-rumph!" said Mr. Wills.

"Go ahead and be tactful," whispered McWhinney.

"Mr. Gallagher," said Lucy, "these are Messrs. Wills, McWhinney and Weevil. They have, as the saying goes, come in to give you the once-over. Papa instigated them, because papa is both worried and annoyed, but more annoyed than worried. Papa loves to talk over his family affairs in the locker room."

"Be both tactful and diplomatic, Wills," said Weevil.

"Won't you sit down, gentlemen?" invited Mr. Gallagher.

"They're a sort of unofficial membership committee," said Lucy. "Membership committees are privileged to ask impertinent questions." She paused. "Yes," she said, as if in answer to a query, "Mr. Gallagher plays the piano."

"Tunes," asked McWhinney, "or music?"

"Both," said Gallagher. "Would you like to hear me?"

"Er—some other time—some other time," McWhinney said hastily.

"They're perfectly nice people," said Lucy, "but they're nosey. Do you care for nosey people?"

"I dote on 'em," said Gallagher.

"How," asked McWhinney with rare tact, "did you come to play on the piano?"

"My nurse let me fall when I was a baby," said Gallagher soberly.

"But with those wrists and hands!" expostulated Weevil.

"One uses them playing the piano," said Gallagher. "You play with your hands, and your wrists hitch your hands to the rest of you. I mean, a fellow's hands would be hard to manage if the wrists weren't there."

"But they're golf wrists," said McWhinney.

"I also use them for eating," Tom said gravely. "You can use wrists and hands for a great many purposes—such as putting on wall paper and scratching mosquito bites." He became didactic. "The use of them for piano playing is not exclusive. It does not estop me, for instance, from patting people on the back, or, in case of need, from patting them on the point of the chin."

"Listen," said Lucy, "how long have you known me?"

"How long are you?" asked Weevil. "We gave you a silver mug when you arrived."

"Do you like me?"

"If," said Wills, "your mashie play was as good as your drive, we would worship you."

"Do you want to see me leading a long, happy, peaceful and useful life?"

"We do."

"Then," said Lucy, "quit voting papa's ticket straight. Come over to the insurgents. We're promising appointments. Throw your influence and your votes to us and we'll appoint you ushers emeritus at the wedding."

"What," asked McWhinney, "does an usher emeritus do?"

"He sends an extra-expensive present," said Lucy.

"Do you mean," demanded Weevil, "that you're going to marry this -er ——"

"—— piano tickler," supplied Mr. Gallagher.

"We've been engaged since I was fourteen," said Lucy.

"Your pa," said Weevil, "will be hard to convince."

"Then," said Lucy, "we just won't play stymies. We'll lift him."

"But," said Gallagher, "we prefer harmony."

"Let's get off the subject of music," Wills said, "and take up the question of cash. We are fond of Lucy, and we like to see her eat frequently, if plainly. Also we would regret to see her dress in calico and spend her days wringing a mop instead of fingering a putter. How about it, young man?"

"The three of you could chip in and support us," said Lucy.

"I think," said McWhinney judicially, "he's a good boy. He's just got off on the wrong foot. If you want him, you ought to have him, even if it's expensive. But I don't see how we're goin' to work it. Your pa's dreadful set."

"I vote with Mac," said Wills, "providing ——"

"Providing what?"

"Providing he'll promise to take up golf and practice as many hours a day as he does on the piano."

"Me too," said Weevil.

"Honey," said Lucy, "we need to swing their precinct to carry the election. How about it?"

"Gentlemen," said Gallagher gallantly, "I'd take up hog calling in a serious way if it would win your votes."

"Done!" said McWhinney. "Now we'll go and consider ways and means."

"And I'll arrange with the pro for your lessons," said Wills.

Tom Gallagher grinned in a fashion peculiar to himself.

II

"HE LOOKS pretty hopeless to me," said McWhinney a week later. "If he ain't a born dub, then I hope I never sink a twelve-inch putt."

"He'll never do the course under a hundred and twenty," said Weevil.

"Maybe he could," said Wills, "if the rules let him use a piano instead of a driver. I bet he could swing a mean grand piano. He's big enough, confound him."

"What are we going to do?" McWhinney demanded. "Lucy wants him and there's no harm in him. But Old Man Terhune'll throw a conniption and scatter débris all over the place. The boy never can support a wife janglin' piano keys."

"And just a decent game would put him over; if he could average in the eighties it would be O. K.," said Wills.

"The grief of Terhune's life is that Lucy wasn't a boy who would come through and win the Open," said Weevil.

"Here he comes. Pipe down," said Mac, as Old Man Terhune came out of the shower room wearing an expression of more than ordinary venom.

"He was in the next shower to me," said the Old Man savagely. "I wisht I could have drowned him."

"Who?" asked Wills.

"Mortimer Fleming," said Terhune. "That bird," he said, and showed his teeth as he said it, "is a a non-replaceable divot. He's a dead loss and a detriment. When they kept him, they drowned the wrong kitten. He's as full of dirty tricks as the woods are of poison ivy."

"Gosh!" admired Weevil. "Go on! Encore! *Bis! Bis!*"

"He done me a measly trick in business, and it was like to have cost me a sweet piece of change if I hadn't caught him at it. And he just shot a seventy-seven, dog-gone him! He told me

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"Just Another Seven Days of Listenin' to Nocturnes and Movements and E Minors and Modulations and I'll be Fit to be Tied"

ORCHID EXTRAVAGANCE

By Donald Culross Peattie

THE wedding of a well-known society girl—whose name here shall be Elise Cortland—to Mr. Hurburt Van Brunt, was set for June the twenty-first, and on the eighteenth Elise decided that she did not, after all, want the decorations to be orange blossoms and calla lilies. They had flowered profusely all through that month of weddings and their novelty had wilted.

Elise determined on a floral scheme that should express the perfection of rarity, purity and expensiveness. So for bridal shower and bridesmaids' bouquets, for church altar and reception supper table, Elise insisted upon nothing less than white orchids. There were protests from Elise's father, who had already made expensive and detailed arrangements with a Fifth Avenue florist. Her mother, too, with a thousand arrangements to plan—from velvet cords for the church pews, down to lobsters at the collation—was more than very much annoyed at the new whim.

But Elise, at no time very easily controlled, and determined upon having set to her taste the pageant in which she was queen, would hear of nothing else. White orchids she would have, and white orchids she got—or at least the promise of them by Amadeus C. Cortland, who rang up his florist and in a patient tone began to change his order.

The florist, who catered to the most fashionable trade in New York, never flickered an eye as he said "Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," though he did not have a white orchid in his shop and, knowing the local market, had reason to think that there was none in New York at that moment.

In half an hour he had called up every dealer who carried white Cattleyas; for when people say orchid they generally mean the big purple or white ones most commonly seen. No luck. He telegraphed to five growers in New Jersey, three on Long Island, four in New England, and scared up absolutely nothing. For albino Cattleyas are rare, and in great part they are the product of an elaborate system of breeding for whiteness. They tend to follow Mendel's Law, which in plain English means that the progeny of albinos revert to type and show a fatal touch of color. That is why white Cattleyas are usually scarce on the market.

So our florist pulled wires in Philadelphia. Still no hope. Precious hours were slipping away, and with them an order running into four figures, a customer whose big bills were promptly paid and, what was more, a reputation as the most infallible florist on Manhattan.

As a last chance he called up by long distance a business friend in Chicago and offered to buy white Cattleyas at any price, to be sent by air mail. He learned that Chicago at that particular moment could supply him with just one paltry dozen.

Satisfying the Cash Customers

THEN the florist tightened his belt, summoned his henchmen and set to work. And when the organ breathed the Lohengrin march, Elise and her attendants walked slowly up the aisle bearing orchids white as her Point de Venise veil, toward an altar embowered in the same fragile, snowy blooms.

But had the curious inquired they would have learned that the New York market had been stripped the day before of the commonly purple Cattleyas. The florist's men had been up all that night bleaching them pure white by subjecting them to sulphur fumes.

Did the florist do anything underhanded? He played a trick, yes; but more precisely, he turned the trick, and he deserved the staggering sum that he charged for filling the order. For of all flowers in the world, the orchid is commercially the most expensive to raise, the most difficult to force for particular occasions, the most susceptible to booms and slumps.

Within a century the orchid has risen from obscurity to the peak of fashion's favor. It may have made its rise on sheer merit, but it is probably not its intrinsic charm that ranks the orchid at the head of floral aristocracy. Throughout history the rare has become for human nature the precious. Camphor in the Middle Ages was worth its weight in gold; a pound of ginger would buy a sheep; pepper cost its weight in silver; two pounds of mace were worth a cow. These things, now the cheap commonplaces of the pantry, were then brought from the ends of the earth by perilous voyages in cockleshell vessels and were enhanced to fabulous value by the impalpable virtues of rarity and novelty.

A Bred-to-Order Lady's-Slipper, a Cross of Two Celebrated Strains, Van Dyck and Monsieur de Curte

So with orchids. Says the head of one of the largest wholesale flower establishments in the country: "The rank of orchids in the cut-flower world is the same as that of diamonds in the jewelry business."

Thus the orchid has become the badge of caste. Your rough diamond from God's country, with oleaginous millions in his pocket, may still naïvely say it with two dozen long-stemmed American Beauties, but the man of the world picks his floral tribute as carefully as he picks his girl. A young man whose name and money and *savoir-faire* lead the smartest set in his college came into the shop of the canny Fifth Avenue florist one day during the past football season to order flowers for the girl he was taking to the big game.

"Orchids, of course," he told the dealer. "But not those big purple ones—they're what everybody wears. And they're too florid for Genevieve."

"The Cattleyas, you mean," smiled the florist. "Here's something more delicate." And he set on the table a vase holding one spray of pink Dendrobiums, like a celestially dainty branch of bleeding heart.

A Spray of Cavendish Oncidiums, Lovely as Butterflies, Grown at Boundbrook, New Jersey

The epicure eyed them critically and shook his head. "No; I'm not taking a little blonde."

"If you could suggest the young lady's type ——"

It developed that Genevieve was a stunning brunette and, further, that she would probably wear her leopard-skin fur coat to the game. The florist, who has won his place on the Avenue by an understanding of just such subtleties, set before the connoisseur a Gongora orchid, tropically fantastic in yellow spotted with brown, even as a leopard's skin, and a spray of Odontoglossums like a flight of gold and brown butterflies. The gilded youth ordered the Gongora to adorn Genevieve's furred shoulder at the game, and the Odontoglossums to be sent in time for the dance on the evening of the big day.

The Most Varied Flower That Blooms

GRANDFATHER courted grandmother with a nosegay of quaint sweet-smelling posies done up tight with a lace-paper frill around them, which went very well with crinolines. But the flower for the exotic young modern is the orchid. The best business in a wide region is done by an orchid firm located in the same town as a large woman's college. This house stocks orchids heavily for the Junior Prom, when boys from near-by men's colleges all compete for the limited supply of the solitaire of flowers. The trade is liveliest in shoulder bouquets, a fashion note especially suited to these light and piquant blossoms, and a point on which they again score over heavier flowers. Roses or sweet peas worn, as the mode demands, on the shoulder, would be too weighty for the airy evening frocks of today.

The Famous Enid Van Dorn Cattleya Hybrid

For fashion rules the orchid trade as despotically as it does every other commerce in luxuries. What the public wants, the florists find, is something different—yes, but only a shade different. The smart woman follows the mode, exhibiting individuality only in slight variations upon it, and the public chooses orchids such as it has become accustomed to admiring, but with just a touch of superiority in size, tint or novel marking. Convention rules here as elsewhere in the social world. Even flowers must bow their lovely heads to the conservatism of public taste. The most gorgeous red chrysanthemum in the world sells with difficulty, since it is the thing for "mums" to be white, yellow or pink; the most exquisite alpine anemones shiver in the glacial blasts of oblivion, while the customer selects carnations.

Yet the orchid is the most varied flower that blooms, fantastical, incredible in its variations. There are orchids like humming birds enchanted to immobility; others bear a startling resemblance to marvelous moths, even imitating the elaborate rings that spot the insect's wings. One famous Central American orchid looks like the head of a bird of paradise. Of our own little native species, one of the rarest resembles a ram's horned head. Some orchids are so tiny that they weigh only a few tenths of an ounce; others are enormous plants tipping the scales at hundreds of pounds. A certain Panamanian species stands fifteen feet high and forms dense thickets in which a man might lose himself. Plants with 250 flowers on one stem are not unknown. Some orchids even produce differently colored blossoms on different parts of the same plant. The most dissimilar two roses in the world are as like as twins compared to some of the changes rung in the familiar lady's-slipper.

In perfumes, too, the orchid has an amazing range. It makes a great specialty of its perfumes, since they are perhaps the paramount seduction that lures the friendly insect.

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Old Masters Enter High Finance

By ESTHER SINGLETON

PAINTINGS of beauty, power and celebrity have occupied much public attention within the past few years. Indeed, the appreciation and collection in America of magnificent pictures is one of the wonders of the present age. Some years ago—and not so very long, either—Americans had to go to Europe to see the Old Masters; and one of the greatest pleasures of a trip to Europe was visiting the Louvre, the National Gallery in London, the Wallace Collection, the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Venice Accademia, the Prado, the Brera, the Pinakothek, the Rijks, the Mauritshuis, the Dresden and other galleries.

What a thrill to make personal contact with famous paintings long familiar through the medium of engravings, photographs and reproductions in books and magazines! How marvelous to stand before the actual panel or canvas which grew into beauty and power beneath the brush of the painter, whose eyes looked critically at this work on which he endeavored to realize his inner vision! And what an entirely fresh appreciation we gained of Raphael and Veronese, Botticelli and Crivelli, Titian and Velasquez, Rembrandt and Frans Hals, Reynolds and Romney, Gainsborough and Watteau and Fragonard and Chardin and others when we became acquainted with their rich or delicate or glowing or evanescent color!

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" Upon Its Arrival in the United States

The Westward March of Culture

WHAT a treat, too, if, through introductions, we were enabled to view a few private collections or to visit a home where Old Masters, inherited from past generations, were lived with and enjoyed by the present owners.

Privileged visitors or hurriedly tripping tourists, we brought home memories of paintings and of painters that were destined to widen, to an enormous degree, our cultural background.

Now, strange to say, we do not have to go to Europe to become acquainted with great art; the Old Masters have come to us, and they are still coming.

How did this all happen?

The story is romantic and marvelous. Masterpieces that have hung in kings' palaces and ducal homes, above the altars of ancient churches and cathedrals and in the galleries of noted European collectors—pictures noted for their beauty, their historical associations and their long pedigrees—have, for several years, been coming overseas without interruption.

Suddenly the country is cognizant of what has been taking place and is beginning to realize with pride that we not only own hundreds upon hundreds of superlatively fine pictures by the Old Masters but we are to be the privileged guardians of these priceless treasures for the delight and the culture of future generations.

Europeans, although disturbed that so many works of art have crossed the Atlantic, are not fully informed as to the extent of the exodus. For instance, Dr. Max Friedländer, the great authority on Flemish Primitives, said to the writer two years ago, when he had just ended a tour through the United States to examine the most noted American collections:

"I am dumfounded at the value, extent and knowledge displayed in the collections in America. There are more Memlings today in the United States than anywhere in Europe, with the exception of Memling's home town, Bruges."

On this question of art migration, Dr. Wilhelm von Bode, the noted critic, wrote recently:

> Anyone who a decade ago had even hinted at the possibility of Gainsborough's Blue Boy making its way across the Atlantic to become the central gem in the Huntington collection would have been thought mad. He might as well have suggested the uprooting of England's century-old oaks, or the removal of the Rock of Gibraltar. And yet the impossible has happened, and not only the famous Blue Boy but many another of the world's masterpieces has traveled the same route.
>
> This is the greatest transplantation of art works the world has known since the Roman plundering of Grecian art and the rape of the churches and museums of Europe whereby Napoleon enriched the Louvre. I can even foresee the time when art students of Europe will have to turn their faces westward to glean inspiration from master works wrought while the world was young and men worked for the joy of working. Fortunate America! Unhappy Europe!
>
> No power on earth can turn back the pages of history to the first of August, 1914, on which day forces were set in motion that were to result in a complete reversal of all hitherto existing political, geographical, social and economic values. No one could have foreseen at the time that the world's accumulated art treasures would also be affected by these sweeping changes.

The American bankers, merchant princes and proprietors of vast industrial enterprises, by applying the same intelligence to the pursuit of the elegant and delightful pastime of collecting that they have applied to the creation and the conduct of their fortunes, have acquired within a few years collections that are unrivaled anywhere in the world or at any time in the world's history.

Famed Collectors

WE READ with amazement of the great European collectors and collections of the past—of the treasures of those four powerful Dukes of Burgundy richer than any contemporary kings; of Lorenzo the Magnificent and of other members of the Medici family; of the D'Estes, Sforzas, Borgias and other Italian princes and dukes; of the Fuggers, those wealthy bankers of Augsburg; of noble Austrian and German barons; of the merchant princes and great lords of England from Queen Elizabeth's time to the present; of Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin and Cardinal de Rohan; and of the Rothschilds and other great European bankers. Our American collectors of today surpass them all.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century American collectors of paintings were numerous and, in many cases, discriminating. As these collectors fell in with the fashion of the times—for there are fashions in art as in everything else—they favored the Barbizon School and bought largely in Paris. Consequently our country is today full of fine Corots, Millets, Rousseaus, Diazes, Daubignys, Duprés, and the rest of the Fontainebleau Forest group of painters. When fashion changed to the Impressionists, American collectors, always eager to keep abreast

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"Lavinia, Lady Spencer," by Sir Joshua Reynolds

"Mrs. Siddons," by Sir Joshua Reynolds

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD!

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Can They Do Anything for Him?" She Asked. "Isn't There Anything They Can Do?" "Shoot Him," Dressy Said Savagely; "That's All!"

OLD POP DRIGGS stood leaning on the rail near the judges' stand, chewing methodically on a quid of tobacco and watching the morning workouts. He was a shriveled little man, with white hair, pale-blue eyes and seamed cheeks. His legs were bowed and his back was bent. Old Pop was working on his seventies and he had been around the horses since he first started galloping thoroughbreds as a boy of twelve, back in Richmond, Virginia.

Out of the corner of an eye he spied Dressy James sauntering along the rail in his direction, stopping to chat with a clocker here, a trainer there. Dressy was young and pleasing to the eye. He had the face and form of an ex-college athlete, not too long out of training, and the carriage and wardrobe of a successful picture actor.

"'Lo, Pop," he greeted the old man.

"Howdy, Dressy," Pop replied.

Dressy lit a cigarette and leaned on the rail beside the old man.

"How you doin', son?" Pop inquired mildly.

"Lousy, thanks," Dressy informed him, blowing a stream of smoke from pursed lips. "I've dropped over nine grand since I hit here in New Orleans. Just one of those streaks, Pop. I can't hit a winner."

Pop sighed and spat over the rail onto the track. "Heard you hadn't been doin' so good down here," he admitted.

"You and the wide world listened in on that bit of bad news, Pop," Dressy said bitterly. "You'd get a laugh out of watching the boys duck when they see me coming. The word's out that I'm overboard. They're all in a flutter for fear I'll try a touch."

"You ain't, are you?" Pop asked.

"Overboard?" said Dressy. He threw back his head and chuckled. "In the middle of the deep blue sea, with no sail in sight and not even a water-logged straw to grab for."

"Well, shucks," said Pop. "You'd ought to be able to make a raise, Dressy. Ain't anybody in the racket staked more busted hustlers than you have."

"Yeh," said Dressy. "What a grand investment that was. Look, Pop. Ain't that My Captain over there at the three-eighths pole?"

Pop squinted across the infield, nodded and swore softly. "That's him," he said. "What's left of him, leastwise. Dressy, what you suppose them people are thinkin' of, trying to patch that poor old wreck up and race him again?"

Dressy shrugged. "Tough world, Pop," he said cynically. "Tough on good horses with bad legs and good horse players with flat pocketbooks. My Captain's one. I'm the other."

"He pulls up lame every time they work him," Pop said querulously. "That left front leg of his is gone, I tell yuh. They nerved it long since and they have to shoot it full of coke every time they send him out. Ain't no feelin' left in it to give him warnin' when it's about to go, and you know the kind of a horse he is, anyhow. Give you everything he's got every time you ask for it."

"Sure," said Dressy. "The gamest horse I ever saw on a race track, and what's it get him? He won better than a hundred thousand dollars for that stable as a three-year-old; and you watch what I'm telling you. They'll break him down. He'll snap that leg in a race and have to be shot. Fine finish for a Derby winner that cleaned up the money he made."

"Any other stable owned him they'd turn him out to loaf for the rest of his life," Pop said angrily. "He sure deserves it. They got him entered in the fourth this afternoon."

"They'll scratch him," Dressy said. "Just stuck him in there hoping for mud. They wouldn't dare race him on a track as hard as this."

The horse in question, a small, beautifully modeled, deep-hued chestnut, with that indefinable yet startlingly definite element of personality known on the track as class showing in his every line and movement, cantered past.

Dressy's eyes grew bright with appreciation as he watched. "Grand, game animal!" he exclaimed fervently.

"Good, honest horse," Pop agreed. "Gives what he's got when you ask him for it. Don't hold nothin' back. We got one goin' in the seventh this afternoon, Dressy—Southern Kid. Might be a pretty fair price too. We figure he's a sure thing to run in the money and he may cop. Better have yourself a little bet on him."

Dressy laughed. "That's a grand idea, Pop, but what will I use for money? I blew my last fin on May Blossom to win in the seventh yesterday and she plopped into the place hole by the split half of a thin whisker. I've hocked everything they'll take at the pawnshop, and the hotel gave me the come-through-now-or-don't-come-back as I started for the track this morning."

"Dressy!" Pop exclaimed. "You can't be that flat!"

"I'm so flat you could scrape a razor over where I am and never cut me," Dressy assured him. "I can't raise a five-dollar bill anywhere around New Orleans. How about you, Pop?"

"You know I ain't got nothin'," Pop protested. "I never got nothin'."

"Not even an extra cot around the barn some place?"

"A cot!" Pop exclaimed. "Dressy! You ain't down to where you're lookin' for a place to sleep?"

"I'm no horse, Pop," Dressy said firmly. "I can't sleep standing."

"Why, only last fall you was drivin' your own car around at the Maryland meet," Pop recalled.

Dressy grinned. "I'd snap at a job driving one like that for someone else now, if I knew where to get it."

"Sure. You're welcome to a shakedown on a cot in our tack room if you really want it, Dressy," Pop assured him. "I just can't get it in my head that you're really that busted."

"Hard for me to realize, too, but it's the truth, Pop," Dressy assured him soberly. "I've made plenty of money around the track in the last ten years and I've made it on the level. I pick 'em and play 'em, and I've done well at it up until this winter. When I had it, any of the boys who were out of luck could depend on a cut. Now I'm overboard and they're all busy keeping out of sight."

"That ain't right," Pop said indignantly.

"Maybe not. But it's the way it is, Pop," Dressy said bitterly. "I've been a chump all my life and I've just found it out. Watch me from now on. That's all I ask of you—just watch me. I'm going to turn into the toughest, tightest, crookedest hustler that ever stole pennies out of a blind man's cup around a race track."

"Bein' tough ain't your racket, Dressy," the old man argued. "You're a smart horse player and ——"

"Smart!" Dressy said explosively. "Me? Why, say! The funny houses are full o' people smarter than I am. I'm a world's champion chump! Why, say, Pop, with the money I've made around racing in the last ten years—huh!—if I'd been tight and tough I'd have a bank account right now with six figures in it."

"I 'spect you would, Dressy," Pop agreed. "You've made plenty."

"Sure I would," said Dressy. "And if I had wanted to be crooked—say—oh, say!"

"It don't pay to be crooked," Pop protested.

"Sez you!" said Dressy. "It don't pay to be straight—that's me, broadcasting. It's a tough world, Pop, and honesty is bad for man and beast. There's little old My Captain over there in the back stretch, just heading for the barn, with those bad legs of his giving him the devil. He's been an honest horse, hasn't he?"

Pop nodded. "It's a shame," he said sadly. "They'll break him down sure, tryin' to race him again."

"Here I am," Dressy went on. "I've been on the level at this racket. I like it and I played it straight. Never been mixed up in any frames. Never knocked off a chump since I've been around. I picked my own and played my own, and split what I won with the boys who were out of luck. Look at me. Here I stand asking you for the loan of a cot in your tack room, to keep my feet off the sidewalks tonight. It's a lousy, tough, low-down, crooked world, Pop, and there's only one way to beat it: Be tougher and tighter and lousier and crookeder than anybody else. Watch me from now out. Just watch me."

A number of hustlers commented on Squid Weaver's arrival at the track that morning. For one thing, he seldom came out in the forenoon; for another thing, wherever he went there was sure to be something doing. Squid was a big operator and he never went anywhere or saw anyone without good cause. Among many other enterprises—all of them shady—he ran one of the biggest pool rooms in New Orleans. He alighted from his sedan near the paddock, a big, beefy block of a man, short of breath and temper. A near-by hustler hurried up and hailed him fawningly.

Squid glared. "Seen Dressy James?" he asked shortly.

"Yes, sir," said the hustler respectfully. "I did. Just a minute ago. Standin' by the rail down there by the judges' stand. Shall I get him for you, Mr. Weaver?"

"If I want you to do anything for me I'll let you know," Squid said sourly.

"Yes, sir," said the hustler. "Sure thing. Any time, Mr. Weaver."

The Old Fellow Was Sitting Near the Lantern Holding the Tickets Close to His Eyes, Studying Them. Tears Were Streaming Down His Cheeks

Weaver grunted a curse and walked heavily through the gate to the lawn. From a hundred feet distant he called gruffly to Dressy, still talking with Pop Driggs. Dressy turned and surveyed Weaver insolently.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "The elephant's loose."

"I want to see you," Weaver said gruffly.

"Pry your eyes wide open and take a good look," Dressy invited him.

"Don't be smart," Weaver snarled. "Come on out to my car. I want to talk to you."

"Not in that tone of voice, mister," Dressy said firmly. "You've got me mixed with somebody's trained seal."

"Oh, come on," Weaver said, capitulating and speaking as pleasantly as he knew how.

"Oh, very well," Dressy agreed, with a tone of resignation. "Since you get down on your knees in public and beg like that, I guess I can't say no. Don't go way, Pop; I'll be back."

"How you doin'?" Weaver grunted, when they were seated in the car and the door was closed.

"Grand," Dressy lied cheerfully. "Knocking them off every day."

"I hear different," Weaver declared.

"You got big ears," said Dressy. "Lots of things leak into 'em."

"Quit stallin'," Weaver grumbled. "You're busted and I know it. I'm goin' to give you a chance to make some money."

"You big-hearted old thing!" Dressy cooed mockingly.

"There's a ripe sap here in town," Weaver explained. "I want you to pick him for me."

"You know I don't work with your kind, Squid," Dressy reminded him.

"I know you never did," Weaver said. "That's why I want yuh. You've got the front and the manners to do this job, and your record's clean."

"If you know I don't work with your kind, why buzz me now?" Dressy asked.

"You're busted," Weaver explained bluntly.

Dressy sighed. "You keep harping on that!" he said wearily. "Go on. What's the next verse?"

"This fella's dynamite," Weaver explained. "He made around eight hundred thousand dollars in oil down in Texas in 1908 – got out with that much in cash—and then somebody showed him a race track."

"Yeh?" said Dressy. "How long?"

"Three months," said Weaver.

"How much?"

"Every thin shiny dime."

Dressy whistled. "Eight hundred thousand dollars in real money?"

"All of that."

"In three months?"

Weaver nodded.

"That's the first act," said Dressy. "Get on with the show."

"His wife died," said Weaver.

"Seems reasonable," said Dressy.

"They had a kid," said Weaver—"a baby girl."

"That's normal," said Dressy. "What of it?"

"I've got all the dope on this guy and I want to give it to you," Weaver explained.

"The wad's blown, the wife's dead and we've got a baby girl on our hands," said Dressy. "Let the yarn roll from that."

"He left the kid with an aunt up in Illinois and went to Honduras," Weaver continued.

"It's warm down there, isn't it?" Dressy asked.

"Where?" Weaver asked.

"Honduras," replied Dressy.

"I don't know," Weaver said.

"Neither do I," said Dressy. "It doesn't matter anyhow, does it?"

"Can the comedy!" Weaver growled. "This goof finally got into the mahogany business down there and made some dough. He got out with about two hundred thousand dollars in cash and landed here in New Orleans last week. He's had some kind of a jungle fever and he's about all in. His daughter came down from Chicago and met him here."

"Good," said Dressy. "We've got 'em together right here in town and the old coot's got money. Best of all, he's been sick, and that'll make it softer for us."

"Softer?" Weaver questioned.

"Sure," said Dressy. "The sicker, the simpler. What are we going to do with him?"

"Take him for his bank roll," Weaver said briefly.

"I should have been a medium," Dressy said. "I guessed before you told me."

"The day after he got in town he came out here to the track," Weaver went on. "Brought his daughter with him."

"The son of a gun!" said Dressy.

"He's been out here every day since," Weaver said. "Monkeying around playing two-dollar bets."

"If he sticks at that limit, his two hundred grand ought to last him through the winter," Dressy said.

"He's not goin' to stick at that limit," Weaver declared. "That's where you come in."

"Now I'm in," said Dressy, "what do I do?"

"What do you think?" Weaver asked.

"I'll take one guess," said Dressy. "I accidentally get acquainted with this dumb goof and his daughter. They find out I'm a nice fellow and know a lot about horses. Papa is a race-track wild-eye to begin with and he has never fully recovered from the dreadful suspicion that he can win back all he lost if he just goes at it in the right way. He's afraid to really believe that, though, until he meets me. I give him confidence. I tell him just how to do it. I get him to do his betting in your pool room. He wins or loses a couple of sizable bets and goes gaga. History repeats itself. He gets another lesson. We get his bank roll."

"Every thin dime of it," Weaver gloated. "This baby will go for the works."

"He'll go if I start him," Dressy amended the statement. "I haven't agreed to do that yet. What did you figure on paying the hired help for gypping a sick widower with an only child?"

"How'd a grand do yuh?" Weaver asked.

"It would keep me in cigarettes for a week or two," Dressy said, "that's all. You're not talking to a nickel nipper, Weaver. I throw the best part of a couple of hundred thousand your way and you tip me a grand. You got a good idea there, but you can't work it out. I'll take my expense money while I'm working on this chump and one-half of whatever he loses in your book."

"Whadya think I am?" Weaver growled.

"A crook," Dressy informed him calmly. "Same as I'm going to be from now on. Only not so smart."

"All right," Weaver agreed reluctantly. "It's more than the job's worth, but if you pull this off all right, maybe we can do business again some day."

"I'm liable to be handy to have around," Dressy boasted "I've got the stuff to work with, and if it'll brighten your day to know it, I'm going to run crooked from now on. That help?"

"You're a sucker not to," Weaver said. "You could make plenty with your front and the way you make friends."

"I hate to agree with you," said Dressy, "but I do. Now then, what's the chump's name and where do I make him?"

"His name," said Weaver, "is John K. Regan. His daughter's name is Louise and she's about nineteen years old. They're living at the Roosevelt Hotel. Be there at noon and I'll have a man point them out to you."

"It's not polite to point," Dressy reminded him. "I'll be in the lobby at noon. Now if you'll just look at the book of directions you'll see where it says in black type right at the top of the page—put your hand in your pocket and slip Dressy a century."

A few minutes later Dressy swaggered to where old Pop Driggs still stood leaning on the rail near the judges' stand.

"Never mind about that cot, Pop," he said airily. "I've just hooked on to do a little job with Squid Weaver, and the big-hearted old cutthroat's kicking in with an advance to square me at the hotel and set me afloat again."

"Weaver!" Pop muttered disapprovingly. "You hadn't ought to get mixed up with his kind, Dressy."

Dressy laughed. "Remember what I told you, Pop," he said. "Tough, crooked and tight—that's me from now out. Take whatever I can grab from anybody anywhere, and crack back with nothing to nobody no time no place."

Old Pop Driggs sighed and shook his head. Dressy shrugged and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"That tough stuff goes for everybody but you, Pop," he said gently. "You've got nothing but a spare cot in a tack room, but you were willing to give me that to help out when I asked for it. Whenever I can do anything for you ——"

"I never want much," the old man said. "Bed an' board an' horses to monkey around with—that's all I got an' all I need. I don't like to see you messin' in with that Weaver

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"Come on Out to My Car. I Want to Talk to You." "Not in That Tone of Voice, Mister," Dressy Said Firmly. "You've Got Me Mixed With Somebody's Trained Seal"

SWAG

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAUL TEPPER

V

LOVE is the greatest thing in the world, but it is not reason; it is emotion. I guess that is why people who love each other do a lot of quarreling. They have so much emotion it drowns their reason and makes them blind and impulsive.

I just mention that to explain why I stuck along in that den of thieves after finding out what they really were. I knew right away I was head over heels in love with Byra. It came to me quick as scat as soon as I saw her in danger. Everything changed inside me. My thoughts were all different. I guess I grew up a lot in the months that followed. For the first time in my life I began thinking about somebody else. I guess that is what brings out the stuff in a man.

I was scared to death, and at the same time I knew I never would leave Byra there alone. To add to all my fears, I learned a lot more about Bill that very evening. I suppose I was kind of trying to get a better line on him, and now that my eyes had been opened, they saw everything in a suspicious way.

George the detective changed in my eyes. Instead of being just a snooping, sneering, suspicious pest, I saw him as a shrewd, scheming, watchful danger—a danger to me and to Byra. He was smart and he was patient. I knew he was dead sure of himself and just waiting for his chance to come. Just one little slip and George would have us all, Byra included.

So that evening I walked home with her. She lived at the Y. W. C. A. and I took her there. I asked her if she would have dinner with me. She said she would if I would let her be back home by eight o'clock. I agreed.

We did not close the shop until 5:30 and I had to go back there to wash up and change my clothes. It gave us only an hour to eat.

While I dressed I planned out what I would say to Byra. I just had to make her see that we must do something.

We had dinner in a little Italian restaurant and Byra certainly did look dainty eating that long spaghetti. You know, eating that stuff shows a person up. I sure did love her.

"You think all this about Red and Bill is a joke," I said. "Honest, Byra, it ain't. I know what I'm talkin' about."

"It doesn't sound very well for you to say things against Mr. Nigel," she said. "I hardly expected it from you."

We Went Down the Steps and Red Pressed a Button That Lighted the Room Below

She seemed very prim and pretty and proper sitting there eating spaghetti, and of course what she said put me in a very bad light. I did not reason very well, because I loved her too much. Emotion made me mad. I had come to think of her as mine, kind of. I realized suddenly that all my kid dreams had grown around her.

It went pretty deep to have her complain and criticize just when I was doing my best to protect her. Whenever I tried to tell her things for her own good, she seemed to shut her ears tight and into her eyes flashed a scornful look.

"The very first day I ever worked with Red and Bill," I explained, "there was a murder committed in our store. That old pawnbroker ——"

"You certainly aren't trying to make me think Mr. Nigel had anything to do with that!" she snapped angrily. "Johnny Brid, I think you're downright horrible. I can't understand what has come over you. Mr. Nigel has been a real friend to you. Where would you be without him?"

You can see how she just burned me inside. I felt like a plugged nickel in the mint. There was so little I could say to her. She had dropped her fork on her plate with kind of a clatter and I thought for a second or two that she was going to get up and leave me. It broke me all up and made me mad too.

"I don't say Bill did the murder, of course," I answered. "Why do you make everything as bad as you can? You know I didn't mean that at all, Byra. But when that murder was done they took Red and me over an' questioned us at the police station. I learned a lot from that. I learned, for instance, that it is a crime just to have marked junk in your possession. The cops call that evidence of guilty knowledge."

"You should spend more time in police stations," Byra sneered; "you would become a very smart man, Johnny. Look at this George who keeps snooping around! He's smart, I'm sure." She sure could be sarcastic, that girl.

"I'm afraid we'll all be spendin' more time around police stations," I told her. "George is smarter'n you think. What's more, I didn't learn that about marked junk from the coppers. I learned it from Bill himself, an' this very afternoon I went down cellar an' found Red there melting up marked junk. I tell you they're crooks, Byra—crooks! An' we'll all be in trouble."

Byra was white and her lips were trembling. I never saw her eyes so big, and the light in them was one of surprise and anger. Before I could stop her she got up from the little table. I got up too. There was a nutty little lamp on the table and I caught my foot in the wire some way and tipped it over. The shade plunked down into Byra's spaghetti, but neither of us paid any attention.

"I'm going home," Byra said. Even since we have been married she has never spoken to me with so much anger. Her face was white all over, except the cheeks, and they were blazing red. Her eyes were afire too.

I did not know what to say or what to do. It seemed to me right then that she was the dumbest woman on earth. It never occurred to me that maybe she thought I was just disloyal to Bill. I knew very well that she never would have anything to do with crooked work if she knew it was crooked.

"You need not bother coming with me," she snapped before I had found words to answer her. "I am not the least bit afraid. Anyway, I have a date at eight o'clock."

While she talked she was gathering up her purse and her little white gloves that, it seemed to me, were so sacred they should have been hung in a church somewhere. The purse hung on a strap and she slid her hand through that and began putting her gloves on. I didn't say a thing. I couldn't. I saw that her lips were trembling and I didn't know if it was from rage or whether she was pretty near crying.

"I'll take you home," I muttered to her. "I never thought you would treat me this way."

"Treat you!" she cried, her eyes flashing wide open again and the little purse swaying there on her wrist like an old barrel-stave hammock when the wind is steady. "Treat you! How are you treating Bill? The things you hint about Bill I would not say about a yellow dog!"

"Bill?" I asked. "You call him that too?" Somehow it hurt a lot to have Byra defend him before me. I always liked Bill a whole lot, but when I found out he was crooked I didn't care if I never saw him again. Byra seemed different.

"Everybody calls him that," she answered. "Everybody likes him and trusts him, and he helps everybody—you most of all. I'm going and you really needn't bother."

Then she swung away from the table and walked out of the place so fast that I had to grab my hat off the hook and almost run to catch up to her. The cashier knew us a little and I guess he was wise that we had had a fight. He grinned when I paid him for the spaghetti. It was a dollar.

I caught Byra outside the place and she didn't pay any attention to me when I started walking beside her. That made me pretty sore. I was young then and didn't understand that just when you are trying to do the most for a woman is the time she gets you all wrong and makes you the most trouble.

"I wish you could see this thing straight," I told her. "Byra, honest, I think more of you than all the rest of the world put together. When you treat me this way ——"

"Treat you!" she snapped again. "Why do you always say things about the way I treat you? Think a bit of the way you are treating Bill!"

I walked along, just beginning to realize that I was up against something pretty tough. If I quit Bill, and Byra was left there alone, she would get into trouble as sure as fate. There has always been something inside me that

made me know that even the smartest crook in the world is going to get caught in the end. I was pretty young, I suppose, and my imagination ran high, but I could see Byra standing behind prison bars and crying her pretty eyes out.

I could tell by the way she planted her little heels on the stone sidewalk that I was in wrong with her. Her head bobbed along as stiffly as though her neck was concrete, and she never even glanced sideways at me. I wished Crab was around. Since he had gone out with that show I missed him a lot, but now I missed him more than ever.

We were in sight of the Y. W. C. A. before I tried to speak again. I was hoping that she would thaw out before we got there and she saw it was time to leave me, but she never did. Her heels plunked along just as hard and her eyes kept straight ahead.

"Byra," I said, "I never was so unhappy in all my life."

"I should think you would be!" she snapped back at me. "Anybody that would be as suspicious and as mean and as disloyal as you have been ought to feel unhappy!"

Right there I saw that she was just plain beautiful but dumb, and that she kind of needed a master. I got sore.

"When your old man let you come to town, Byra," I said, "he proved himself the biggest jackass in all the South! You are so dumb you fall without tripping! Now you listen to me!"

But she never did. I heard her kind of gasp out some kind of a word, and then she wheeled around and cracked me right across the face with her hand. It never hurt any. But the strap on her bag busted and the bag plopped on the sidewalk at our feet. I picked it up and she snatched it from me. "You—you miserable coward!" she rasped at me.

"You—you beautiful dumb-bell!" I growled.

Then she cried and whirled away from me and beat it on the run to the Y. W. C. A. I saw her as she went up the stone steps and through the door with the blue sign hanging over it. That was that!

I turned and walked back toward the store. There are times when an ordinary man gets extraordinary ideas. I got a flock of them right then. I was awful unhappy. I was sure that Byra never would have anything to do with me again and that she would tell Bill what I had said about him and Red.

That might have a lot of results—all bad. If I got fired from my job, that would mean a lot. With Crab away all the time, I figured, if that happened, I would go home. If Bill got sore at me enough to fire me, he might get sore enough to do a whole lot more. And there was George too. If I left he would want to know why, and I always had the idea that he might cause Byra a lot of trouble if he got to questioning her. When I left he would soon learn why from her. That might start a lot of things and bring Bill down on my neck even if I went home.

That was a terrible day. Looking back at all that happened now, I can see it was a big day in my life. But it looked then only like a total loss. Every time I thought about Byra, I got a lump in my throat. Every time I thought of Bill, my tongue seemed to get hot and dry out my mouth; and every time I thought of George, my hands got damp and my heart bounced around plenty. Yet I could think of nobody but those three.

All around me there were signs of everyday life, and still the whole world seemed strange to me. Lights had a yellower look. Voices from the tenements had a nastier tone; and once when a man and a woman had a loud fight in a house where the windows were open, I thought about home and how nice and quiet Elm Street would be, and how clean ma's red-and-white tablecloth was.

"You Think All This About Red and Bill is a Joke," I Said. "Honest, Byra, It Ain't. I Know What I'm Talkin' About"

When I got back to the store it seemed that I could smell the old smell that had been there that first day when Crab and me went in to pawn my little ring. That made me think of Uncle Isaac and all that he meant. No matter how queer he looked in that old frock coat, with his bum spectacles and his greasy beard, the only way I could remember him seemed the way he was all crumpled up back there among the cases in the rear room. Just as soon as I got to remembering him that way, I got scared, kind of, and blue.

I stayed around the store for a while, because I hated to go upstairs to my room. A lot of nutty ideas filled my mind. I thought about investigating the cellar to see what I could find, and about figuring out all that Bill was doing and maybe even saving him from himself. If I could make him stop in time, I thought —— What a laugh!

I had snapped on the little light over Byra's desk, and everything on the desk seemed to whisper to me that it was proud she had handled it. I could see her hands with their white fingers going over the big books Bill kept.

That part of the business was all good enough. Bill bought old papers and rags and sold them at a profit. Byra kept the records and I saw to the shipping and trucking and sometimes called on customers. But there was an air over her little desk in spite of all that—it was like somebody was dead.

While I was there I heard Bill coming in from the back room. I certainly was surprised, because the back door leading onto the alley had not opened. There was a bell hung on a spring over that door and the bell rang every time the door opened. The bell had not rung. Bill must have been down in the cellar.

"Hello, Johnny," he smiled at me. Bill had a great smile.

"Hello, Bill," I said.

"Workin' overtime, kid?" he asked. "You know lots of guys think workin' overtime is great stuff, but I hate it. I like to think people can do their work right without that!"

Bill had a great way of kidding, and I knew he was doing that now. But the smile went away from his lips as he

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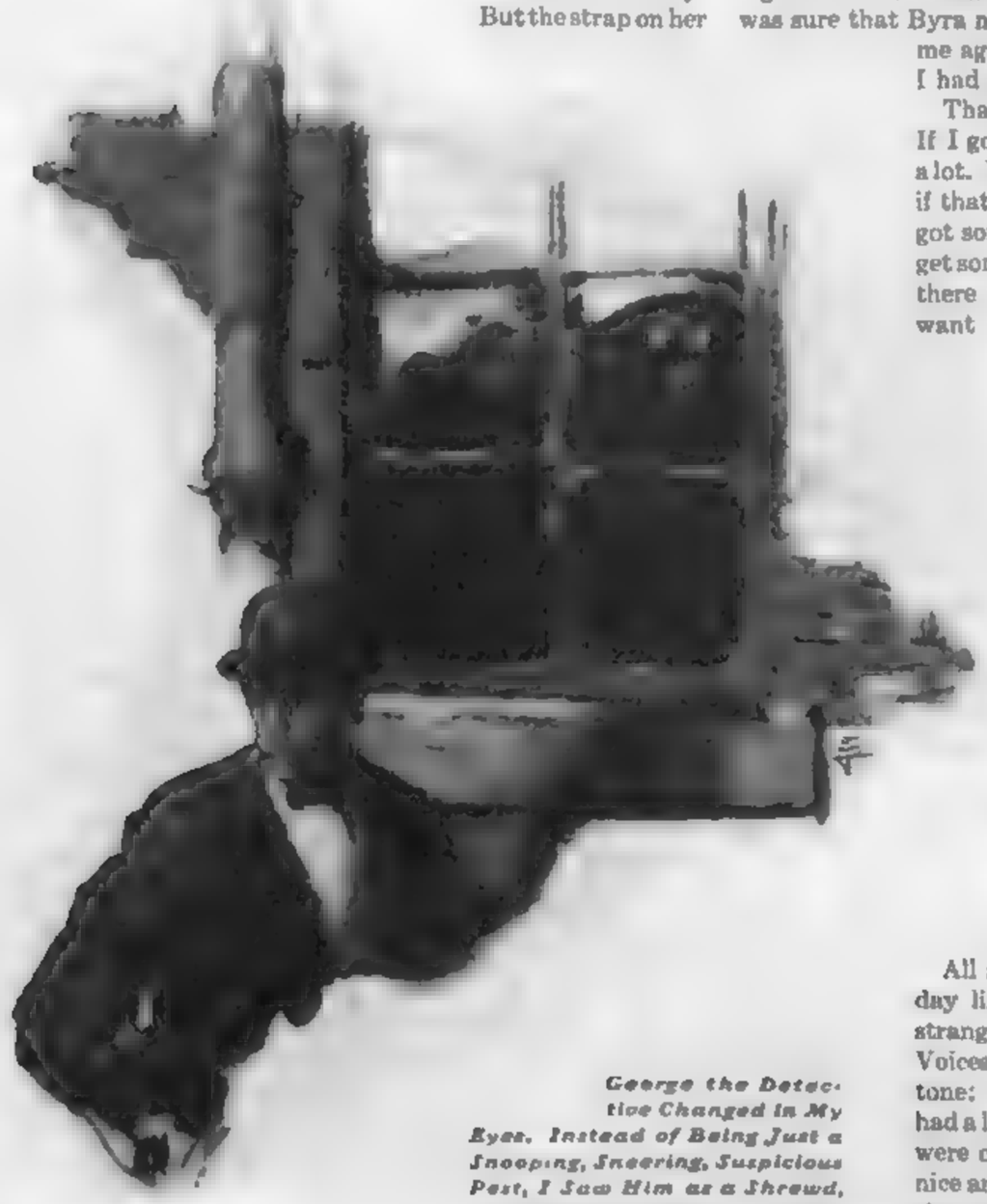

George the Detective Changed in My Eyes. Instead of Being Just a Snooping, Sneering, Suspicious Pest, I Saw Him as a Shrewd, Scheming, Watchful Danger

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4, 1928

The Farmers' New Hired Man

THERE is no such thing as an average farm or an average farmer. Farmers are competitive with one another; also, farmers are consumers of produce of other farmers. When the price of hogs is low in the Corn Belt, this means cheaper pork for orange growers in California, dairymen in New York and truck gardeners in Florida. High prices for agricultural specialties hit consumers who happen to be farmers engaged in raising staples as much as they strike consumers who happen to be urban workmen. In the same manner, there is no average manufacturer and no average town worker. With high prosperity in many lines of manufacture has clung unprosperity in production of coal and lumber and in manufacture of cotton and wool. One might prepare an index number of manufacture, of transportation, of distribution, and of agriculture, but comparisons between such indices would be hazardous.

Following the world-wide boom after the war, occurred the inevitable deflation. The prices of raw materials suffered the worst decline. City workers, despite severe unemployment after the onset of deflation, more or less the world over were able to hold the wage gains made during the war. In consequence of this, and despite cost reductions in many lines of manufacture, the prices of manufactured goods have tended, the world over, to be high relative to the prices of raw materials. As result, farm products more or less everywhere lost somewhat in purchasing power. Through natural but painful adjustments of supply to demand, this disparity is gradually being overcome, and the purchasing power of most farm products in the United States seems gradually to be approaching par. Naturally recovery has been more rapid in some lines than in others; for example, cattle and sheep are in much better position than hogs, and wool is in a better position than cotton. But with full allowance for fluctuations, it seems clear that farm purchasing power is being gradually restored. For further amelioration not emergency measures but long-term constructive policy, based on management rather than on subsidy, is indicated.

For farmers as a class, costs of production have been relatively higher than before the war. Higher taxes—probably land is taxed disproportionately heavily—are the farmers' contribution to better roads, schools and other material improvements. Higher interest charges represent the cost of an improved standard of agriculture as enterprise. These increased costs are related to progress, a part of the cost of living better. Such progress is desirable, and farm income ought to be high enough to support it.

Every year retiring farmers sell out and new farmers buy in. The drift from country to town is now declining and an equilibrium appears in sight. Probably an unusual number of farmers retired after the war and a corresponding number of new farmers bought in at speculative prices. An unusual group of young farmers has therefore incurred heavy losses, since crops cannot pay interest on inflated land values. This is especially unfortunate, because these losses fall upon young farm owners, whose continuance in the occupation is of particular importance to the country. But their problem cannot be solved by transferring to the state the losses suffered in consequence of a postwar boom.

Distribution in the United States, contrasted with production, may properly be described as timeworn. The preliminary researches of the Department of Commerce have made it clear that gains through rationalization of production are being nullified by inefficiencies in distribution. Inefficiency hits the farmer both coming and going. The margin is wide between factory prices and farm prices of the equipment required by farmers and of goods used in the household. The wastes of wholesale and retail distribution are now being overhauled and the coming years are sure to witness substantial improvements. Wide also is the margin between farm prices of produce—transportation disregarded—and consumers' prices. The costs of manufacture, distribution and selling of foodstuffs continue relatively excessive. It is not implied that the wide spread means inordinate profits. Distribution is merely wasteful and outworn, highly efficient in certain steps, but as a whole inefficient. Through a lowering of the costs of distribution in the broad sense, the farmer has a great deal to gain on both outgoing and incoming goods.

High transportation costs are largely the consequence of heavy taxes and of high wages paid to railway workers. While high transportation costs are not the cause of low prices for agricultural products, they widen the spread between producer and consumer. Lower transportation costs, if attainable with retention of effective service, would influence farm income. The development of inland waterways, the coördination of waterways with railways, readjustment of rates between different classes of commodities and reform in terminal handling hold out promise for lowering of transportation costs on farm products without reduction of railway revenue. This is a nation-wide problem that lies peculiarly within the engineering and executive purview of Mr. Hoover.

The Republican platform pledged the party to the policy of governmental assistance in reform of distribution. This includes the development of coöperative marketing, stabilization of prices through marketing steps and control of surpluses. These will succeed to the extent that coöperative agencies are more effective than the existing agencies they are designed to supplant. The success of the nation-wide experiment depends largely on skill in management. The governmental responsibility is a peculiar one, in that it is the purpose of the policy to aid private initiative, but not to supplant it. It is agreed that agriculture requires higher farm prices. The difference of opinion is on method. Mr. Hoover believes adequately higher farm prices can be secured through improvement of individual initiative, without governmental price-fixing. The radical statement that the mind of Mr. Hoover is pro-industrial and anti-agricultural is a play on words and without foundation in fact. Of the interdependence of agriculture and industry he is fully and sympathetically cognizant.

In the disaffection of any class or group, numerous and diverse elements are usually conjoined. The dissatisfaction of husbandmen on the public range is different from that of the truck farmers of the Atlantic states. Different are the reactions of landowners and tenants. A considerable part of rural discontent in the Middle West proceeds not from landowning farmers or from tenants, but from bankers, storekeepers and real-estate men who were caught in land speculations. The rural elements that once supported free silver, the Populist movement and the Nonpartisan League have been extreme advocates of the equalization fee.

Probably the best reflection of country opinion would be obtained if one could secure the reactions of the 3,313,490 landowners classified in the Agricultural Census of 1925 under "farms operated by full owners." We are confident the diagnosis of their ills by these farmers would be substantially different from that proclaimed by the more or less self-appointed farm leaders, in Congress and out.

These full-owner farmers, we are convinced, would lay more emphasis on management—in costs, practices, yields, and marketing—than on legislation, because these farmers know that submarginal farming and speculation in land have had a great deal to do with the depression in agriculture. Also, these farmers know that of the millions who have left farming for other occupations since 1921, the majority are constituted to do better in the town than in the country.

The McNary-Haugen plan offered agriculture a hypothetical formula. The Republican Party offers agriculture a man, not a formula—a man of capacity, experience and leadership, conversant with large problems. There is nothing mystical about agriculture or industry; their problems involve the same factors of analysis. The adverse conditions in agriculture have undergone substantial ameliorations during the past three years. It is unthinkable that Republican farmers, in quest of further recovery of prosperity, should vote for a formula to be placed in operation under a commission form of government. The National Grange never accepted the equalization fee. The Farm Bureau Federation has shown a willingness to accept and try out legislation not embodying the equalization fee. Outstanding representatives of agricultural states, like Senators Capper and McNary, find the agricultural plank in the Republican platform a workable basis for new legislation. In the event of the election of Mr. Hoover, farmers will receive during his administration the same assiduous application to their problems that manufacturers and tradesmen have received in the Department of Commerce.

The Ways of Peace

IN THE budget statement of the Federal Government containing actual expenditures of departments for 1927 and the estimated outlays for 1928 and 1929, will be found a contrast in figures which strikingly illustrates man's as yet rather feeble and faltering efforts to maintain peace on earth. In 1927 the Navy Department spent $318,909,096, and estimates for the two following years show increases of about $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 respectively.

If these totals are contrasted with those of the State Department, one of whose chief duties is to maintain peaceful relations by methods of arrangement and adjustment, the discrepancy appears. It cost $1,348,282 to run the State Department proper in 1927, and for the foreign service there was expended $8,223,769. There were also several millions spent for all manner of international commissions and obligations, but on the other hand the department takes in a large revenue in passport fees and the like. The estimated increases in expenditure for the years 1928 and 1929 are comparatively trivial.

The foregoing figures show that it is a slow uphill job to move in the direction of peace and international good will. By instinct and inheritance the human race understands fighting and preparation for fighting. It does not have the same interest in the detailed, tedious processes of negotiation. All of us, pacifists as well as militarists, read with a certain quality of eagerness the detailed descriptions of this or that new type of submarine and battle plane. Does anyone suppose that an equally large number of persons read the details of the latest treaty negotiated by Mr. Kellogg?

These are difficult racial instincts—animal atavisms, if you will—to down. We do not know any ready answer to the problem. But it may be suggested that the ways of peace will be arduous indeed unless the constructive efforts of our foreign-affairs government branch, the State Department, receive at all times the sympathetic and earnest support, so far as it is deserved, both of public opinion and of appropriated funds.

THE GREAT CITIES

By Albert W. Atwood

THE growth of large cities, it has been said, is the most remarkable social manifestation of modern times. If we view history as an economic development, it is perhaps the rise of metropolitan communities, rather than that of sovereign states, which counts. In ancient Greece the city, with its adjoining territory, was the state. We are approaching that stage again. The concentration or agglomeration of people in and around cities is at once our proudest boast and acutest problem. It is a temptation to describe the modern leviathan in caustic terms. It is more and more of worse and worse, congested impotence, urban arteriosclerosis. But the power of attraction of human groups seems to be in proportion to their mass. Adam was lonely without a mate. Man is gregarious and cities seem to grow upon what they feed, like an insatiable appetite. The city is the most comprehensive of man's works; it is his expression and reflection.

"Its solid walls tell us of his stubborn will, its fine façades of his success, its twisted streets of his uncertainty of aim and the squalor of the slums of his defeat."

The great city is not new; it existed in ancient times. Carthage, Alexandria and Rome each had a population of 500,000 or more. Plato wrote:

> Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and wisdom and political leadership meet in the same man, cities will never cease from ill.

Yet somehow the problem is new and modern and even American. Most of us take very little interest in Carthage and Alexandria, but we would like to know whether Detroit will keep fourth place in the great decennial and mandatory census of 1930.

The Limits Placed on Urban Growth

WHAT position will be held by Cleveland, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston and a hundred other places? Is New York or London really the larger? Certainly there cannot be a literate adult in the country who is unaware that census returns reveal a progressive urbanization. We all know that cities are growing; we are acutely conscious of the fact and intensely interested, for any one of a hundred reasons.

For good or ill, the great city rules from the center of its web, like a giant spider. It is equally distant from all points, and for the amount of silk spun derives the largest income. Along its radial lines flow transportation, intelligence and power. There are those who argue that mankind gets the most from concentration, on the principle that in this way the least will go the farthest.

Describing New York, Elihu Root once said that the city "doesn't exist for itself; it lives because it discharges a distinct function for all the people of America"; although he added in the next sentence that "today it isn't discharging that function creditably."

But speaking of the metropolis in general, of the great city as a type, and not solely of New York, it is, as its very name implies, a mother city, sharing wealth with all its children. For surely economic progress, the increase in production which marks our age, has been "evolved in and around the metropolis." The fact stands out, as clearly stated by Professor Gras, that "to the metropolis it matters little whether combines form or decay, whether associations are established or torn asunder; the large-scale business that succeeds must be on a metropolitan scale."

Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, 1927. Above, 1860

Great cities existed in ancient times, but many of them fell into ruins, and dire things were predicted for them all. In 1686 Sir William Petty set a limit beyond which London could never grow. He knew how many men in the country were required to support a given number in the city, and he knew how far cattle could be driven in a day. But he did not foresee the revolution in transportation that made it possible to bring frozen meat from the Argentine.

Plutarch, Cicero and Justinian warned against the growth of cities. The extension of Paris beyond certain limits was repeatedly prohibited by law, and the erection of new houses in London was forbidden under the Tudors and Stuarts.

Great cities were a curse in earlier times because of the lack of water and the then elementary stage of sanitation. Plagues and fires swept these places, and they grew only from immigration rather than from the natural increase of births over deaths. But though the large modern city would be impossible without transportation and sanitation, an even more fundamental cause explains them. Half the population of Australia live in cities, while only 10 per cent of India's teeming millions are urbanized. Thus it is not population which makes cities grow, but release from the soil—in other words, a surplus food supply.

It was natural to expect cities to spring up in this country when immigration was running at full tide. But in the period from 1850 to 1890 Berlin was growing faster than New York, and Vienna faster than Philadelphia. Cities develop only when man is divorced from the soil, and cities consist of people who do not directly cultivate the soil. There can be no drift to the cities when man's whole energy is bent upon raising direct the food which he eats.

Farming in the City

FARMING today is as much a matter of flour mills, packing plants, canneries and milk depots as it is of land. Such establishments are often located in the city and add to its size. Food production is becoming more and more a machine or factory—and thus a city—process. A scientist in a laboratory who finds a cure for cattle or chicken disease thereby releases thousands of farm hands who go to the city, and he undoes the work of all the back-to-the-land reformers.

Young men go to the city because they are not needed on the land, broadly speaking. They might be better off, physically and spiritually, in the country, but if they are sent there, it simply means releasing and transferring other individuals to the city. A definite amount of food is needed and no more. Of our eighty-odd cities with a population of 100,000 and more, all but a very few can be described as industrial.

What the city really amounts to then is a function of agricultural, industrial and commercial productiveness. If we want to break down the cities, we must destroy industry and commerce, transportation and credit. Most accounts indicate that Russian cities did not grow markedly after the revolution in that country.

But while people have been pouring from the farms into the cities, they also have been rushing out from the congested centers into suburbs and the environs which

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Those are the McGuffy Twins"
"My, Isn't it a Shame That Two People Had to Look Like That!"

Mother—"Engaged? I Should Say Not! The Friendship Between Celia and Edwin is Purely Platonic"

The Fatal Wedding

MISS MOVIESTAR: No use arguing, we're not going to have our honeymoon at Niagara Falls.

MR. GOTROCKS: But, honey, tell me why.

MISS MOVIESTAR: Well, if you must know, I'm very superstitious, and I've already had my honeymoon there twelve times before.

—*Bill Levine.*

Tip for Tip

"WELL, Bill, what do you think of the market?"

"Too high, George. She's going to nosedive one of these days."

"You said it, Bill—you said it. She's sure due for a tumble. Believe me, I'm getting out from under."

"That's the thing to do, George. These fellows who don't keep their senses are due for an awful beating. Prices are way out of line."

"Look how it's been going up, Bill. Four years now, with hardly a setback. She can't keep going up forever."

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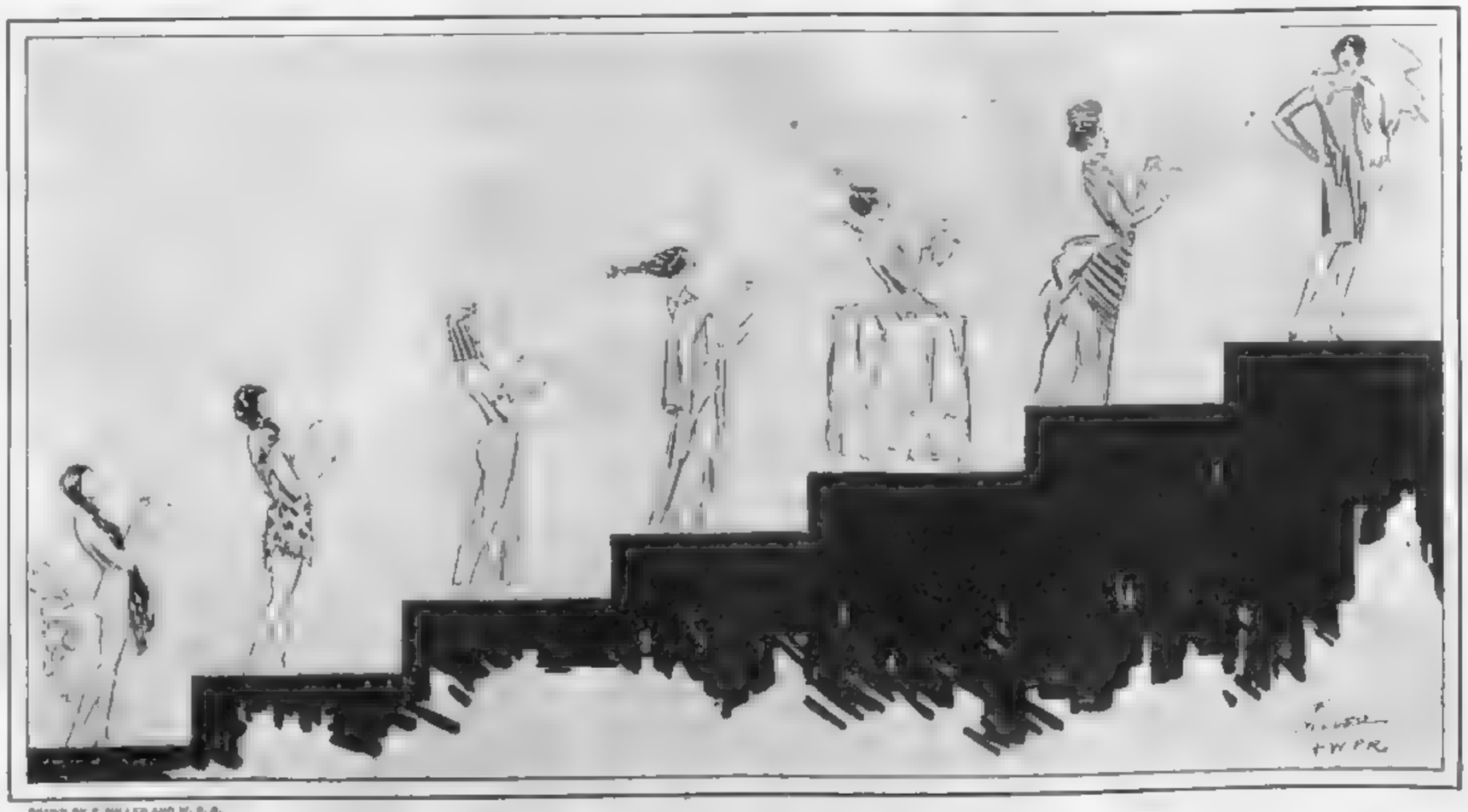


"How Shocking!"

Little Beaver Lake, N. J., is So Crowded This Year That All Boats Have Been Ordered Off the Water and a Traffic Cop Controls the Swimming

The Hotel Doorman Wears His Lodge Regalia by Mistake

By Quality and Flavor, Campbell's Beans *win the largest public*

The new perfection in Campbell's Beans is meeting with a response that is truly remarkable. To add to the popularity of the nation's favorite beans seemed almost impossible. Yet this is what Campbell's have done.

Today no other beans approach Campbell's in sales—that true index of real Quality and public approval. Always the overwhelming leader, Campbell's Beans now advance farther ahead than ever.

Enjoy Campbell's Beans today and you will understand why more people prefer them than any other kind.

Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender and mellow. Tomato sauce as only Campbell's make it. Here is the latest and finest development in the art of cooking beans!

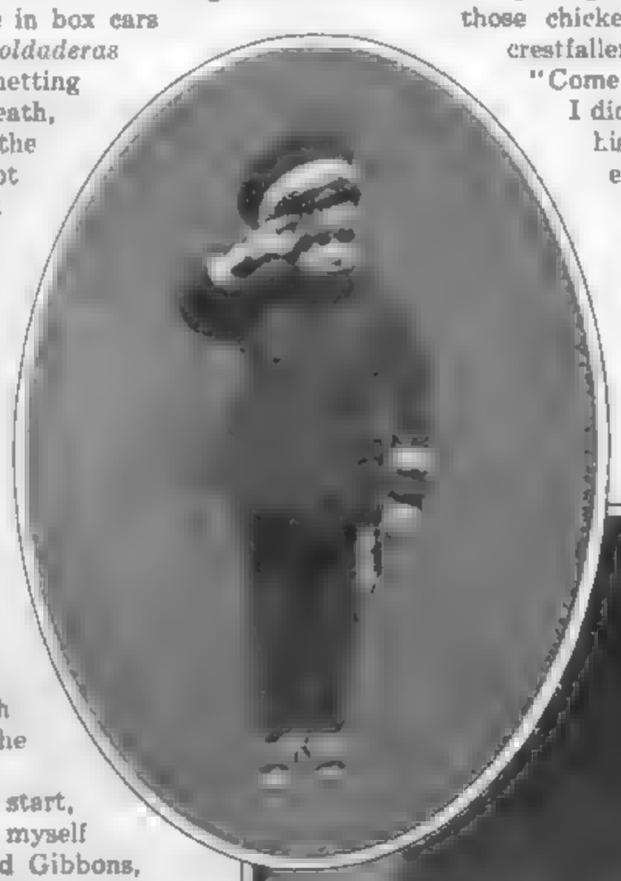
Slow-cooked Golden Brown

Serve hot
Serve cold

Confession of a Cartoonist

By BUD FISHER

THE private car was only an ordinary Pullman, with a stove stuck into the smoking compartment, and a colored porter named Tom and a Mexican cook. It was old-fashioned and dirty, but a palace for the Mexican Central in those days of revolution. Villa's army consisted of about 50,000 men, with women traveling as the commissary. The horses rode in box cars and the soldiers and *soldaderas* coasted along on pieces of netting spread on the rods underneath, or perched precariously on the roof. The general had kept all the freight cars sent across the border. They had painted on them the names of the various big railroads of the United States.



Mr. Hal Stevens, son of Harry Stevens, who does the catering at the big race tracks and baseball parks in the country, stocked our car, while the hospitable Villa agent in Juarez started up the printing presses and produced in no time about $8000 in alleged money with which we were to finance the journey.

When we lined up to start, besides Mr. Wheeler and myself we had in the party Floyd Gibbons, who afterward became a famous war correspondent; Sam Dreben, Gunther Lessing and two or three others whose names I do not remember. We pulled out of El Paso at night, with a guard of five or six tough-looking soldiers, on the way to adventure.

To while away the first evening—for I must admit we were all a little jumpy—we tried the self-appointed treasurer of the party on the charge of not being intelligent, and I acted as the prosecuting attorney, with Mr. Wheeler as judge and Mr. Gibbons in charge of the defense. I finally put the accused on the witness stand, and he convicted himself even in the opinion of his own lawyer, so we fined him the $8000 in Villa money, and to show what we thought of it tore up some twenty-peso bills. The next morning our old porter, Tom, was all stiff from picking up the fragments of the bills and pasting them together.

A Bull Market in Gamecocks

THAT day we were in Chihuahua, and I tried to buy a dog named after the town, but apparently none of the natives had ever heard of that kind of dog. A little farther along we stopped at some station, where Mr. Wheeler, thinking he could speak Spanish because he had studied it at Columbia once, met a Mexican with an ugly-looking rooster which he took for a gamecock. He tried to ask the possessor of it how much he would take for it and pretended to understand his reply. He handed him a twenty-dollar Mexican bill and the Mexican handed him the rooster and no change. I'll bet if the train had stopped there more than two minutes, all the roosters in town would have been on that station platform, once the news of the bull market got abroad.

When he returned to the car I asked, "What are you going to do with that ugly-looking bird?"

"They tell me," he replied, "that Villa does not drink or smoke but is crazy about cockfights, so I shall buy another one before we meet him and get in good right away by staging a cockfight."

In the meantime he tied his gamecock out on the platform of our car with a couple of innocent-looking chickens the cook had brought along with the idea that he would kill them when he wanted to have a chicken dinner.

After about an hour I said, "You had better go out and look at your gamecock to be sure he hasn't killed one of those chickens." Shortly Mr. Wheeler came back crestfallen. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Come and look for yourself," he suggested.

I did. Here was the gallant gamecock flat on his back, dead as King Tut, killed by the eating chickens. After that he abandoned picking roosters to fight for the entertainment of General Villa.

When we started to join him the general was at Guadalajara, west of Mexico City; but on reaching Torreon we got a telegram saying that he would meet us at Aguas Calientes. At Torreon we had our first taste of adventure. Several Mexicans greeted us, mostly generals, and one of them engaged in conversation with Sam Dreben, after staring at him for some time first.

"Weren't you with Orozco, the Red Flagger?" he asked.

"No," replied Sam, without quivering an eyelid, although he had been.

"It isn't healthy for Red Flaggers down here," suggested the Mexican as he walked away.

A brother of Francisco Madero, the murdered president of Mexico, a Cornell graduate, overheard the conversation and urged Sam to return to El Paso. Later we added our pleas to Madero's, but they fell on deaf ears.

Finally Dreben squared his shoulders and said, "If they shoot this Jew tomorrow morning, I am going to stick." And he did.

General Villa and Raul Madero. At Right—First Lieutenant Sam Dreben, Shortly After His Return From France, Where He Won a Médaille Militaire, the Highest Decoration in the French Army, a Distinguished Service Cross, and a Croix de Guerre With Palm. In Oval—General Villa's Adopted Son

Sam Dreben, who had always been a soldier of fortune, after this trip to Mexico made a remarkable record. He had arrived in this country from Russia and been an apprentice to an uncle of his in Philadelphia who was a tailor. Not liking the tailoring business particularly, he was attracted by one of the United States Army posters and persuaded by it to join Uncle Sam's forces, which took him to China for the Boxer Rebellion. After being discharged he soldiered in Nicaragua with General Lee Christmas, all over Central America and Mexico, specializing with his partner, Tracy Richardson, in running machine guns for revolutionists for the highest pay he could get.

When General Pershing went into Mexico to catch Villa, dead or alive, Sam was taken along as a scout, and it was not Sam's fault that Villa was not caught.

When the Big War started, although offered a commission, he enlisted as a private and was made a first sergeant. While in France he took out eighteen men, killed fifty-eight Germans, brought in two prisoners and six machine guns. For this exploit he was decorated with the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre by the French, and the Distinguished Service Cross by the American Army.

A Man to be Cordial With

ON THE night of his arrival home from the war I saw him, and hesitantly he told about the decorations he wore on his chest and apologetically admitted the two prisoners. He said he missed one of them and brought the other in for information. Sam was a soldier until the day of his death.

When General Villa met us he invited us into his private car. It was a regular observation car "borrowed" from some American railroad, and immediately in front of it were two freight cars, one equipped with a piano and a bathtub which looked little used—that is, the bathtub—and the other fixed up with a barber chair. We were offered the privileges of the piano, bathtub and barber chair. Also there were two or three fair-looking señoritas, to whom we were not introduced.

My first impression of Pancho will stay with me always, for I have never seen such eyes in the head of a human being. Wherever you were in the room with him, his eyes were on you and on every other individual in it. He greeted us cordially, with a pleasant smile, and you can bet we were cordial to him. We talked a little through an interpreter, and I drew a picture of Mutt and Jeff for him, to show my hand was steady. Then he said he

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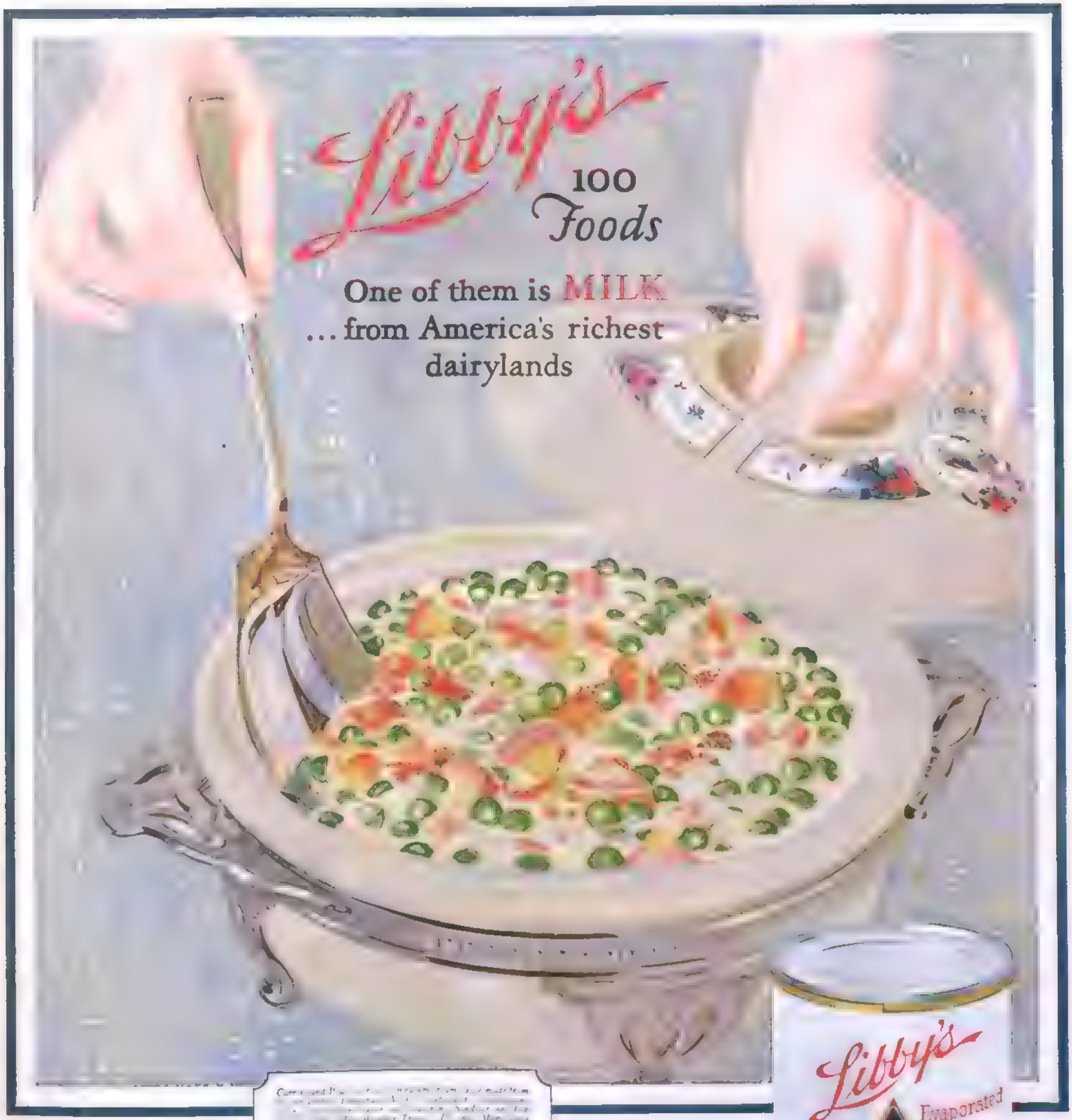

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Sauerkraut Juice
Tomatoes
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower
Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon
Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

(Partial List)

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat wch Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 26)

was planning to execute a couple of prisoners at daylight the next morning and asked us if we would care to attend.

"I hate to get up early," I answered. "Can't you make it later?"

"How would ten o'clock suit the señor?" he inquired, to which I assented, although even that was pretty early for me; but I figured I couldn't be too particular. As a matter of fact, I wasn't so strong for seeing the execution—especially the first thing in the morning. We witnessed it as scheduled, and as a gesture of welcome, General Villa gave me the pearl-handled revolver which had belonged to one of the Carranzistas killed, with the remark that its former owner had no further use for it. I still have it.

Right here I want to say those Mexicans died game. Backed up against a wall, blindfolded, in the sunshine of a beautiful morning, facing a firing squad, they puffed on cigarettes until the bullets cut them down. The name on the handle of the revolver is José Diaz.

With Villa at that time was a general named Felix Angeles, who was the most soldierly man in the whole army. He was a graduate of the Military School of Chapultepec and of the French artillery school at St.-Cyr, France. He had recommended a campaign against Tampico, which was held by Carranza, because the income from the oil region was supporting the whole Carranza revolution. He contended that possession of the main line of railroad between Torreon and Mexico City had no strategic value and urged Villa to leave about 5000 men to fight rear-guard actions with Obregón, who was advancing north from Mexico City. That was the plan of action when we joined up. General Angeles is now dead, having been captured and executed later when Villa ran into reverses.

So we all started off for Monterey, from which base the attack on Tampico was to be launched. Several amusing things happened en route. One night while pausing in Torreon I made the mistake of giving one of the Mexican soldiers a dollar, which represented about three months' pay—when they got it—and then I gave another one a dollar—all Mexican money, you understand—and it wasn't long before the whole blooming army was swarming off the freight cars and to ours. I could have bought the whole army for ten bucks American money.

Where the Sword is Mightier Than the Pen

ONE night we were talking to an officer who had been educated at the University of Pennsylvania and spoke English well. He was a major, and there was a rule in the Villa army that any officer could promote up to the rank next below his, which meant he could make officers to the rank of captain.

Finally I said, "We've been hanging around here a long time now and have seen a lot of generals and we're nothing. How about that?"

He reached into his pocket and hauled out a couple of hat cords and put them on our campaign hats. "You're captains," he said simply; and by gosh we were!

Thinking no more about it, we had another drink and went to bed. We were awakened early the next morning by this same major, who had a couple of orderlies with horses, and he suggested that Wheeler and I go to join our commands. We promptly gave him back his hat cords and retired from the Villa army.

Another night, in an argument, we agreed that Villa was a great leader, but that he lacked the experience and brains a couple of good managers could give to his revolution. It wasn't long before we decided that the thing to do was to approach Villa and submit our proposition, it being substantially that he should do the fighting and we should do the managing, and we would divide up Mexico three ways when we won. We were to be prize-fight managers in his corner and furnish the brains.

Mrs. Villa, the Church Wife of the General, Known to His Followers as Lus

He seemed surprised as he listened to our story through an interpreter, and then, with a grin on his broad face, replied, "I fight my battles with the sword and not with the pen."

This meant that he turned us down, and look at him now, licked and dead, whereas if he had taken on a couple of good managers —— However, we did not persist in our proposition, because the general had a reputation for being quick-tempered. We had airily suggested that, with our influence, we could get him recognized by the United States.

Arriving at Monterey, preparations were begun for an attack on Tampico, and we witnessed several little skirmishes. I did not know much about war in those days, and little more now, although I served as an officer in the British Army in France, getting a commission first in the American Army at the second Plattsburg Camp. In France, when at the front, you were "so close to the trees that you couldn't see the forest." However, I discovered that those Mexican battles usually were comparatively safe, because the armies line up against each other, frequently out of range, and there seems to be a gentlemen's agreement that neither shall attack the other. After shooting at each other for a couple of days one retires and the other does not follow. It was, however, the first time I ever heard a bullet sing in anger. Therefore we were as comfortable as watching a World's Series during these preliminary engagements—and about as safe, unless we stepped in a hole and sprained an ankle.

Then suddenly Villa decided to abandon his campaign against Tampico and take his whole army back to attack Obregón, who was advancing to the north from Mexico City. We were fortunate enough to be present when this strategy was being discussed, and General Angeles urged him to pursue his first plan; but Villa hated Obregón because he thought he had deserted him, and Villa never forgave himself because he had had a chance to kill him and didn't. Angeles advised sending 5000 men to fight rear-guard actions with Obregón and harass him, and attacking Tampico vigorously.

Asleep at the Throttle

THE real inside story—and there was an inside story in this—was that the general had a girl in Guadalajara whom he liked, and he feared Obregón would cut him off from this lady. I recall that he made a violent statement when the matter was being discussed, so I asked Sam Dreben, who understood Spanish, what Villa had said. According to Sam he said, "This so-and-so Obregón isn't going to cut me off from seeing my señorita."

So off we all started for Torreon. Here we left the general to his fate; and strangely enough, although he was undefeated in battle up to the time we met him, he never won a victory after that, and a couple of months later was on the run, with his army disintegrated. Friends of ours told us later that Villa was superstitious about this, and declared we had been hoodoos. I am glad he did not decide this when we were with him, because hoodoos in Mexico often get shot against a wall, and there is no closed season on them. Also, while I am expressing my preferences, I am just as well pleased that the United States Government did not recognize Carranza, as it did shortly afterward, while we were Villa's guests.

We left the general at Torreon, and the last we saw of him was at the head of his troops, plunging south to meet his old enemy, Obregón, who defeated him at the battle of Celaya—his first beating. We stopped on our way north to have dinner with a governor in Saltillo, which was attended by several prominent Villistas.

On our way back to Juarez the train suddenly stopped one night and began to back up at a rapid pace, and there was talk of us being held up by the Red Flaggers, who were operating in the state of Chihuahua in roving bands. These gentlemen had some sort of grudge against the Villistas which led them to shoot them at sight. We were all wearing photographs of Villa on buttons, with his flag draped around them, like rooters returning from a college game. As soon as the rumor of the Red Flaggers spread through our car we quickly changed our religion and began tearing off the buttons and throwing them out of the windows and under the seats. Our only regret was that we had not provided ourselves with the buttons of the Red Flaggers for just such an emergency.

When the train finally stopped we discovered why the engineer had retreated with such rapidity. It was a single-track railroad and he had had orders to meet a train going in the opposite direction on a certain switch. But the engineer had fallen asleep and run three-quarters of a mile past the meeting place before he awoke. When he did he put her into reverse and went back hell bent for the place where the trains were to pass. He got there in time.

Our traveling companions on the way back to El Paso were the manager of the Villa railroads and a

(Continued on Page 110)

Torreon, Mexico, During the Villa-Carranza Revolution

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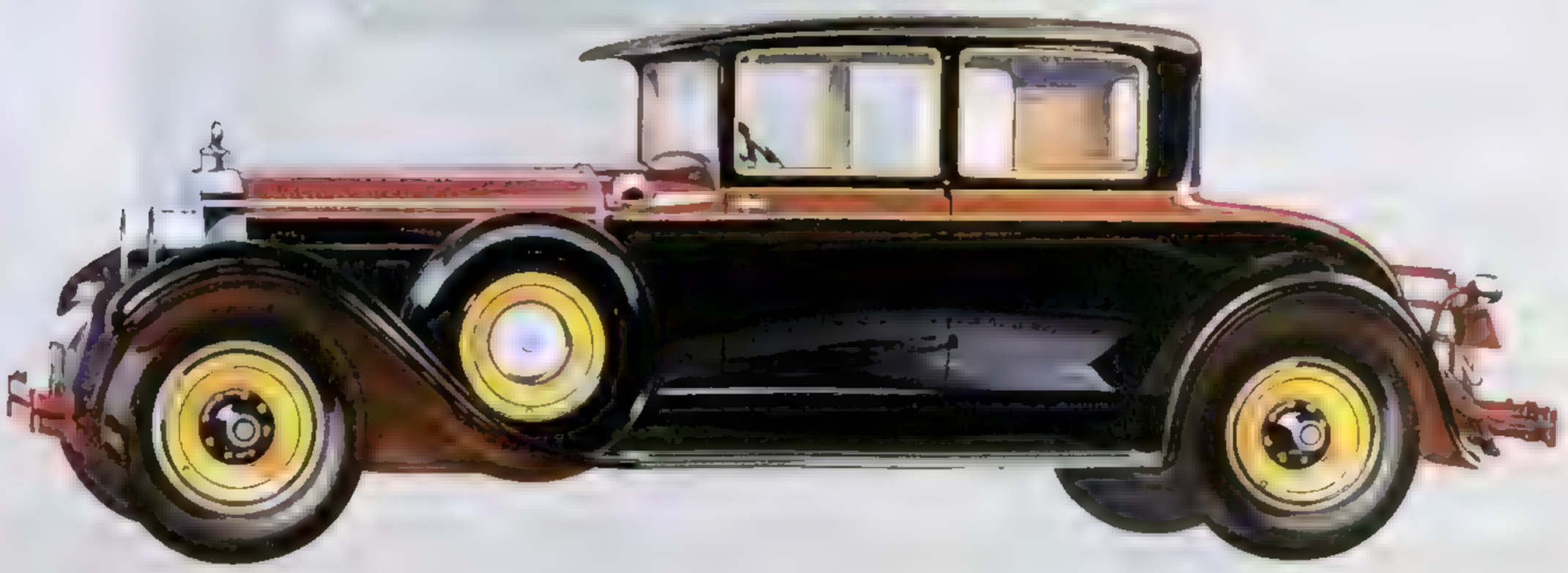

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A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

ENGLISH cooking looks almost good enough to eat—and there the resemblance stops. But I will say one thing for the tight little island—and that is, their cuisine is tighter than anything I have bent a tooth on. There are no garnishings and few sauces. The food is *au naturel*, meaning that it is devoid of frills and furbelows. The vegetables are cooked as they come out of the ground and served as they are cooked. The preparation of meats, fowls and fishes is of the simplest. Every dish is cooked in its own essence, which might indicate that your British cousin in war is a Spartan on diet. And he is—until the food reaches his table.

After the simple roast or fowl is parked on the linen the guest figures that he has complied with all hereditary rigmarole relative to the food in question. He then reaches across the table and grasps a battery of tough-looking bottles. Each one of these bottles contains a meat sauce guaranteed to kill at three hundred yards. He sprays his roast with these sauces, and after he is through weatherproofing his roast with terrific condiments I guarantee that the meat would blow out the fuses in the devil's playground.

The Frenchman laughs at the Briton's method of cooking food, and the merriment is mutual. The Englishman chuckles at the Gaul's system of flavoring the daily provender. No Parisian would dream of seasoning a dish after it arrives at the table, for that would be an insult to the chef. I think the Englishman has the best of the hilarity, for he gets his meat in its native condition and flavors it to please himself. The climate of England calls for plenty of plain roasts and boils, with solid variations like steak and kidney pies. There are no *sautés* or *filets*, and even the fish is plain boiled or fried. The Englishman is content with what Nature gives him, even though he paints it with a sauce that approximates his favorite color. And the cooking becomes even more severe and simple as you travel into Wales, Scotland and Ireland. And yet, English cooking is very nearly like American cooking—except that we do it better. There has been plenty of discussion on this subject, and whenever British cooking is mentioned to the epicure the tocsin rings with the banging of negative hammers.

Charles Cooper, who is an authority on food, argues loud and longer in favor of the English cuisine. He denies that there are more bad cooks in England than in any other country, and demands proof. He challenges the world to produce more appetizing food than a sirloin of Scotch beef or a saddle of Southdown or Welsh mountain wether roasted before an open fire. He also chants the glories of English turtle soup and admits there is nothing more appetizing than lark and steak pudding. If turtle soup is good, I think the credit should go to the turtle and not to the chef. And as for lark and steak pudding, I imagine that a bird on the fork is worse than two in the bush. Larks and pet canaries should be granted all the neutrality that is awarded to small, defenseless nations.

Roasts

I SPOKE with Sir Francis Towle, who operates a string of English hotels, and he claims that the decadence of modern English cooking is due to these same Scotch beeves and Southdown muttons, which are such marvelous meats that the British housewife thinks that they can cook themselves. She has grown lax in her preparation of them, and even the most excellent quality of Southdown mutton fares badly in an oven when the housewife is spending the afternoon in the movies.

Alfred Willes, head chef at Simpson's on the Strand, has only one definition of a British dinner: A meal more satisfying than any other. He may be right, but I hardly think that five million American tourists can be wrong. Alfred, who knows his groceries, says that such a repast should consist of turtle soup, turbot or sole, saddle of mutton, Scotch sirloin and game.

You can see that everything in that dinner is either boiled or roasted. The mutton, sirloin and game mean that three roasts would be served at the same meal, when two roasts would be one too many. Simpson's is an example of the old-line British cooking. It is a kitchen without sauces or spices. All the roasting is done on a spit before a terrific fire of coke.

Roasting before the open fire is preferable to baking in the oven because of the resulting flavor. It is also the most expensive method of cooking, because the meat wastes generously in the process. The secret of good roasting is in the fire, which must be hot, clear and bright, giving out a steady heat which is not too fierce. An hour is required to bank the fire to the proper temperature, as the blaze must first be started with coal and then heaped up with coke. The huge joint of beef or mutton is spitted before the fire and turned slowly by machinery. When more fuel is necessary, the coke is placed at the back of the fire, the live coals are drawn to the front and the meat is thus exposed to a bed of coke which is always hot and clear. The heat of the fire is regulated by the size and weight of the joint, its condition, and the proportion of fat and lean. Newly slaughtered meats require more time than a joint that has been aged on the hook. The thickness of the joint is also taken in consideration. Rolled and stuffed joints require more time than a joint which is cooked unrolled. Even the climate affects the cooking, for longer time is required on a foggy, damp day than on a warm day.

Although the time for cooking meat varies with conditions, the general rule for spitted joints is fifteen minutes to the pound for each pound of beef or mutton. At the finish there is an extra grace period of fifteen minutes. If you were roasting ten pounds of mutton, that would mean one hundred and fifty minutes plus the extra fifteen minutes, or one hundred and sixty-five minutes in all. Lamb, pork and veal require twenty minutes for each pound of meat and another extra inning of twenty minutes at the finish. If the joint is very thick—say about thirty pounds—then it is roasted at the rate of twenty-five minutes to the pound. Twenty minutes a pound is also the standard rate for poultry and game.

The Joint on the Spit

WHEN the joint is on the spit an enormous dripping and basting pan is placed beneath it to catch the juices of the roasting. A couple of pounds of beef suet are placed in the dripping pan, and as the heat of the fire melts the suet it is caught up in a big spoon and used to baste the meat. If the joint is very fat it is not necessary to use the two pounds of suet, but economical cooks will not choose a fat joint, as it means paying the price of prime meat for suet which runs away to dripping in front of the hot fire and causes the weight of the actual meat to depreciate considerably. For the first ten minutes the joint is placed as close to the fire as possible without actually scorching the meat. This hardens the surface and serves to retain the juices.

After ten minutes it is drawn farther back and allowed to cook more slowly and gradually. Then the basting begins and is repeated at fifteen-minute intervals all through the cooking. When the meat is thoroughly cooked the joint will begin to smoke, and at this point the basting ceases. The joint is sprinkled with a little fine salt and placed on a hot dish and kept hot while the gravy is being made. The gravy is secured from the dripping pan, which is poured off

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The Writers and Poets Seemed to Do Most of Their Heavy Thinking in Taprooms

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(Continued from Page 31)

until all the liquid fat is removed. This fat which is poured off is not used again. The real stuff is the glaze and little brown blisters adhering to the basting pan, which are the concentrated juices of the meat. A little boiling water is poured into the pan and the glaze and the blisters scraped up with a spoon. They are mixed with the water until they are dissolved and blended, and a little salt is dusted into the gravy.

The gravy is then poured all around the meat, but never on it. The exact amount of boiling water essential for the gravy is difficult to standardize, but remember that too little is better than too much, for you want your gravy a rich, deep, dark brown. Some chefs add stock or even consommé to the basting pan in order to enrich the gravy. This is a mistake, as it alters the flavor of the gravy, which should consist only of the pure, fresh juices of the meat, and not a mixture of foreign flavors, which is inevitable when stock is used. The properly cooked joint should have its surface brown and crisp, with a distinct taste of the fire, and should be surrounded by a meat juice in harmony with the meat to which it belongs. Remember that with roasts of any kind the plates must be crackling hot, or the gravy will become disagreeably greasy.

A British Dish in the French Manner

THAT'S the English method of chalking up victories over roast meats. It is really an indoor barbecue without the mosquitoes and picnic ants. The only flavoring employed is a little dusting of salt. If a Frenchman were to prepare the same joint, he would first wax his mustache, have his nails polished and then decorate his apron with numerous ribbons and medals donated by a grateful government. As the joint revolved on the spit he would march up with a double-barreled shotgun over his shoulder while he chanted the glorious notes of the Marseillaise. Then he would sight his gun, shout "It is for France!" and pepper that joint with a full charge of garlic. Clicking his heels together, he would cry "They shall not pass!" and let the roast have the contents of the other barrel, which, in this case, would be a mixture of marjoram, thyme and laurel. After that there would come a bayonet charge, with an onion on the end of the bayonet. Then he would baste the meat by spraying it with lilac, and would probably shampoo it with bay rum. The coke fire would not be romantic enough for the Parisian chef, who would insist on a fire of aromatic Chinese incense. The gravy would be a combination of Normandy cream, a little sherry, a dash of cognac, a sprinkling of powdered diamonds, two dozen yolks of eggs, the crushed feathers of a peacock's tail and a big lump of sweet butter. Then he would take the meat out into the woods and allow the autumn leaves to flutter gently over it until it was covered like the Babes in the Woods. And just as the setting sun was gilding the tips of his mustaches he would burst into tears and serve the meat to the music of well-modulated sobbing.

That's the difference between two countries which are but twenty miles apart. The Englishman wants his roast served so that he can recognize it. The Frenchman thinks that every dish is a masquerade party. The Briton not only wants his meat without any decorative shellacking but also wants it for breakfast, dinner and supper. He is the only European who eats a big, substantial breakfast similar to the American. He can eat meat three times a day and still retain the gaunt, furtive look of a vegetarian. I favor the British style of preparing roasts. Meat should be slaughtered but once. And the Frenchman slaughters his twice—once in the abattoir and again in the cooking. I must admit that the Londoner indulges liberally in condiments and mustards which are hot enough to blister a board fence, but all these sauces have meat bases and are in harmony with the roast. The finest thing that I can say about the blazing British sauces is that they are not compulsory.

Simpson's was once a wayside tavern until London spread all over like ink on a blotter. It is about the last remaining link in the chain of pure Anglo-Saxon cuisine. Like a fat man on a bleacher seat, all food is stewed in its own juices. The wayside tavern dates back to the days of the Mongol raiders, when the khans established remount and feeding stations for the slant-eyed couriers of the Yellow Scourge. These depots were mere stables, but they were a place to exchange horses and snatch a few minutes' sleep. There were guest houses prior to that in abbeys and monasteries, where the wayfarer could get food and drink and sleep. There was no charge in the monasteries for meals or shelter, but the wealthy travelers usually made a donation to the guest master. All these donations went into the common fund to further the cause of charity, and right here you have the fountainhead of the modern tip. The cabaret can also be traced to the ancient abbeys, for the strolling player, contortionist or minstrel always paid for his bed and board by a post-supper exhibition of his entertaining prowess.

The wayside tavern clambered a rung up the ladder of service when the Knights Hospitalers erected gigantic edifices for the housing of princes, knights and fighting men touring to Palestine to crusade against the terrible Turk. These hospitals, or inns, were adorned with the crest of the guest master, and in later years these heraldic devices evolved into the Green Dragon, Purple Unicorn and other now familiar signboards. After the Crusades the fighting men returned to England and secured their masters' permission to set up inns of their own on the English roads. These innkeepers became fat and waxed wealthy, powerful and arrogant, reaching their obstinate climax in Thomas Hobson, who operated the famous Bull Inn in the seventeenth century. He was the first man in England who hired out horses to the cross-country tourist. He grew tired of travelers picking out the best horses in the stable and insisted on them being taken in strict rotation. You had to take the nag nearest the stable door, or you got none. Rather than continue on foot, the terrain voyagers took the horse nearest the stable door; and there you have the origination of that great overworked campaign phrase, "Hobson's choice," which is no choice at all, but a command.

All the English taverns were rich in guests and poor in chefs. The writers and poets seemed to do most of their heavy thinking in taprooms. Even Shakspere hung out at the Bell and found the original of Sir John Falstaff consuming his intolerable quantity of sack to but a ha'p'orth of bread, in the old Boar's Head Tavern. Doctor Johnson loafed around the famous Cheshire Cheese, which still exists—that is, the nest is there but the bird has flown, for mine host is now a syndicate. Big corporations control all the historic taverns, which are bought and sold like second-hand cars. However, the new owners hold hard and fast to one rule: When they take over a tavern they never oust the waiters or cooks, and it is nothing unusual to meet waiters who have worked forty or fifty years in one restaurant. The chefs start in as scullions and remain with the same tavern until retired on pensions. Here is a recipe for boiled turkey with oyster sauce from what is easily one of the star establishments of England, not only for its roasts but also for its stews and boils:

Singe and draw a good hen turkey, wash it inside and out in warm water and rub it all over with lemon juice. The rubbing with the lemon juice is a new one to me, but I intend to try it this Thanksgiving. Once a year won't hurt anybody.

Have ready a saucepan of boiling water on the fire and put the bird in with a few slices of carrots, onions and a small bunch of sweet herbs, three stalks of celery, a quarter pound of good table butter, a little mace and cloves, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil the turkey slowly, skimming off the grease and waste as it rises to the top.

Turkey in a New Guise

PREPARE the following sauce: Parboil two dozen oysters in their own liquor, drain them and remove beards. The liquor should be strained and set aside. Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, and when it is melted add one tablespoonful of flour and mix over the fire. Then stir in the oyster liquor with sufficient sweet milk to make the required quantity of sauce. Add half a blade of mace, bay leaf, salt and pepper to taste and a very small quantity of Cayenne pepper. Remove the mace and bay leaf from the sauce, squeeze in a small quantity of lemon juice, strain the sauce and then add the oysters.

When the turkey is cooked, drain it, place on a hot dish and serve with the above sauce. All of which listens very good to me. The turkey is our national dish. It is a native American bird, was first found in America, but I must admit that the British have made some improvements on the original chassis. If you don't like the oyster sauce, you can try your turkey with a sauce made of celery:

Singe, draw and truss a fine fat turkey. Wrap it up in slices of bacon. Place it in a saucepan with the juice of a lemon, a small lump of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and cover with sufficient water to boil it.

Cut the stalks off some hearts of celery, peel the hearts and wash them and stew. When tender, drain the hearts of celery, cut them into pieces about one inch long and put them into some hot *béchamel* sauce. When the turkey is cooked, drain it, put it on a hot dish, pour the sauce over and serve.

Both of these recipes for boiled turkey sound very fine, but I think the oyster is the better. There is only one good oyster in Europe, and that is the Whitstable Native, peculiar to England in the months dignified by an *r*. The French oyster is small and copperish, the Russian oyster is a bum, and the Spanish oyster is a myth. Every American housewife knows all about oysters, but I think there is one British standard recipe which may be a novelty. It is Oyster Forcemeat:

The ingredients are eighteen oysters, one-half pint of bread crumbs, one egg, one ounce of suet, one teaspoonful of dried mixed herbs, salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg.

The method of preparation is first to beard the oysters and cut them into quarters. Mix them with the bread crumbs, herbs and seasoning and the suet, which has been finely shredded. Beat up the egg and bind the mixture with it. If it proves to be too dry, add another egg or a little milk.

The oyster forcemeat is used as stuffing for roast or boiled turkey, chicken or capon. This forcemeat for stuffing can be made with veal for stuffing boned joints, fresh haddock and fowls. Or if desired, veal forcemeat can be rolled into balls, covered with flour and baked in a hot oven, to be eaten for itself alone. There are also sausage, liver and chestnut forcemeats which can be used as stuffing or made into balls and cooked separately.

A Pudding in Name and a Pudding in Fact

ALTHOUGH Simpson's specializes on roasts, you can get your boils there also. That sounds like an outbreak, or something, but by boils I mean boiled turkey and fish. The original Simpson's is still in existence in Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside. He boasted that he knew one hundred ways of preparing the same number of edible fish, and his habit of saying grace before meals is still continued. Each meal wound up with the famous contest known as Guessing the Cheese, meaning weight, girth and height of an enormous Cheddar cheese. The cheese has been guessed but nineteen times during the last two hundred years. Simpson's on the Strand is practically a modern establishment, dating back merely to 1828, which is but a scant moment in the life of such an ancient institution as the venerable Yorkshire pudding. You will find this pudding all over England; in homes, castles, hotels, taverns and hovels. Yorkshire pudding is the English cousin of the corn fritter which we serve with chicken *à la* Maryland. The only difference is that a corn fritter has some flavor to it. I had heard so much about Yorkshire pudding that I was amazed to discover that it was practically nothing at all. But I had best not criticize it too heavily, for English armies have crossed the Channel for less. The ingredients are two teacupfuls of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk and salt. The preparation is simple but tedious:

Sieve the flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt, make a hollow in the center and add the unbeaten eggs and a little of the milk. Mix the flour in gradually from all sides, adding more milk by degrees. When about half the milk has been added and the flour is well mixed, beat well with a wooden spoon until perfectly light and smooth, then gradually stir in the rest of the milk. Allow this batter to stand about forty minutes, then pour it into a flat tin pan containing a little boiling fat. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

There's eighty minutes of your valuable life dedicated to a pancake. However, Yorkshire pudding is indispensable to the serving of roast sirloin of beef, and always accompanies that dish, like a pilot fish chaperoning a shark. Whenever you see roast sirloin of beef you will observe Yorkshire pudding, which indicates that it is not a recipe but a superstition. But if you want a real pudding you don't have to go any farther than the plum pudding, the cornerstone of the British Isles, and second only to the pride of ancestry and the hope of an invitation to the Court. Here goes, ready or not:

The ingredients—one of which violates the Eighteenth Amendment hopelessly—consist of three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of mixed peels, three-quarters of a pound of suet, eight fresh eggs and—get ready—one wineglassful of brandy!

Stone and cut the raisins in half, clean the currants thoroughly, shred the candied peel and mince the suet very finely. Rub the bread crumbs through a sieve. Mix all well together, beat up the eggs and add. Then stir in the brandy. Press the mixture into a greased basin until it is flush with the top. Remember that the basin must be exactly full. Tie a scalded flour cloth over the top and boil for five or six hours. Plum pudding is usually made four weeks before it is required, and reboiled at least two hours before being eaten.

When you are ready to serve it and it has had the second boiling of two hours, turn it out onto a hot dish, pour brandy over it and set fire to the brandy. Serve with a brandy sauce made from the following sweet white sauce:

The ingredients for the sweet white sauce are a half pint of milk, one ounce of butter, a half ounce of flour, the same quantity of powdered sugar, and a pinch of salt. Melt the butter in a pan, stir in the flour and cook

(Continued on Page 52)

FLOORS THAT LAUGH AT SPILLED THINGS . . .

This is pattern No. 1173/2 in Sealex Linoleum.

ACCIDENTS are bound to happen "even in the best regulated families." There's no way to avoid them. But there *is* a way to avoid the aftermath—those unsightly stains on your linoleum floor. That is to remember the name "Sealex" when next you buy linoleum for any room.

Sealex Linoleums are proof against all ordinary household accidents. The *Sealex Process*, an exclusive new manufacturing development, penetrates and seals the tiny dirt-absorbing pores of the linoleum. The most acidy fruit juices, the hottest sizzling fats, the smeariest greases—all wipe right off without leaving a trace.

Dirt cannot be ground in. Liquids—even the blackest ink—cannot penetrate. A damp cloth takes all of them off without leaving a sign of a stain. Think of the work-saving virtue of such a floor!

More than that, you want year-in and year-out beauty in your floors. It is yours in Sealex Linoleums. Durability extends clear through the smart inlaid colors and patterns.

Sealex Linoleums are made by the largest manufacturers of smooth-surface floor-coverings in the world. There are Inlaids (like those shown), two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship . . . for every type of room and every purpose . . . and each carries the manufacturer's guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh
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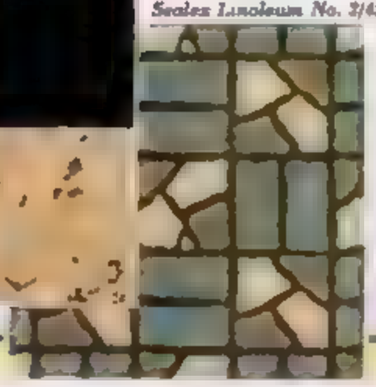
Sealex Linoleum No. 3042
Karnean Marbled design.

Sealex Linoleum No. 2/4310.

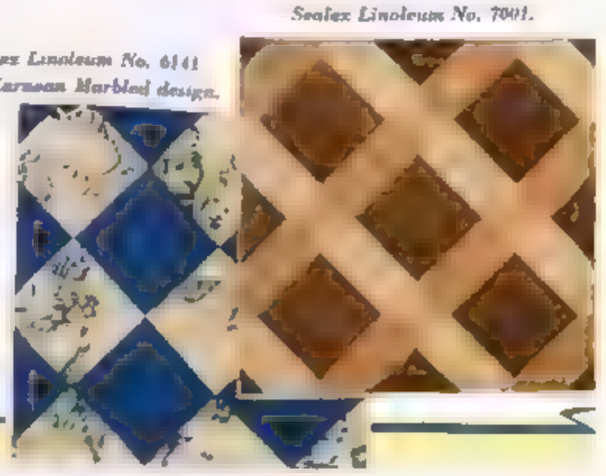


SEALEX LINOLEUMS

FREE—"*Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them*"—a new book on home decoration by the well-known authority, Winnifred Fales. A practical Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., today for your free copy.

Sealex Linoleum No. 7001.

Sealex Linoleum No. 6141
Karnean Marbled design.



I Will Give You the Summer

And Other Poems

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

SONNET

LIFE, were thy pains as are the pains of hell,
So hardly to be borne, yet to be borne,
And all thy boughs more grim with wasp and thorn
Than armored bough stood ever; too chill to spell
With the warm tongue, and sharp with broken shell
Thy ways, whereby in wincing haste forlorn
The desperate foot must travel, blind and torn,
Yet I must cry, "So be it. It is well."

So fair to me thy vineyards, nor less fair
Than the sweet heaven my fathers hoped to gain;
So bright this earthly blossom spiked with care,
This harvest hung behind the boughs of pain;
Needs must I gather, guessing by the stain
I bleed, but know not wherefore, know not where.

ON FIRST HAVING HEARD THE SKYLARK

NOT knowing he rose from the earth, not having seen him rise,
Not knowing the fallow furrow was his home,
And that high wing, untouchable, untainted,
A wing of earth, with the warm loam
Closely acquainted,
I shuddered at his cry and caught my heart.

Relentless out of heaven his sweet crying like a crystal dart
Was launched against me. Scanning the empty sky,
I stood with thrown-back head until the world reeled.
Still, still he sped his unappeasable shafts against my breast without a shield.

He cried forever from his unseen throat
Between me and the sun.
He would not end his singing; he would not have done.

"Oh, clear and piercing note,
Whence, whence are you?"
I cried. "Alas, these arrows, how fast they fall!
Ay me, beset by angels in unequal fight,
Alone high on the shaven down surprised, and not a tree in sight!"

Even as I spoke he was revealed
Above me in the bright air,
A dark, articulate atom in the mute, enormous blue,
A mortal bird, flying and singing in the morning there.

Even as I spoke I spied him, and I knew,
And called him by his name.
"Blithe Spirit!" I cried. Transfixed by more than mortal spears
I fell; I lay among the foreign daisies pink and small,
And wept, staining their innocent faces with fast-flowing tears.

I WILL GIVE YOU THE SUMMER

I WILL give you the summer
For what you have in your hand:
Sighing and kissing
And walking on the sand.

I will give you the autumn
For what you have in your lap:
Tunes and books and travel
Aboard a big ship.

I will give you the winter
For what you have in your heart:
Warmth and comfort
In a place apart.

But the least green glance
Of the haggard spring
I will not give you
For anything.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Henrietta McCaig Starrett's Picture of Herself While Writing Her Story for This Page and, in Circle, as the Camera Pictures Her

Henrietta McCaig Starrett

I SIMPLY can't tell everything, but I guarantee a frank beginning. I was born in a sedate residence on South Oxford Street, in Brooklyn, the ninth of January, 1893. It seems a pity, too, when I might so easily have been wrapped in my swaddling clothes and put to bed in the top tray of a theatrical trunk by my mother, Jane Burby.

Mr. Charles Collins, a theatrical manager, was my father. It would require research for me to provide more information about him than that. One of my earliest recollections is of the black robes of the nuns of Holy Cross Academy in New York. I was three then. When I was four I was sent to the Ursuline Convent in Chatham, Ontario. My memories of the place and of the sisters are all kindly and warm, for they were tender and affectionate. Sometimes they clucked apprehensively at the thought of me going on the stage, but they were almost needlessly alarmed.

One day as I passed along a corridor of the convent my nose was thrilled by the odors of turpentine and oils. Older girls in a studio there were painting china, burning fancy designs on leather and wood, and in similar ways acquiring culture. I was sufficiently fascinated to forget

(Continued on Page 40)

A. W. Somerville

I WAS born June 9, 1900, in Ferguson, Missouri. I have no recollection whatever of this incident. My father was with the C. B. & Q. R. R., and we moved from place to place—so long as the place was on a railroad it didn't seem to matter particularly. Eventually we got back to Ferguson again, which is a suburb of St. Louis, and I remember a big frame house and a barn, not to mention a white chicken named Letitia. The family larder fell below the low-water mark or company arrived, and Letitia was foully assassinated and duly eaten. I had no hand in this deed except the eating part, and I didn't know until afterward that it was Letitia that graced the family platter. I have always been fond of dogs since that time.

I went from one grammar school to another and had little or no success with any of them. We moved to Kansas City, and then back to St. Louis. The educational feature was intermittent but troublesome. I went to high school in St. Louis for one year and then went to St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin. After four years of toil, I was graduated and sought still more flowers to pluck in the garden of learning. Gained admission to Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, but on account of the faculty I never got a degree.

During the summers I occasionally worked, usually in shops. The first railroad shop I worked in was the T. & P. shops at Marshall, Texas. My first real acquaintance with hard work, however, was somewhat before that time. I recollect vividly my employment on a loading platform at the Electric Wheel Works, in Quincy, Illinois, loading practically anything that would roll. That same summer, I believe, I worked in a pressed-steel plant in Milwaukee on a spinning lathe. This machine still haunts my otherwise peaceful nights.

I dropped out of college in 1924, and that same year I went in the garage business in Dallas, Texas. Even the most optimistic of judges would hardly proclaim this venture of mine a complete financial success. I got a job at Marshall in the railroad shops after about a year of roadsters and trucks and sedans with women drivers, and applied myself diligently to the task of carrying water to the engines and making box cars more beautiful. After a year of this, approximately, there was very little about a railroad that the lad didn't know. I went to St. Louis with about fifteen other hoodlums to inspect some new box cars being built there, and from there went to Michigan City to inspect still more box cars. It was a fine opportunity for a youngster and I think I got a good deal out of the job. At Michigan City another railroad contracted for some box cars and offered me a job with them. When we finished they sent me to Illinois on some more box cars, and from there I went to St. Charles, Missouri, on some baggage cars—baggage and mail. From St. Charles I went back in the shops at Marshall. I had worked for the railroad, off and on, since 1919, and was rated as a machinist. Which, in all frankness, was a most generous gesture. I went to Schenectady, New York, where the American Locomotive Works were building us some passenger locomotives, as an inspector. From there I went to Philadelphia to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where we were getting some switch engines. Then I came back to Marshall again, picked up the hammer and cold chisel and resumed the good old education.

The railroad was looking for a broad-minded young man with a strong back to operate what was known as the Weed Burner, and I took this job. Down in Louisiana the grass and weeds become so rank that they grow up over the rails and the engines can't get traction because the rails become slippery. So the railroad built this mammoth machine to burn these weeds and it worked, so they built another one. To hold back the flow of words, I'll state here that I went down to Louisiana as foreman on one of these mammoth incinerators.

(Continued on Page 40)

Elbert McGran Jackson

THE request to write a brief sketch of my life for publication is one that is rather difficult to comply with owing to the fact that the subject is one that is not brief to me It also causes a feeling of self-consciousness, for I think that it is more interesting to me than to anyone else. There is one great advantage in writing a sketch of one's life in the first person, however, which removes some of the sting of embarrassment, and that is that it seems much less like an obituary notice. I would far prefer to sound conceited than dead.

Elbert McGran Jackson, From a Sketch by James Montgomery Flagg

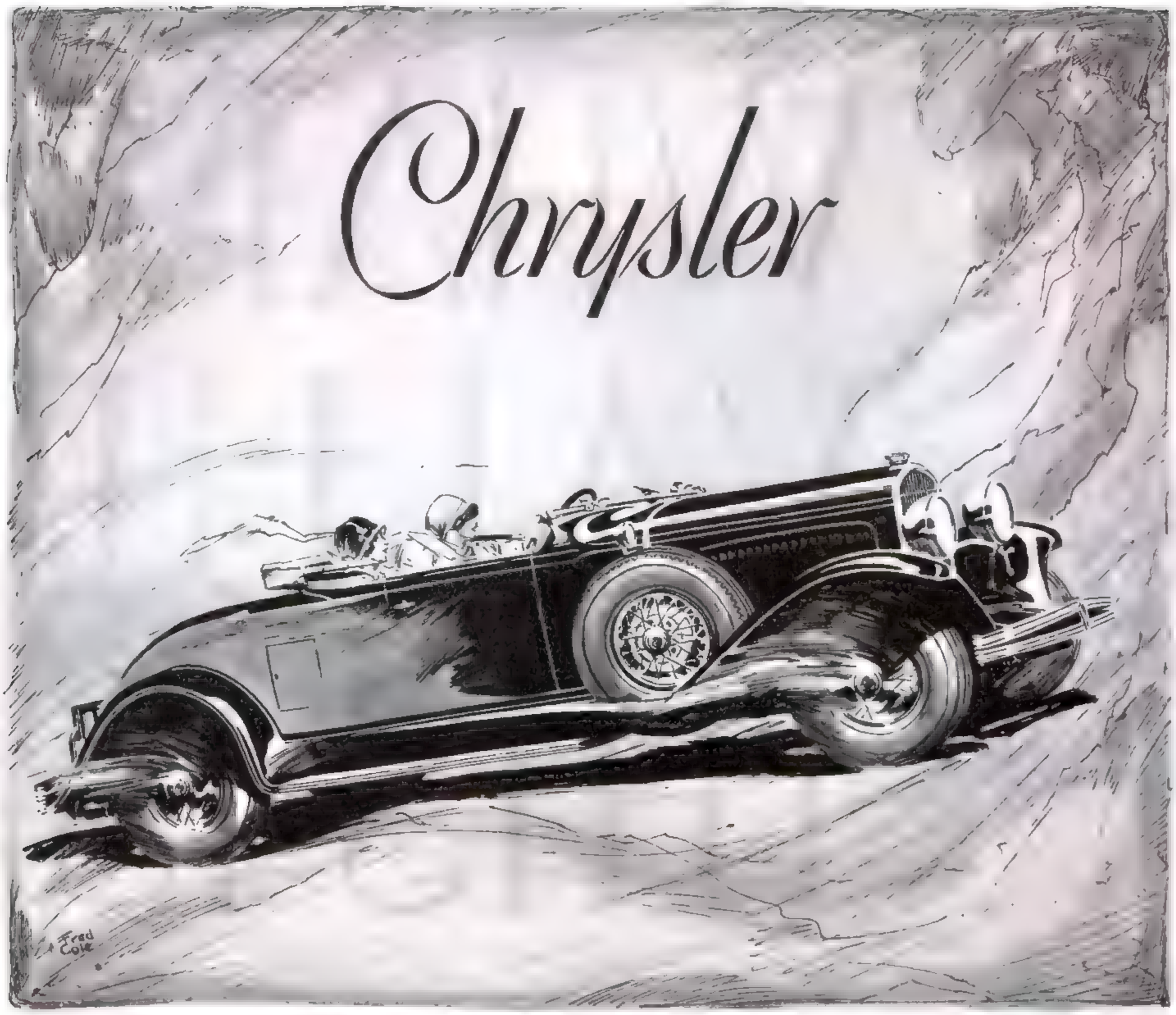
Being a rather determined person, perhaps to the point of stubbornness, and one whose belief is that anything is possible to anyone if he is but willing to work hard enough, makes the occasion of my birth very singular, and certainly without precedent in my career, in that it was something that I had very little to do with. "'Twas the night before Christmas," 1896.

The above characteristics and faith expressed themselves at a very early age—two, I think it was, when upon my mother's question as to how I had got her prized china ornaments from the mantel to play with I replied "Me jot in a chair and jot it."

Briefly, my boyhood was spent about the same as that of any other boy, I imagine, whose interests took him to art school each Saturday morning to the city's only art teacher, and whose afternoons were spent sprawled flat on the floor, copying different magazine covers—too far away from any artistic atmosphere ever to entertain the dream that some day I might make them myself—just plain painting and happy. Then came the time that I was to go to college.

(Continued on Page 40)

A. W. Somerville



New Chrysler "75" Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555

STYLE—Paris for Clothes; Chrysler for Cars

IT IS not too much to say that even Chrysler has never found a parallel to the admiration and enthusiasm which has greeted the new Chryslers—"75" and "65."

The public, ever eager to reward originality and merit, has welcomed them wholeheartedly as the forerunners of an entirely new and vastly superior motor car style, just as it welcomes enthusiastically the dictum of Paris in matters of clothes.

Everywhere, it applauds Chrysler's striking new style. It acclaims Chrysler's splendid new vitality of performance. It commends each and every one of the countless betterments of Chrysler's artistic and mechanistic design.

You should see this epochal development. You should ride in and drive the new Chrysler—whether "75" or "65"—to appreciate just how emphatically Chrysler again has jolted outworn traditions in appearance, performance and value.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-Passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat, illustrated), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655. (Wire wheels extra.)* * * ***New Chrysler "65" Prices***—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster, $1065; 2-Door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145. Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

"WHAT A VALUE THIS IS"

Oldsmobile's tremendous success is the inevitable result of value. Every comparison reveals beauty, luxury, performance and engineering unequalled at Oldsmobile's price.

Consider Its Appearance

Its voguish new bodies by Fisher are the distinctive creations of artist-engineers. Its low, sweeping, graceful lines express smartness and luxury in every detail. Rich upholsteries, panelings and appointments complete its fine-car beauty.

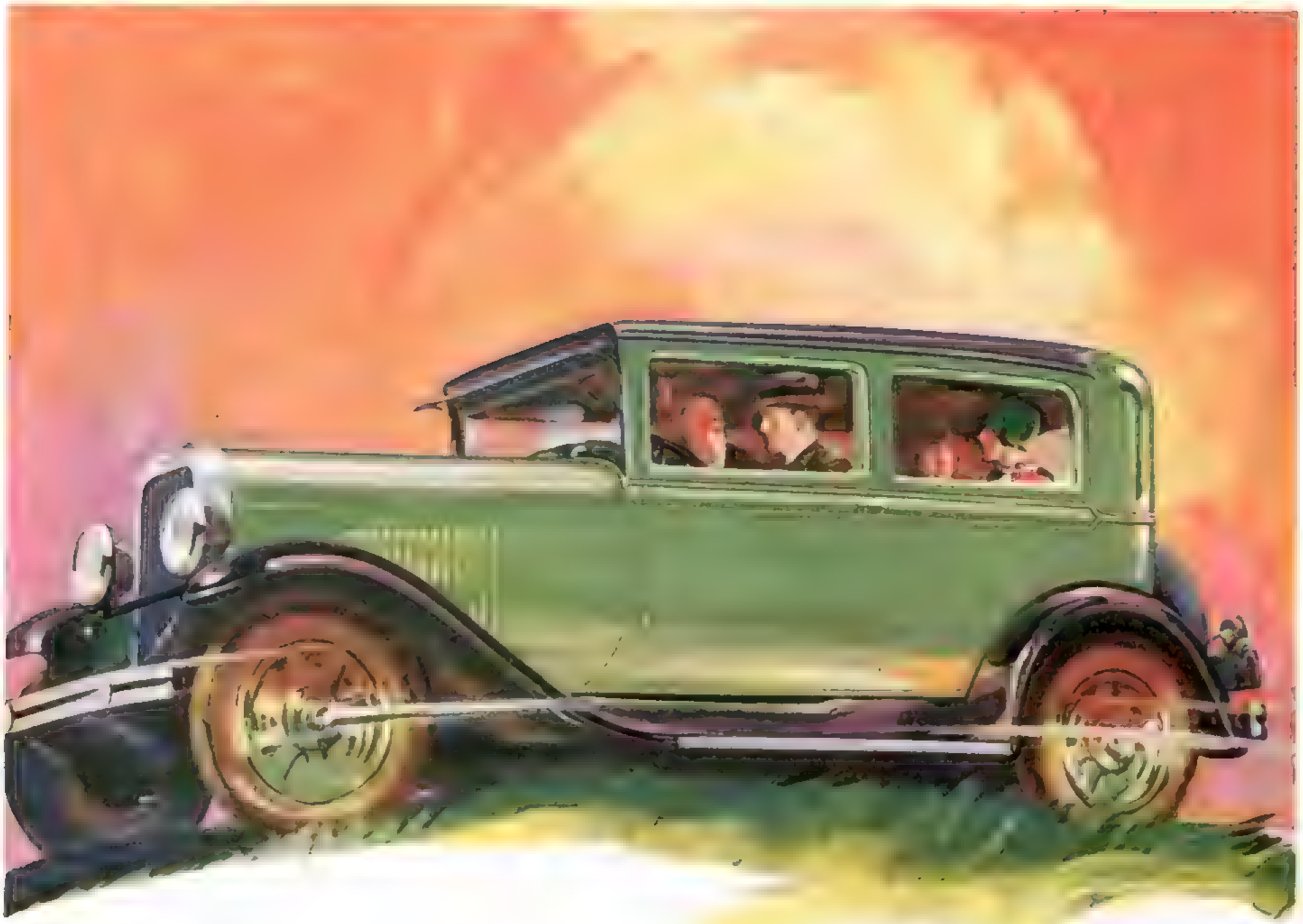
You enjoy costly car luxury and comfort—and you get it at a lower price!

Consider Its Performance

A great new 55-H.P. engine develops power for every need—speed for every desire. A new cylinder head of General Motors Research design provides the brilliant pick-up and flexibility of a high-compression engine, without the use of special fuels.

And Oldsmobile offers the additional advantages of exceptional handling ease and finger-tip steering. It turns completely in a 36-foot circle and slips easily into parking spaces far too small for the average car.

It possesses unusual stamina and long life—proved by more than a million miles of testing at the General Motors Proving Ground—and now confirmed by millions of miles of driving in the hands of enthusiastic owners. You get infinitely finer performance—and you get it at a lower price!



Consider Its Equipment

This new Oldsmobile comes completely equipped, as a really fine car should be.

Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers eliminate road shocks and provide a smooth ride over even the roughest highways. Deep-cushioned, form-fitting seats complete the restful comfort.

Chromium-plated bumpers are standard equipment, front and rear, and are rubber-cushioned to assure permanent quietness.

Vertical radiator shutters are an important feature and both the gasoline gauge and water temperature gauge are carried on the instrument panel.

Rubber cushioning, used wherever cushioning should go, assures a silenced chassis. And special sound-deadening insulation between body and chassis creates a silenced interior, a wonderfully enjoyable feature.

You will find every fine car quality at its best in this Fine Car of Low Price.

Come take a drive. A half-hour at the wheel will demonstrate why more and more thousands are choosing this new Oldsmobile.

The better they know it, the better they like it. And when you know it as they do, you too will say, "What a value this is!"

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$925

f. o. b. Lansing
Spare Tire Extra

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

HOW would you like to see in moving-pictures a sweet, pastoral romance laid amongst the fields, the birds and the bees—with an old-fashioned farm-house in the background, a beautiful girl, a good-looking boy and no villain? I mean just a beautiful story in which there is no jarring note. Do you think it would take? Would you like it? Do you have to have sex-appeal, thrills, excitement to make you enjoy a moving-picture? Can you write such a story? Don't you think it would be a relief from the average plot? If so, can you suggest a cast for such a story? I am handing you herewith a list of our men and women stars. Pick out the one whom you consider an alluring heroine—the one you think would be a popular hero. Then tell me what kind of a story you would write. Of course I will pay for it if it is acceptable.—C.L.

Universal Stars: LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY PHILBIN, BARBARA KENT DOROTHY GULLIVER, MARY NOLAN, JUNE MARLOWE PATSY RUTH MILLER, NATALIE KINGSTON, MARIAN NIXON, DUANE THOMPSON, KATHRYN CRAWFORD, REGINALD DENNY, GEORGE LEWIS, GLENN TRYON, ARTHUR LAKE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, EDDIE PHILLIPS, CHURCHILL ROSS, NORMAN KERRY, HOOT GIBSON and NEWTON HOUSE

Dorothy Gulliver in "The Collegians"

In response to hundreds of letters requesting me to produce a further series of *"The Collegians,"* I am glad to tell you that another series is in production, and theatres everywhere are now contracting to show it. To be certain of seeing this series in your favorite theatre speak to your theatre man now. Please don't hesitate to write me concerning any other ideas you have in mind.

George Lewis in "The Collegians"

Did you ever in your life have anything happen to you that made you feel like hugging the world? Well, that's just how I felt when I reviewed *"Lonesome,"* that different and most refreshing picture starring GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT, directed by Dr. Fejos. Oh! What a picture—so far from the beaten path.

Beryl Mercer in "We Americans"

What do you readers of the Post think of synchronized movies? Do you think the spoken lines and sound effects improve or detract from pictures?

REGINALD DENNY'S popularity will jump sky high when his new pictures are shown this coming season. Remember the titles *"Red Hot Speed," "The Night Bird," "His Lucky Day,"* and *"Clear the Decks."*

Carl Laemmle, President

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* as follows. Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Henrietta McCaig Starrett

(Continued from Page 36)

the pile of mending awaiting my small and grubby fingers. I stood there in the door, wide-eyed, and watched the big girls. It seemed wonderful, and afterward I was permitted by my favorite nun to mix paints for the young ladies, who wore trains and whose hair was piled on their heads. Gradually I ceased to be so sure I was going to become an actress. I know the nuns were relieved.

From the time I was five until I was eleven I left the convent at intervals, suitably equipped with railroad tickets pinned to my woolen dress, and with a tag, bearing my name and certain other facts, hung from my neck. By the time I was eleven I could manage my own affairs on those journeys, but prior to that I was a trusting little soul who would ride and ride and ride on the train until someone would say "Are you Jane Burby's daughter?" I would say "Yes," take the person by the hand and presently I would be back with my mother.

I was six when I met Charles Trevathan for the first time. I always called him Bill. That time I kicked and squealed in a fashion that would have horrified the nuns because—it was in New York—he would not take me for a ride in a hansom cab with red wheels. The next time I saw him was the summer I was eight. I left the convent, tagged for Chicago, and discovered that my mother, Mrs. Collins, had become Mrs. Trevathan as well as Jane Burby. It was confusing; I do not know what had become of Mr. Collins.

Bill Trevathan was fine. He had curly black hair, came from Tennessee, got in a temper if anyone ate toast or celery in his vicinity, but was otherwise amiable. He was a newspaper writer who devoted most of his time to the race tracks. He also wrote songs, popular ones such as May Irwin's hit, New Bully, and, best of all, the Frog Song. Remember that one?

"Way down South in Yankee-te-yank a bullfrog jumped from bank to bank 'cause he hadn't nuffin' else to do."

On his way West to find a climate that might tolerate tuberculosis, Bill and my mother had settled in Chicago. He was a race-track judge at the Washington Park track. I used to bet pennies until I had a dollar. Then I began going up to the bookies in the paddock with superior information. Finally I had eighteen, plunged on my horse, and Bill, darn him, disqualified it. My favorite horse was Sidney Lucas.

We went from Chicago to Butte, and after the racing season closed, to Hope, Idaho, to live on an island in a lake there, Lake Pend Oreille. General Warren, a friend, had loaned it to Bill. I wore boys' clothing; mother shot ducks and Bill grew worse. There I celebrated my ninth birthday by putting on girls' clothing, rowing to the mainland and seeing my first motion picture—the execution of Czolgosz, the assassin of McKinley. I thought it had been taken in the death house.

Altogether I was out of the convent about seven times, sometimes to summer resorts, once to a camp for tubercular persons in Sullivan County, New York. Bill was losing.

When I was seventeen mother was playing in Dear Old Billy with William Hawtrey at a Michigan Avenue theater in Chicago. There was the Art Institute just across the street, and so, about twenty-four hours after I left the convent that time, I was a pupil in a life class. It was a bit of a change. It's too late to go back a paragraph now, but when I was fourteen I did go on the stage in Toronto as a page, supporting James K. Hackett in the Prisoner of Zenda. When I got back to the convent that time I was allowed to play Joan of Arc in paper armor and white, pleated and proper kilts. I was always the leading lady in the convent plays. My early life was a succession of contrasts—the convent, then the stage: the convent, then the life class. If this confession lacks chronology so does my memory.

When I left the convent forever I went to my guardian in Philadelphia. He was C. B. Smith, Sunday editor of the North American, and he succeeded in getting me a scholarship in the School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia. The first work I did for publication was for my guardian, and, gosh, he was and is my severest critic!

I studied under Walter Hunt Everett, who had been a student of Howard Pyle, and it was in that same school I met my first husband, Robert McCaig, who afterward illustrated stories for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We were married in 1917, went to live in Narberth, near Philadelphia, and my daughter Charlotte was born in 1918. A few months later my husband died.

I had a living to make, so I went to New York and began to draw in a fashion studio, the establishment of R. D. Fitzwater. I had done some work for Fitz before my marriage, so that was easily arranged.

While the soldiers were coming back from France, while Harding was being elected, I was making stacks of drawings of frocks and hats, until in 1921 I married W. Kemp Starrett, also an illustrator. We took a little duplex studio over on Brooklyn Heights and went to work, Kemp illustrating and I at my fashion drawings. It was, I recall, a very small studio. Finally we had all the bills paid and some money left over and moved to Forest Hills, Long Island.

After a while I became distinctly fed up doing fashion drawings. What the well-dressed female should wear didn't seem to hold the importance it once did. It had acquired a secondary place and I wanted to illustrate, and so I took a chance, left the fashion game flat and started in. Drawing after drawing I made until I had a pretty decent showing and took them down to Philadelphia straight to the Curtis Building and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. But here's the nicest part—the editors liked my drawings. I should leave space here for several thumping heartbeats—for no one but a poor li'l' artist knows the sensation of waiting for that telling gleam in an art editor's eye.

So, you see, I had found the right place just as in the old days, tagged from the convent, I had always found Jane Burby.

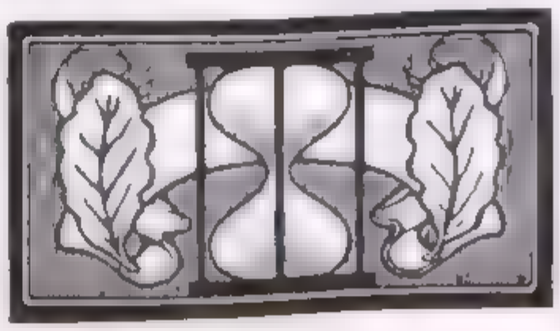
A. W. Somerville

(Continued from Page 36)

From the state line to the river we left a trail of boiled beetles, truffled turtles, ashes, smoke and flame. With the machine working full capacity, we could have parboiled any whale now living and used the Gulf of Mexico for a kettle. We burned up three parishes and I escaped to New Mexico for a breath of fresh air.

A railroad contractor offered me a job running a machine shop in Texarkana and, upon being assured I'd get paid every month, I took the job. I became acquainted with drag lines and steam shovels, not to mention buckets, whirleys, sheaves, geared locomotives and other allied interests of the sand, gravel and dirt kingdom. Which, I might add, would fill more than one book. We'd work ourselves down to a nub for three or four days, and then we wouldn't have anything to do except sweep the floor for the next two weeks. The boss kept the place, and me with it, for a year, and then asked me if there wasn't something else I could find to do. He offered me a job running a dinky on one of his other jobs.

I told him I had decided to astound the literary world and that I'd like to hold back for a while. He didn't seem particularly put out. I sent a story to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and, by gum, they took it!



And since this seems as good a way to make money as any I know of, I think I'll keep on trying it.

Elbert McGran Jackson

(Continued from Page 36)

Naturally, it was architecture that I followed, and I followed it so closely and so enthusiastically that I scarcely lifted my head from the drawing board. When I did, it was to find that I was through college at Georgia Tech and had been in New York two years. I had not forgotten, however, a mental picture that I had, and still have very clearly, of my arrival in the city whose bewildering opportunities now appall me.

To anyone living in New York, I think, the hours of the clock on Sunday do not contain those from five until eight in the morning. It was during these gray, unacknowledged hours that my first thrill of the city came to me, but it was not one that I anticipated or enjoyed at the time. Yesterday I was nineteen, amid the crowded joys of commencement and graduation at college. Today I was nineteen, but amid the most apparent desolation I had ever known, for it was six o'clock Sunday morning on the bank of the Hudson River. Everyone else had landed and hurried to his destination, but I had waited for two hours for my cousin, who failed to meet me. He was all that I knew amid this mass of brick and stone that seemed to rise up from the gray mist of the pier in silence that was the more appalling because of the apparent strength. The pier was deserted, the streets were deserted; there was not a sound except the splash of grapefruit and lemon peels and water that was pouring from a hole in the ship, from which I had just been told to get off, as this was New York.

My suitcase was worth a million dollars to me. Every worn place in it was a joy, for it was the only familiar thing in sight.

I started up the street—where, I did not know. I was looking for the Elevated, which was as unfamiliar in appearance to me as everything else. I saw no one for several blocks, until I came upon two people, an Italian man and a little girl, sitting on the steps of one of those monotonous brownstone atrocities. There was only one thing that made this one differ from all the others, and that was a cluster of about half a dozen white flowers tied with black crape, hanging from the side of the door. Surely those people could feel no worse than I did at that moment, so I crossed the street and sat on the lowest step. They spoke no English, but their manner seemed kind and I felt that they had no objection to my sitting there, which I did until the sun cleared some of the river fog away, and with it my extreme loneliness. Later I found the Elevated, the boarding house and New York.

It was not long, however, before these silent stone giants awakened and their noise and clatter, at first endured, soon became an inspiration and I was lost amid them, at work by day, at schools at night. After two years I could no longer draw and paint half time, so I started on my art career with that same determination that had evidenced itself when I wanted the china ornaments to play with.

Criticism and advice from older, wiser heads in my profession have meant much to me, for they have seen and felt the same joys and disappointments, which make them capable of mastering the top rungs of the ladder. As I look up and marvel at their skill, they seem to have reached those heights of which Kipling has written, where

No one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the
God of Things as They Are.

These words of inspiration have long shone before me, even when I worked alone, for I was not married until recently, which should be the beginning instead of the end of this brief sketch of my life.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

When the soldiers in your blood go "over the top"

A first-class man's army can't compare, for speed and straight shooting, with the soldiers in your blood.

The moment germs threaten your health, your body declares war right off—regardless of secret treaties or Congressional action. Tiny fighting units are mobilized and thrown against the enemy in mass attack.

Plucky little fighters called "antibodies" do their best to protect you by destroying the invading bacteria or the poisons which they produce.

How medical science sends reinforcements

But maybe the antibodies are not developed quickly enough, or in adequate numbers. Then they must be reinforced. Medical science has learned how to *manufacture* antibodies—rescue parties which can be sent to the aid of your hard-pressed shock-troops.

Certain serums, which your doctor knows how to administer, bring countless eager allies to the battlefield. If they come in time they are practically certain to turn the tide of victory.

Stranger and more astounding even than this, however, medical science has learned how large forces of these antibodies can be manufactured in your own blood, before they are actually needed for defense against the enemy. In this way the once-dreaded smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. This preventive method produces protection, or immunity, which lasts for years—often for a whole lifetime.

If you would like to know some important ways in which your doctor can help you *prevent* disease let us send you a little booklet we have prepared, called *Fortresses of Health*. Send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

America's first biological laboratory

Ever since Parke, Davis & Company established the first biological laboratory in America, in 1894, we have played a leading part in the development of vaccines and antitoxins. We have standardized their manufacture and vastly improved their quality. Our present diphtheria antitoxin, for example, is ten times more concentrated than the original antitoxin of thirty-odd years ago.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

Do you know *why* perfume bottles have glass stoppers?

A cork might keep in the liquid perfume, but the cork would absorb the perfume and the fragrant vapor would escape and be lost.

A FIREFLY LIGHTER has a metal stopper—a cap that seals-in the liquid and vapor. We found out that nearly two-thirds of the fluid in lighters was wasted through evaporation at the wick hole.

The patented cap prevents vapor leakage and makes a Firefly last much longer with one filling than any other lighter of similar size.

Then, too, the Firefly has the permanently covered sparking wheel—another Clark patent. No dirty or scarred thumb with this lighter!

Choose your lighter for yourself or friends as you would choose a watch. The name "Clark" is full assurance of a worthy, beautifully finished lighter that always works—that belongs in the class of good watches made by the few leaders in their business. If your local shop does not sell Firefly and Clark Lighters, write to us for an illustrated booklet.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

ALWAYS WORKS

THE GREAT CITIES

(Continued from Page 23)

surround the cities. What is going on is a vast interpenetration of city and country, an intermingling of both. The cities have been growing, but at the periphery. "Back to the farm" may be an idle cry, but decentralization is not.

The inner cities, as such, seem gigantic as compared with earlier days. The back of New York's City Hall was made of brick, so it is said, because so few people were expected to be walking about north of that point. We have the sudden and startling emergence of the skyscraper and visions of a fast pyramiding city. Yet the most significant fact of all in connection with urban growth in recent years has not been the piling up of population in the center but its spilling out all over the surrounding area.

The rural area, the villages and towns, once lost population to the city. But the city is now losing with great rapidity to its satellite cities, to its garden cities, to its suburbs, and to the whole territory which forms what may be called its region. The city is growing outside rather than inside; it is no longer a thing unto itself. Perhaps population cannot be put back on the farm in the old-fashioned meaning of the phrase, but a fusion of different modes of life, of city and country, is under way, and that is possibly the best thing that could happen.

Slowly and gradually a new conception, a new consciousness, a new problem—the metropolitan or great urban region—is emerging. It has profound significance, but is in the preliminary stage of merely having attention called to it. Most of our great cities are legal abstractions. Their realities, which are water, sewerage, drainage, highways, railroads, utilities and, above all, human beings, transcend artificial political boundaries. The difficulty is that our idea of a city and the political unit which incases it goes back to the days of oxcarts, to the time when walls sharply divided city and country. The railroad, automobile and airplane have changed all that.

It is just as logical to talk about the Chicago automotive region, as one traffic engineer does in a detailed survey of that particular section, as it is to speak of Chicago in the political sense, even though he includes several states, six counties, fifty cities with a population of 2500 or more, and 109 smaller places. A resident of Providence, Rhode Island, once asked why the traffic problem there was so bad for a city of its size. But in a realistic and certainly in a traffic sense, what counts is not the population of Providence but the fact that the tiny state of Rhode Island and the portions of Massachusetts close to Providence have an incredible density of population. Why talk about the 280,600 people in Providence? It is the 1,000,000 near by that matter.

A Law of City Growth

What to do about distributing millions of people and what to do about water, sewers and highways are questions of sheer physical unity. But they are cut into fragments by the lines of boroughs, townships, third-class cities, second-class cities, first-class cities, counties and states. The central city must accept a definite responsibility for the welfare of its surrounding territory, and that territory in turn must accept a similar responsibility for central-city conditions. Remove the environs, and the city will fail to prosper. Remove the central city, and the adjoining satellite towns will go out of existence.

Normally the great city tends to grow into the shape of a star. Within the limits of topography, population pushes out along the lines of least resistance, the radials or wheel spokes, that follow aboriginal trails or natural passes through the hills. These become the railroad and highway lines and determine the direction of primary growth. Not only does the city push out but often the suburbs push in. It is like a network of cells, enlarging and often overlapping.

In between the radial lines there is a gradual filling up. Or, to change the metaphor, the city is like a wood, the wind-blown seeds from the parent grove springing up in favored spots to form new groves, which after the lapse of years are merged in the greater forest. The inner city may be said to throw off groups of houses, as it were, and, later on, the spaces are filled up. There are those who say that succession is a law of city growth, each inner zone extending its area by invasion of the next outer zone. As Elihu Root says:

"A city is a growth responding to forces not at all political, quite disregarding political lines. It is a growth like that of a crystal responding to forces inherent in the atoms which make it up."

Brussels Sprouts

Henry Ford had his original factory in Detroit, but to secure lower taxes or more favorable conditions he moved to the then little village of Highland Park, several miles beyond the city. The Dodge Brothers moved to Hamtramck, also beyond the city, in the same way. Now both these places are close to the hundred-thousand mark, but they are completely surrounded by Detroit itself. Once again Ford has moved many of his interests to Fordson, farther away, but already Detroit has surrounded Fordson on three sides, and will in time engulf it completely.

But Brussels is the world's extreme example of a great city extending far beyond its political boundaries. The fourteen communes surrounding Brussels have something like three times the population of the city itself. It is suspected that the government of Belgium might look askance upon the political integration of this area, for then the burgomaster would be a greater figure and have more employes than the Prime Minister himself. Likewise a consolidation of Paris with the more rapidly growing industrial communes around it is regarded dubiously because of the radical views entertained in these suburbs.

Boston is the extreme example on this side of the Atlantic of a metropolis which is far larger than it seems. Boston itself is a small central city, tending to lose population in certain sections, but surrounded on three sides by some forty large cities and towns, highly prosperous and most of them gaining population. On the fourth side is the harbor. Several of the cities which surround Boston have a population of almost or quite 100,000 each, one of them—Cambridge—lying no farther away than the other side of the Charles River. One of the towns, Brookline, has 25,000 inhabitants, and is said to be the largest town in the country.

This Boston district, made up of forty separate cities and towns, is a compact metropolis, a complete physical and economic unit in every sense of the word, though it may not be such racially and politically. In one independent outside community the density of population per square mile had increased from 854 in 1900 to 3316 in 1926. If the Census Bureau were able to consider only physical and economic realities instead of political lines, it would find close to 2,000,000 people in Boston.

Despite the really shocking dismemberment of the Boston area, it manages to get along, largely because the state government itself is in Boston. In most states with a large population the capital is far removed from the metropolis. But in Massachusetts they are one and the same. Thus the situation is taken care of; in fact, the governor appoints important officials who look after certain metropolitan problems.

The case of Pittsburgh is almost as striking. Its development was brought about because of the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers to form the Ohio and the presence near by of great deposits of iron ore and coal. As one observer has said, the great industries of this region show a peculiar, perhaps an undesirable, absence of diversity. In other words, Pittsburgh is steel personified. But so are the other cities, townships and boroughs up and down its three river valleys. Here is a district with more than 1,500,000 inhabitants, all in one economic boat. But Pittsburgh has less than half the total population and assessed valuation; there are three other cities, as well as fifty-four independent townships and sixty-eight independent boroughs, which are essentially as much a part of Pittsburgh as the Golden Triangle itself.

But while Boston and Pittsburgh present the extreme examples in this country of the actual city spreading far beyond the municipal corporation and consequently far beyond the census figures, a similar if less exaggerated relationship exists in the case of almost every great metropolis. Everyone knows how true this is of New York, a very large part of which leviathan is found in New Jersey.

It is common knowledge that Manhattan Island has been losing population, while other boroughs, especially Brooklyn and Queens, have been gaining at an enormous rate. But suburbs such as New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, White Plains and Yonkers, as well as many cities and towns in New Jersey, have been pushing forward even more rapidly than the five boroughs, taken as a whole. This does not mean that the suburbs are supplanting Manhattan, but simply that the population whose economic activities center in the old city is spreading out over a wider and wider area, especially at night.

Chicago and Los Angeles are usually cited as extreme illustrations of the extent to which pure annexation can be carried, although Berlin is perhaps the best recent example. Chicago and Los Angeles, as well as Detroit, are for the most part either spread over flat surfaces or have comparatively few natural features to distinguish one part of the city from another. These are situations ready made apparently for a centralized municipal life. Yet in no one of these three cases do the political boundaries even approach the metropolitan facts.

Tristate Cities

Curiously enough, each of our largest three cities spreads into three states, in reality—New York into Connecticut, New York and New Jersey; Philadelphia into New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; and Chicago into Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. The New York and Philadelphia metropolitan districts have striking similarities, each not only spreading into three states but each occupying fourteen counties and each having about the same total area.

As compared with Boston and Pittsburgh, an unusually large part of the Chicago metropolitan area does lie within the city limits. Yet the economic vortex which we call Chicago stretches for 100 miles along the shore of Lake Michigan, with a total population of 4,000,000 now, and a possibility of 7,000,000 in 1950. To an aviator it is all one city: Gary and the new Buffington Harbor are as much a part of Chicago as the Loop. Between 1910 and 1920 the population outside had increased 76.3 per cent, whereas inside the increase had been only 23.6 per cent.

If we turn to Los Angeles we find that in spite of all the ridicule directed against its far-reaching annexation program, there are not only two large adjacent cities—Long Beach and Pasadena—which will not hear of joining the metropolis but numerous communities so new as to have no government except that of the county, which lie outside the city limits but are entirely

(Continued on Page 44)

Unusual Studies of Children

that reveal, in the life, actual results of the "growth element" in food at breakfast

What that element is—and how to supply it

"WATCH Your Child's Breakfast" today is, to a great extent, the most widely-urged food rule of child experts throughout the world.

That is because it has been learned that much of a child's school work and both physical and mental well-being depend on successful forenoons.

To start the day right—according to the most recent scientific findings of world-respected scientists — the "growth" or protein element must constitute an important part of the breakfast regimen.

Children inadequately supplied with that element are usually found dull and listless. Serious effects in after-life are thus invited. Many home breakfasts, investigations reveal, are gravely deficient in this element.

Quaker Oats, for those reasons, is being internationally urged for children's breakfasts—food that builds children; food that "stands by" them. For children from the age of 6 months on.

Thus infants, on the advice of thousands of physicians, are given strained Quaker Oats so as to supply, in earliest life, the protein in which many cereals are gravely deficient. Then at the age of two years, Quaker Oats is given as protein-containing, whole grain food.

16% is protein

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the oat contains more of this element than any other cereal known.

That element is the "growth" element you are urged on every side to give your children regularly.

70% of the day's school work crowded into 4 morning hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

George Nichols, a sturdy specimen of Quaker Oats boy

That element builds muscle. It re-supplies the body with energy tissue lost in exercise and play. It, according to all authorities, largely influences the mental activity of both children and adults.

Plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth element than any other cereal known. It contains half again as much protein as wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, 100% more than cornmeal. In carbohydrate, mineral, vitamins, it equals any others.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. That is, Quaker Oats as you have always known them, and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than plain toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

THE QUAKER OATS CO
Chicago Saskatoon Peterborough

Happy boyhood days! The "growing time" of life. And mothers wise in boys' needs give their youngsters hot Quaker Oats regularly to provide the stamina they'll need in after-life.

This new book explains Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture—it tells...

HOW to grow thick healthy hair- and stop dandruff!

GLOVER'S—for years accepted as the most effective application for stopping dandruff and falling hair—is now made doubly beneficial through a perfected natural system of hair culture.

This system produces thorough scalp circulation by the best approved methods. With it there can be no objection to the *essential* clean tar odor. It prepares your scalp for Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine". Then a thorough shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap leaves your hair gloriously clean and lustrous. And your scalp tingles with new life and health.

Save your locks and your looks. Get a bottle of Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine" and a cake of Glover's Medicated Soap —today—at any drug store

—and write for a free copy of "Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture". Address:

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., INC.
Dept. P, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

GLOVER'S
HAIR APPLICATION
& MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

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tributary to it. Despite the enormous extent of the city limits of Los Angeles, population there as elsewhere is slopping over. Within the geographical section known as the Los Angeles Basin, there are at least two and a quarter millions of people living in scores of cities and other communities, all with a high degree of unity of need and interdependence.

Detroit claims a population within its metropolitan area of 1,819,570, and there are many large separate places such as Hamtramck, Highland Park, Fordson and River Rouge which obviously cannot be considered apart from the central city. In addition there is a considerable population across the Canadian border which properly comes within the designation of a metropolitan district as applied to Detroit, but has to be excluded on account of being in foreign territory.

In the Philadelphia metropolitan region growth has been much greater outside the city limits for fifteen or twenty years, although it has been accelerated very recently by the opening of the Camden bridge. However, from 1870 to 1910 the movement was all inward.

A picturesque way of stating the situation is to say that probably not ten homes costing $100,000 or more have been built in the old Philadelphia, between the rivers, since 1910. Quite otherwise in the suburbs!

The Philadelphia region extends from Trenton to Wilmington, and in a sense includes these two cities. There are several hundred distinct government units within the region, but its economic unity and actual existence can be visualized at Conowingo on the Susquehanna River, close to the Pennsylvania-Maryland border—where seven generating units, the largest ever built, will soon be producing 378,000 horse power for the Philadelphia metropolitan district.

Then there is Cleveland, with Lakewood and East Cleveland, large places in themselves and close to the central city, but politically separate. Here again the census figures do not tell the whole story, and the outside population has been increasing much more rapidly than that inside. In St. Louis there has been a rapid expansion in the county outside city limits, until one-sixth of the total urban population of the Missouri metropolis live in places like University City, Webster Groves, Kirkwood, Maplewood, Brentwood, and the like.

The Urban Empire

But the stockyards, packing houses, most of the railroad terminals and many large industrial plants, across the Mississippi River in the state of Illinois, are, in effect, a part of the larger city. The total population on the east side of the river closely identified with St. Louis, and living in what really constitute suburbs, is about 200,000. Three new traffic bridges, two across the Father of Waters and one across the Missouri, are being built to strengthen this relationship, which is stronger than state lines, and a fourth bridge is projected.

Buffalo also reports a rapid growth in its adjoining territory, but in this case a different mental concept—that of an international city—is arising. Along this Niagara frontier there is a large population, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000,000. It cannot be included in one city, of course, because two countries are involved. But it is all a great industrial, hydro-electric and railroad unit, and as more bridges are built across the Niagara River there can naturally be an increased pooling of interests and coördination of plans of such communities as Buffalo, the two Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, North Lockport, Lewiston and Queenston.

Other illustrations might be given; there is no space for them all. The plain moral is that if every little community, if every township and city and county, carries out its own improvements without reference to other communities, the future will be one of terrible waste, loss and disorder.

Yet it is no light undertaking to define a metropolis or a metropolitan district or a regional area. In the ancient world a city was called a metropolis, or mother city, when it established colonies or daughter cities. Carthage was supposed to be the daughter of Tyre, and Rome of Troy. In the Middle Ages a metropolis was the ecclesiastical center of a district where the archbishop lived, such as Canterbury and York. Later on, a metropolis came to be a political center, or capital city, such as London and Paris.

In modern times the term "metropolis" is applied to any city which has grown to heroic proportions and stature. It is the urban empire. Or to be a little more practical about it, a metropolitan district is one in which life is predominantly influenced by the central city. The Civic Development Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce speaks of a metropolitan district as a central city and those urban environs which depend in the main upon the central city for economic and social well-being. The word "urban" is generally understood to indicate a density of population at least high enough to preclude agriculture as the chief occupation.

Bigger, Better or Not

Thus metropolitan areas are essentially urban, although there may be peculiar exceptions here and there, such as the Jersey meadows which lie between Jersey City and Newark. It is difficult to apply the same metropolitan yardstick everywhere, because of varying physical and topographical conditions. San Francisco and Los Angeles must be allowed a scope which if extended to Boston would include all of Eastern Massachusetts.

In 1910 and again in 1920 the United States Census Bureau reported the population, as the result of actual enumeration, for twenty-nine metropolitan districts. For this purpose cities with a population of 200,000 or more were taken as nucleuses and in addition those suburban areas which lie approximately ten miles beyond the municipal limits, with variations for density of population. The growth outside as compared with inside, between 1910 and 1920, as shown by these figures, is perhaps as remarkable official evidence as exists of the changing world in which we live.

But it is hoped that in the next decennial census, two years hence, a less rigid statement of the metropolitan district or region may be presented—one which will be more functional and less arbitrary in its delimitations. So, through the coöperation and assistance of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Census Bureau has invited all cities with a population of 50,000 or more, which care to do so, to present maps and other definitions of their metropolitan districts, if any. Some seventy-five cities are working on plans to this end and several have completed their studies.

Now it must be confessed that one motive for such compliance is to obtain the advertising of being larger than other cities. This worship of size, regardless of quality, is a very serious thing. There are grave perils in size. Like a human being, a city's needs are simple in infancy and very complex later on. The expense of government increases disproportionately with size. A score of other dangers suggest themselves to any thinking person. The mere quantitative conception of growth and progress is exceedingly shallow, a risky half truth.

Certainly it is to be hoped that the stage of mere boosting, when unsupported claims were thought to have value, has passed. This sort of thing rightly brings discredit upon a city. If metropolitan boundaries are stretched too wide, the very purpose of drawing them is defeated. Urban megalomania is just as regrettable a disease as elephantiasis. There are infinitely more important values in life than the relative standing of one's city in the decennial census figures.

But already the cities have attained prodigious size, and it certainly is not out of reason to ask for a true picture of them. There can be no planning for the future without accurate measurements: there can be no good citizenship unless we know the extent of the problems to be solved. As for advertising, it can take no more legitimate and effective form than census figures. An important reason for the activities of chambers of commerce in this respect is the desire of the industrial secretaries, whose job it is to attract and hold factories, to procure statistics which describe the resources of the actual economic area. Pittsburgh proper, as a municipal corporation, gives about as correct a picture of that city's steel interests as a photograph of the human heart would afford of an entire human being.

Now the census is not a planning but a fact-finding bureau. It can take no liberties with the tens of thousands of existing political units, no matter how archaic they may be, but must report the population which it finds within them. No action of the census alters any political boundary, which is the sole function of the state. The duty of the census is to get metropolitan districts on some reasonably comparable and uniform basis. If the outside portions of the district add no more than 5 per cent to the central city's population, they should not be included. The census will have to use such principles as distance, density and continuity.

No exact definitions in terms of size are possible. New York and Chicago obviously must be allowed to claim more distance, because of their influence, than, say, Akron or Atlanta. But there are many common tests in respect to function or kind. Activities and services must be considered, and maps are being drawn for each one of these. The most obvious, of course, is the commuting radius, but there are many others.

Cleveland might serve as a fair sample of a great metropolis, without requiring the special consideration of a super or leviathan city, such as New York, and possibly Chicago and Philadelphia. What then does Cleveland really mean? An indication of common interests is found in the distribution of daily papers. These are delivered daily throughout a solid area around Cleveland to a distance of from thirty-five to forty miles. This includes not only the immediate suburbs but also the cities of Lorain, Elyria, Medina, Akron, Ravenna, Chardon and Painesville.

Not Bound by City Limits

It is significant to note that bakeries and ice-cream makers are daily serving areas within forty-five miles of the city. Retail merchants deliver within an area of forty miles, and the telephone company handles, through its local exchanges, the territory sixty miles around the city.

When Sears, Roebuck & Co. were considering the location of warehouses there they asked for a survey of an area within a seventy-mile circle, and the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company recognizes Cleveland as the distributing center for territory within a seventy-five-mile circle. Local packing houses deliver fresh meat, by trucks, within a sixty-mile radius; and Shopping News, devoted to advertisements of local department stores, has a house-to-house delivery within a forty-mile radius.

Definition of the metropolitan district, of the real metropolis, cannot be based upon any one phase. No single activity, service or factor is wholly satisfactory. But if numerous factors show coincidence, we can be sure of the substantialness of the concept. Even the foregoing brief description of Cleveland must convince anyone that the real Cleveland is far greater than we would suspect if we looked at it from the formal and conventional standpoint of municipal boundaries.

The effort of seventy-five cities to define metropolitan districts is at least a step toward official recognition of the value that lies in a grouping or coördination of common interests. It does not involve directly

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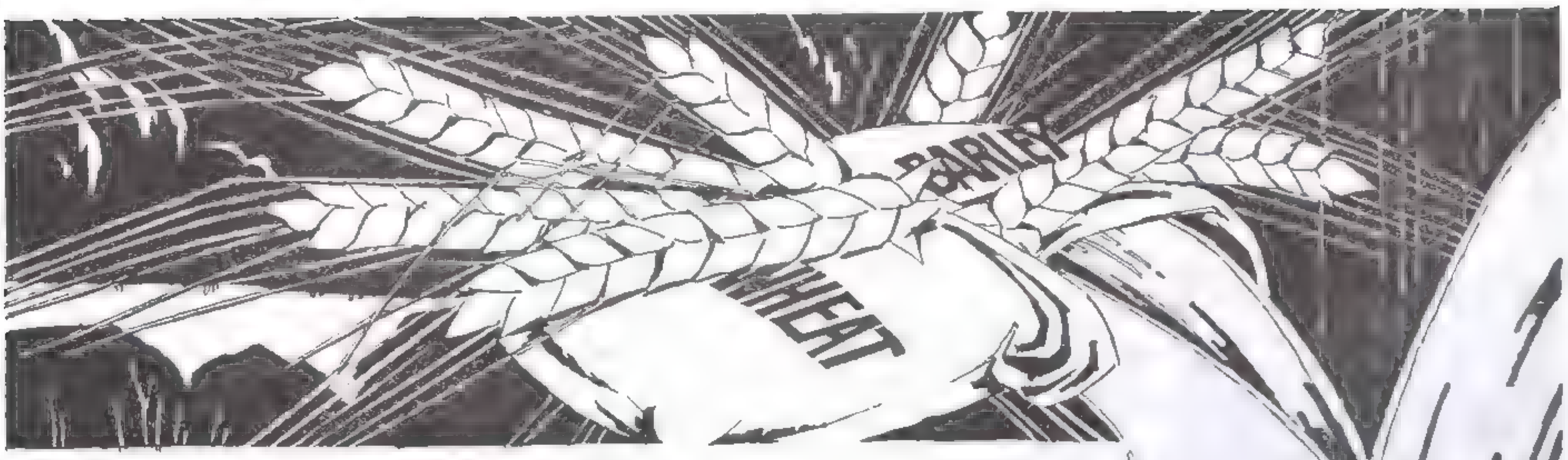

An open letter to Will Rogers

⟨ which clears up a mystery ⟩

Mr. Will Rogers
Beverly Hills
California

Dear Mr. Rogers:

A short while ago we read in a newspaper your statement to the effect that breakfast food was still a mystery to you. You are quoted as saying:

"They showed me through the breakfast food factories and I thought here is where I find out something about what it is.

"They showed me how the boxes were made and how they shipped them out, in fact everything but, so I leave here just as ignorant as the other one hundred and ten million."

Now we want to say in all kindness, Mr. Rogers, that where you made your big mistake was in not visiting the Grape-Nuts plant. If you had you would have left there knowing everything there is to know about this particular breakfast food—and a visit to the plant, Mr. Rogers, is an experience you would enjoy. We know you would.

First, you would see two different kinds of flour carefully blended. Wheat flour and malted barley flour—both milled from the plumpest, finest grains this country produces. Next you would see these blended flours mixed with pure artesian well water, yeast and salt, to form a smooth, perfectly kneaded dough. You would see this dough molded into huge puffy loaves and put into ovens for the first baking.

First baking, Mr. Rogers—notice that! For, you see, Grape-Nuts owes its deliciousness and much of its unique health value to the *double* baking it receives. First, the big loaves are baked. Imagine the fragrance when the enormous ovens are opened for the loaves to be taken out! After being cooled for several hours, the loaves are mechanically broken into irregular morsels. Then comes the second baking. Arranged on racks, the morsels are passed slowly through long, tunnel-like ovens, filled with moving, purified air. From this process they emerge gloriously golden-brown—marvelously crisp—with a richness of flavor that can't be described. A nut-like flavor, delicately tinged with the natural sweetness of malt sugar!

And now these morsels—these tempting morsels!—are ground into little golden kernels. Delicious kernels of healthful sweetness! Grape-Nuts!

Maybe it will also interest you to know that packed into these golden kernels are an astonishing number of things the body needs. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Iron for the blood. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . . . In short, Grape-Nuts, eaten with milk or cream, is an admirably balanced ration! And it's one of the easiest foods in the world to digest.

In conclusion, Mr. Rogers, let us say that one taste will tell you more about the deliciousness of the Grape-Nuts flavor than one million words could tell. Won't you try a dish of Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning?

Sincerely yours,
POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated

To all readers:

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, of course—but we'd be delighted to have you mail the coupon below for two servings free.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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S. E. P.—8-4-33

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name

Street

City State

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(Continued from Page 44)

a super government, but it raises the pertinent question of what form cities should assume for an orderly solution of future problems.

At present there is such disunity and dismemberment in the governmental forms which great cities take that we cannot even compare New York and London in respect to such an apparently simple matter as size. High-school debaters ask the Census Bureau whether New York or London is the larger, but there is no answer without qualifications.

There are many different Londons, no one of which, either politically or geographically, is exactly comparable with New York. The nearest comparison is with the Administrative County of London. This does not even include the old City of London. It has no mayor, and consists of twenty-eight boroughs, each having its own mayor, aldermen and councilors. Outside the City and the County is the Outer Ring, but within the Metropolitan Police District. The City of London, however, has its own separate police. The City, the County and the Police District constitute greater London, within which, however, there is no single unifying factor and no common government.

What might be called the New York metropolitan district includes territory within a forty-mile radius of City Hall. A similar district around Charing Cross would contain exactly the same population, according to a careful estimate made by the Merchants' Association of New York—that is, 9,500,000. The New York district, however, contains six times as much water as the London district, so that the density of population around New York is somewhat greater.

Very careful studies are being made of the whole question of metropolitan government suitable to modern conditions. Perhaps the most immediate and important change which looms up in connection with government lies in this very field. Before the census of 1940 we should expect to see some real progress made—perhaps in one notable case before the census of 1930.

Adjustable Ambition

There are students who favor an increase in special authorities for specific purposes, such as the port authority in New York, or the older metropolitan water, sewerage and park commissions around Boston. In California a recreational district covering twelve counties has been suggested. There is possible danger in the creation of more special authorities. It makes for complication and possibly for irresponsibility. The average voter cannot keep account of all these commissions, districts and authorities. It may be expert government, technical government, but it is a long way from the average citizen.

Offhand, one is inclined to favor the process of outright annexation, even if it be rather forcible. Physical improvements followed Pittsburgh's Sabine marriage to Allegheny. Los Angeles is ridiculed for its annexations, but the result has been to keep within the voting fold the more sober, responsible citizenry. Cities suffer terribly because so large a percentage of the best citizens live outside, while doing business within, and the city's political destinies are left in the hands of the gas-house-district type of voter.

Then, too, so much of the opposition to annexation from outside comes from officeholders, big frogs in small puddles. Local suburban patriotism seems to beat more strongly in the heart of the local politician than in that of the ordinary citizen. Prof. Thomas H. Reed, an authority on metropolitan government, quotes a Belgian politician and scholar as saying that the ambition of the politician "adjusts itself well to the multiplication of offices," which indicates that this situation is not confined to any one country. But Professor Reed deprecates the loss of local pride and self-government which vast programs of metropolitan annexation threaten.

Coöperative Independence

"No scheme of outright annexation will go over. Around each great city is an iron ring of small places with a spirit of their own. They will not give up, they will not surrender. Nor should they be sacrificed, especially at a time like this, when democracy itself rests in the balance. People are more interested in voting in these small towns; they are indifferent in the great city. Political bunk and ballyhoo have far less effect in the small place."

In any case the suburbs of Boston will not come in and cannot be forced in. The same seems to be true of those around St. Louis and Cleveland. Highland Park will not join Detroit, nor will Evanston join Chicago. Boston is Democratic and the surrounding towns and cities Republican. There are differences also, it may be suspected, of national stock, religion and social standards. Then, too, outlying areas always fear increased taxation, which is a marked factor in preventing the growth of St. Louis by annexation. Moreover, people who have left these cities because of their size and noise have no liking for reabsorption into an even greater mass.

Possibly the way out lies in urban federalism, patterned after the United States. Greater New York is in a slight sense an example of this, but it will not be followed by other cities because of the exceedingly small powers left to the boroughs. The most important effort now being made to establish a federal city is in Pittsburgh. Montreal, Cleveland and Newark are watching this project closely.

It requires years to establish a federal city, such as that proposed in Pittsburgh. But very real progress has been made. The outlying communities have approved the idea and the state legislature has arranged for a constitutional amendment. If this carries at the next election, a charter will then be submitted to the people. The idea is to substitute for the present county government of Allegheny, which contains more than 120 cities, townships and boroughs, a metropolitan government, with powers additional to those now enjoyed by the county, but leaving a high degree of self-government to all the present localities, which will continue with their councils and most other officials. The new metropolitan government will obviously control such matters as health, sewers, planning and parks.

We must, of course, bring some order out of the present dismemberment of the metropolis.

"The right of local self-government," says Professor Reed, "has a corollary—coöperation. It diminishes not at all the vitality of the locality to coöperate with other localities to a common end. It only enhances the value of local independence."

Even the proposed federal metropolis of Pittsburgh does not contemplate taking in numerous cities of steel which are properly tributary to Pittsburgh. But it is considered unpolitic to go beyond county boundaries at present. Ultimately, of course, throughout the country political lines will have to conform more closely to economic accomplishments. The twelve Federal Reserve districts have more significance at present than many state lines. Professor Gras goes so far as to say:

"We cannot entirely rule out the apparently remote contingency that instead of the almost meaningless divisions of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, we shall have the metropolitan administrative unit of Chicago."

When all is said, it is probably true that the present disunity and opposition to some form of integration in most of our great urban areas is embedded in mere tradition. Its roots in Europe are medieval or ancient, in this country colonial. But the peculiar fact is that the physical conditions, such as lack of transportation, which created the traditions in the first place, have long since disappeared.

We adopt quickly enough any novelty in the way of household devices and industrial improvements. But we permit governmental dismemberment and disintegration simply on the ground that what was good enough for our ancestors is good enough for us.

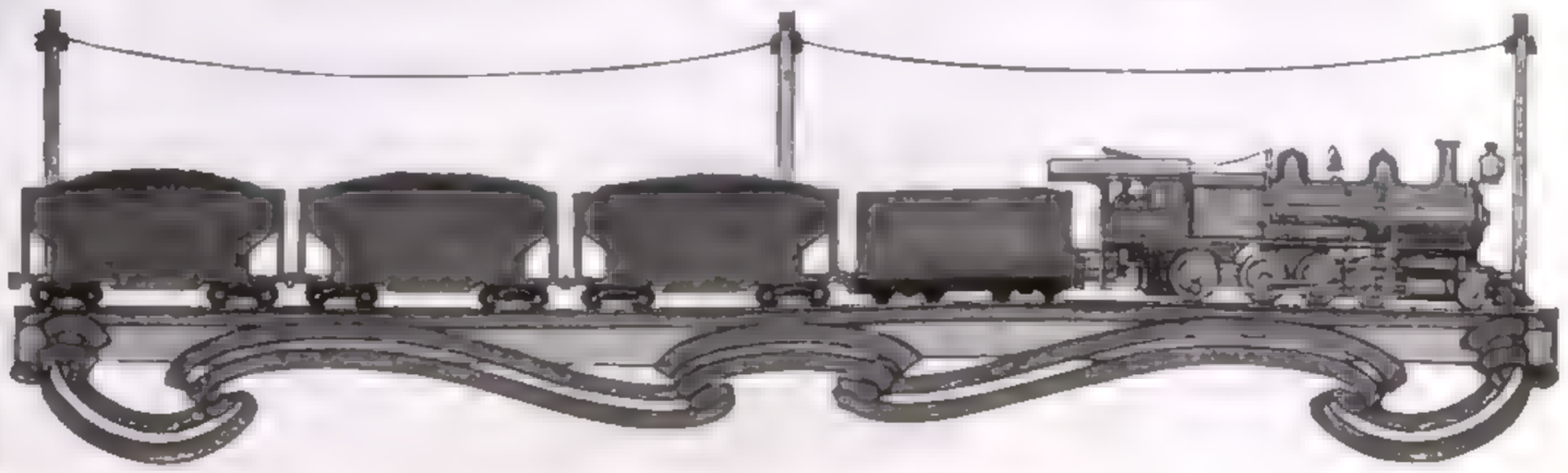
Pulling Together in a Crisis

It is a strange and intensely absorbing fact that urban peoples never get together just because it is the proper or logical thing to do. Anyone can reason out what should, on the face of it, be done, but that is never the animating cause of action. A close student of the situation in Boston says that a working federation there will probably come only as the result of a severe crisis or emergency.

"If we consult history we find that the different metropolitan coördinations we have, such as water supply and sewage disposal, came as the result of such crises."

Unfortunately there are very few great metropolitan areas which have even these coördinations. I asked a prominent citizen of Pittsburgh what would be the animating cause of the federalized city there, assuming that it goes through. He replied that he supposed the chief motive would be the problem of flood protection in the three rivers, and that drainage and waste disposal would play a part.

In his recent presidential address before the Congress of Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Theobald Smith, one of the world's foremost scientists, spoke in glowing terms of the conquests of modern medicine, especially over infectious disease. But he asked to what purpose, if in our city areas sewage continues to threaten the water supply. The solution of this, perhaps as serious a physical problem as confronts the human race, awaits upon a more realistic conception and treatment of the great city.



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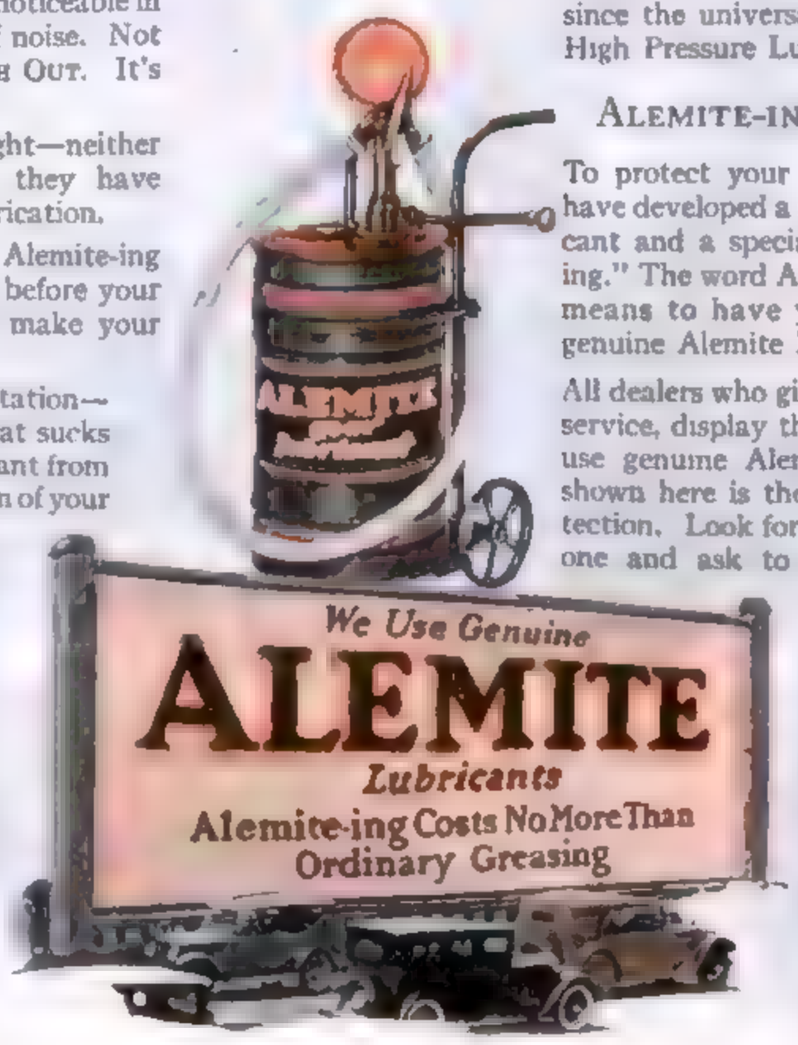

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OLD MASTERS ENTER HIGH FINANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

of the times, changed likewise and brought home from their trips to Europe the best productions of Renoir, Manet, Monet, Degas, Cézanne, and so on.

Old Masters were not as yet thought of except in rare cases; and, as a rule, when a famous European collection came to auction in London or Paris, the American buyer was not present, nor was he represented by an agent. Masterpieces, it is true, often changed hands, but they remained in Europe; and the longest sea trip they ever took was across the English Channel.

Suddenly American collectors awoke to the beauty, charm and value of the English masters of the eighteenth century. Next came the interest in the Dutch painters, centering around Rembrandt, Frans Hals and Vermeer of Delft; Velasquez also loomed up large in the field. A little later came the vogue for the glorious Italians of the Renaissance; and, last of all, the present demand for the Primitives, perhaps better described as the Gothic and Medieval painters of Italy, France and the Low Countries. Recently, too, there has been excited admiration for El Greco and Goya. Yet during all these changes of taste the English eighteenth-century painters have not only held their own but have steadily risen in favor and price. And the names that lead the fantastic sums paid by collectors for paintings by the greatest masters are Gainsborough, with the Blue Boy, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, with Pinkie. English painters took the highest prices at the sale of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary's works of art, which, by the way, reached the highest total of all art collections sold in this country. The figure was $2,297,763. Gainsborough's Harvest Wagon broke all previous records for a painting when it was knocked down for $360,000, a canvas 48x59 inches depicting a rustic cart filled with peasants stopping to pick up a young girl who climbs in over the wheel. The landscape is one of Gainsborough's loveliest and the picture equals—some say, even surpasses—the famous Market Cart in the National Gallery in London.

In fact, it was the English School that started the ball rolling for the new type of American gems-of-the-first-water collections.

The imagination of the American public was set aflame by the purchase, in 1921, of Gainsborough's Blue Boy from the Duke of Westminster by Sir Joseph Duveen, at the unheard-of sum of $800,000. When brought to New York and exhibited for charity, people flocked to see the wonderful portrait. It created a sensation, and now is in the celebrated collection formed by the late Mr. Henry E. Huntington.

The Record Price to Date

The time was obviously ripe for a new point of view regarding the art business. Masterpieces that had been preserved in royal, princely and ducal houses could be ranked with jewels and what was more, in many cases they had, like jewels, romantic histories. The difficulty of obtaining them, the contests for them in private barter or public battle, and the enthusiasm of waiting collectors, apart from the intrinsic beauty and charm of the panels and canvases themselves, made their appeal, and, as if it were by magic, the collecting of paintings became a romantic pursuit, and was, at the same time, lifted into the realm of high finance.

At short intervals for a number of years the public had been given one thrill after another. The Blue Boy, as everyone knows, was followed to California by Sir Joshua Reynolds' most famous portrait, Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—also from the Duke of Westminster—for which Mr. Huntington paid half a million dollars. Mrs. Siddons, in her turn, was followed by no less than eighteen superb examples of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence.

Marvelous paintings have been purchased at breath-taking sums for American collectors, such as Lord Cowper's Madonna, by Raphael, for the Widener Gallery, $700,000, and Gainsborough's Mall, for the Frick Gallery, $500,000. But even these stupendous prices have recently been dwarfed by the purchase by Sir Joseph Duveen of Raphael's world-famous painting of the Madonna and Child from the collection of Lady Desborough in London, for which the record price of $875,000 has been paid.

The imagination is staggered by the ever-increasing prices; yet, when one calmly considers the matter, these prices seem most natural and indeed inevitable. As is so often the case, the underlying cause is very simple. It is merely a question of supply and demand. It would be very easy to compile a lengthy list of world-famous Old Masters which have gone into public museums, chiefly through bequest. The supply, therefore, of Old Masters is constantly diminishing. This fact, taken in conjunction with the one later referred to that prominent American art lovers are restricting their collections to masterpieces, and the further fact of the ever-increasing number of collectors, necessarily implies a keener competition for the Old Masters that are still available. One should, therefore, not be surprised at the mounting prices that the gems of paintings are fetching.

Collections of Masterpieces

On rare occasions collections of works of art have come on the market in Europe and have brought fabulous sums; as, for instance, the Oscar Hainauer collection—$2,500,000—the Rudolphe Kann collection—$5,000,000—and most recently the renowned Benson collection of Italian masterpieces—$3,000,000.

Sir Joseph Duveen, who has negotiated many of the purchases previously mentioned, gave the following views for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

"The particular thing that makes American collections so unique and so priceless is that the pictures are all masterpieces. In Europe you will find much larger collections, but these will have a large number of very mediocre paintings and a few of supreme excellence—gems, each one magnificent.

"Many collections in both England and on the Continent go into the hundreds, with just a few fine things. In America, on the contrary, every collector wants the best. He may have only thirty pictures, but they will all be fine. Americans make collections of masterpieces. That is why they are different. That is why they are a new race of collectors. American collections are collections of masterpieces. Remember that—masterpieces.

"I think everyone who, like myself, has had experience in connection with the bringing of English art to America will agree that the benefits have been fairly distributed between the two countries. There is more than a mere matter of business involved, for the sentiment which inspired the great works of art by the English masters is one which is found not less admirably illustrated in the architecture and surroundings of the old American home. Consequently I think the relations between the two countries play a part of the very first importance, and that aspect of the business of bringing works of art from one country to another has never failed to appeal to me. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying that the affection of art lovers in America should be not only for the great masters of Italy, Holland and Belgium but more strongly for the giants of the old country, like Reynolds, Hoppner, Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn, coming, as they do, from the old homes of England which have so much in common with the eighteenth-century homes in America.

"Moreover, I look forward to the time when America, on her part, will send fine works of art to England in return for what she has taken from the old country.

"The case of Whistler, and still more recently, that of Sargent, illustrates admirably the spirit of my meaning. Sargent's works must now be as richly represented in the country of his birth as in the country of his adoption. In the case of Whistler, thanks to the Freer Collection at Washington, America is richer; though England has had the wisdom to retain some of his finest examples, such as the Miss Alexander, now in the Tate Gallery.

"I, for my part, greatly welcome the proper representation of American art in British galleries, the time for which I think has now come. I would also gladly welcome some fine pieces of sculpture, for which America is at least as famous as any other country, partly due to the close connection between the twin arts of architecture and sculpture.

"Although commercially I am mainly concerned with Old Masters, I have a very catholic feeling for art in general and refuse to be numbered among those who think and say that modern art, compared with ancient art, is in any way decadent. Unfortunately, there are so many people today who are too restricted in their consideration of art and can see good only in a picture or object that is old. It may be only that history is repeating itself in this respect, but it is not necessary to be a multimillionaire to obtain examples of the genius of this age. They are obtainable just as easily by people of smaller means, and it merely requires intelligence and an innate taste for art and all that art should mean. Art connoisseurs and collectors of the Middle Ages probably had the same thoughts about art that was ancient to them.

"After all, they had to deal with the moderns of their day, and the result is shown in the many famous collections which have since been formed. We are too near our own generation to estimate what a large number of masterpieces in all the arts have been and are being produced. Although the masters of the Italian and French Renaissance wrought and painted marvelously, to say nothing of our own eighteenth-century painters, still, art is not confined to any one age. In both painting and sculpture, works are being produced today which will be accounted as masterpieces by our descendants."

Investments in Oils

"What do I regard as an ideal National Gallery? Why, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, London, the centenary of which was recently celebrated. It would be impossible to produce a gallery exactly like it, even if all the pictures in private hands could be gathered together today under one roof. It is the product of a hundred years of careful planning and acquisition, helped sometimes by the government of the day, but more largely by private benefactors and individual initiative in the days when very many important paintings were in the market and more easily secured than they perhaps are today.

"Perhaps it is not sufficiently appreciated that such a national institution is in contemplation in Washington, where the authorities are collaborating with prominent and wealthy Americans interested in art in making plans for the erection of a splendid building in that city in which to house the finest masterpieces. When finished it will be a wonderful national monument."

There is another angle to the question of picture collecting. Paintings are a splendid investment. Their value rises every year, because, as intelligent interest in art increases, more and more people come into

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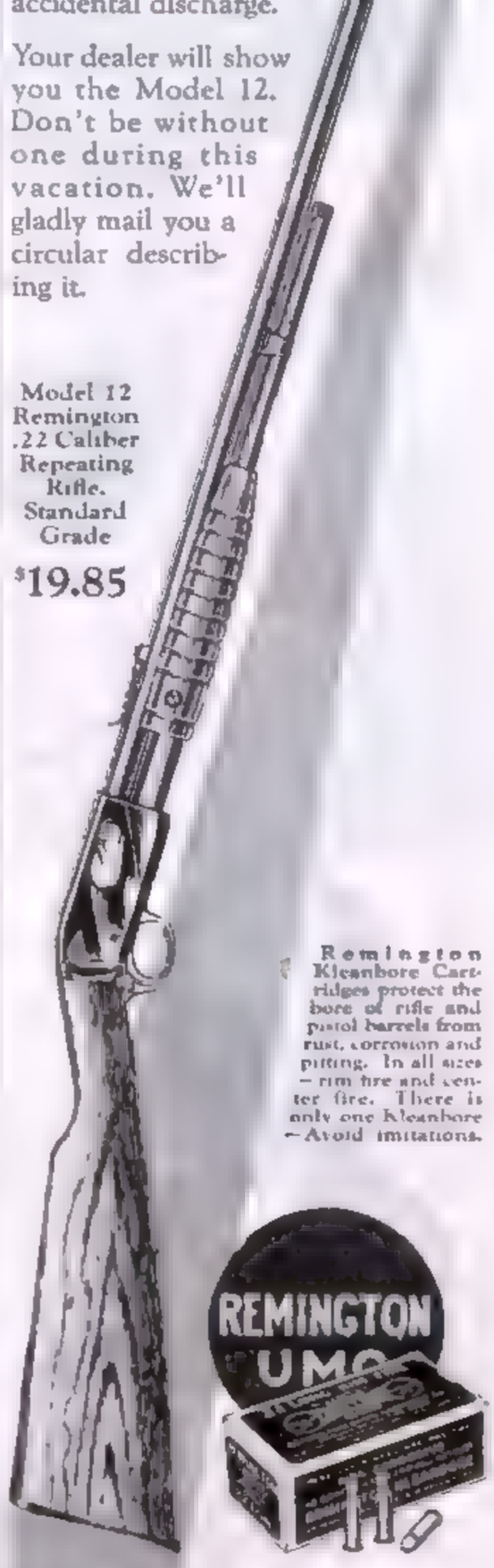

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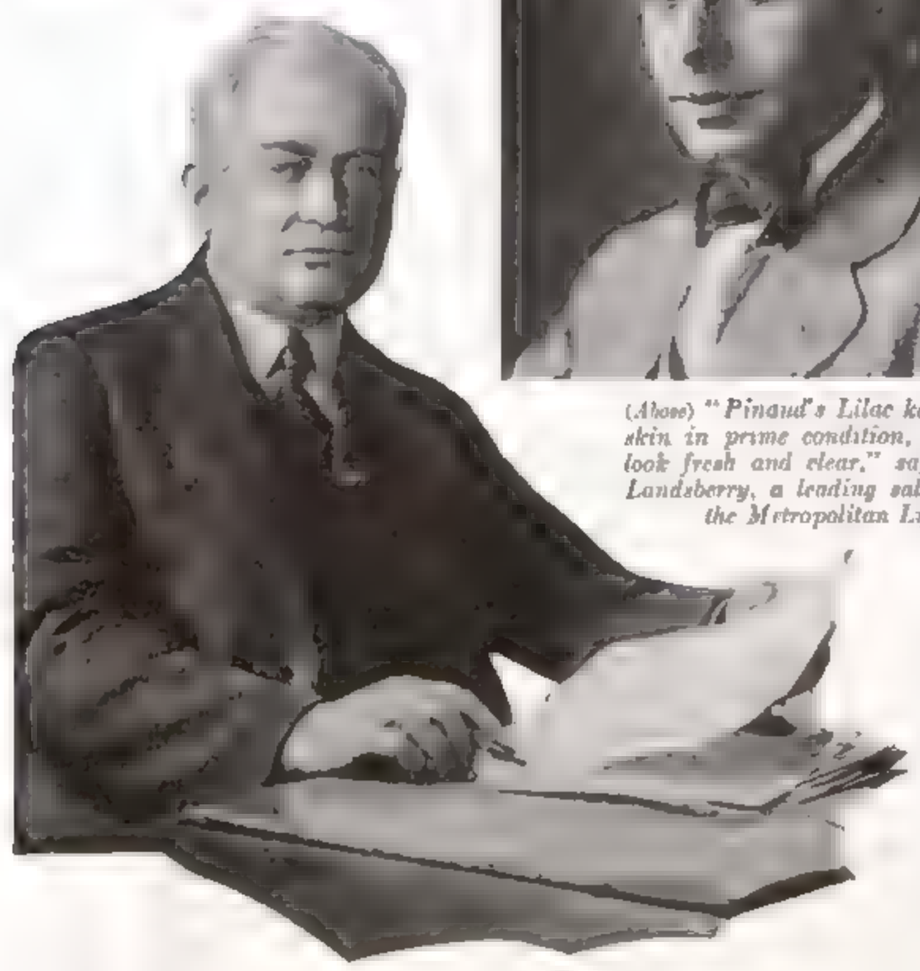

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Like exercise, it sends the blood rushing to feed the surface of the skin. It braces sagging tissues, delays pouches and wrinkles, makes the color healthy, keeps the skin young.

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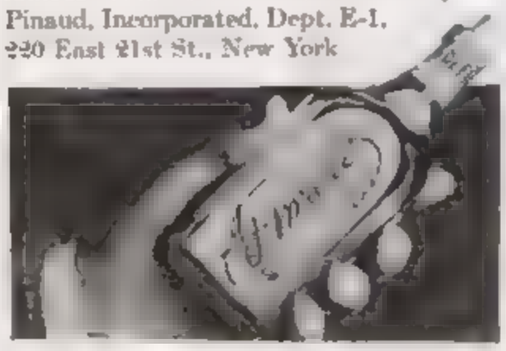

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the field of buyers. Consequently masterpieces are desired by an ever-widening circle of discriminating admirers.

The Senff Collection, consisting chiefly of painters of the Barbizon School and Dutch masters, which was sold at the Anderson Galleries in March, 1928, for $530,373, had exactly doubled its original cost in 1889 and 1899.

It seems strange to us today that Sir Joshua Reynolds' charming portraits, now so highly appreciated, were sold for so little after his death in 1792, although these same portraits were well paid for by the sitters. For years nobody cared to purchase them, but there came a day when those who had done so were happy enough, for prices began to climb into the upper reaches of wealthy pocketbooks.

Many of these once-scorned Reynoldses are now in American collections and are worth fortunes.

Gainsborough was more appreciated in the early nineteenth century, the landscapes topping the portraits, yet the prices are absurdly small in the light of today's valuations. In 1876, the famous Duchess of Devonshire—the Lost Duchess—was sold for the then large sum of $50,000. Twenty years later Mr. J. P. Morgan purchased this gorgeous picture for $175,000. It is infinitely more precious now. Maria Walpole, Duchess of Gloucester, now in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, brought $60,500 at Christie's. Romney began to be appreciated in 1890, when Sensibility, a portrait of Lady Hamilton, reached $15,000. In 1913, his Lady Anne de la Pole—now owned by Governor Fuller in Boston—brought $206,850; and in 1927, The Honorable Mrs. Davenport, $304,700. Raeburns were long a cheap drug in the market. Today they soar. The tide turned for Raeburn in 1897. In 1908, $120,000 was paid for the portrait of Mrs. Williamson.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was long in the lower scale of prices. In 1888, the Countess of Dysart with Peacock sold for only $2888, but in 1927, Pinkie reached 74,000 guineas—$377,000.

Pictures to Loan

Another painter who is rising rapidly is Hoppner. Hoppner took a jump about 1900. Mrs. Fielding as the Hurdy-Gurdy Player sold in 1896 for only $7750, but at the Judge Elbert H. Gary sale in April, 1928, Mary Anne, Lady Dashwood-King, reached $90,000.

In April, 1927, a New York collector paid $150,000 for Lady Harriet Cunliffe, long known through a popular mezzotint as Sophia Western—heroine of Fielding's Tom Jones.

Collectors are very generous in contributing their treasures to loan exhibitions, where the public may become acquainted with rare works. It is astonishing to see what is sometimes brought forth on such occasions.

In 1924, a remarkable exhibition of early Italian painters drawn from notable American collections was shown at Duveen's. Fifty-three paintings from such rare masters as Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Fra Filippo Lippi, Giovanni Bellini, Bernardo Daddi, Sassetta, Segna de Bonaventura and others were a revelation to the art world.

A loan exhibition held at the Metropolitan Museum last spring proved that American collectors have not neglected the Spanish School. Among the sixty-seven pictures gathered from private collections were twenty-two Goyas, thirteen El Grecos, seven Murillos, seven Velasquez, and six Riberas.

An exhibition of early French painting in November, 1927, under the auspices of the French Government for the benefit of the French hospital, brought forward 100 rare pictures from distinguished collections in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, and Portland, Oregon. This, too, was remarkable, in showing that American collectors had been keenly alive to the French Primitives, only lifted from obscurity at an exhibition in Paris in 1904.

American collectors were quickly in the field, but the art world was not cognizant to what extent until this first exhibition was shown a few months ago, with examples of the rare Jean Fouquet, Jean d'Orléans, Corneille de Lyon, Jean Bellegambe, François Clouet, and the unknown Maître des Moulins.

An exhibition of Titian's works was held at the Detroit Institute of Arts last February. And what was offered? Twenty-two noteworthy examples of one of the greatest of all masters—Titian—of whom only a few years ago there was not a single picture in the country.

Museum Extension

Our art galleries have increased in value of late years, as well as the private collections, through purchase and bequest. Entire collections have enriched many museums, such as the Altman in the Metropolitan, the Libbey in the Toledo, and the Emery in the Cincinnati Museum. In other cases, collections of masterpieces have been given to the public.

There are no small galleries in Europe, except the Wallace, which can hold a candle to the Huntington in California, the Gardner in Boston, the John G. Johnson and the John Howard McFadden in Philadelphia, and the Frick in New York. By the will of Mr. Henry C. Frick, his house and pictures, valued in 1919 at $50,000,000, are to be given eventually to New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft have signified their intention to bequeath their gallery and house to Cincinnati.

The Fogg Museum of Harvard, the Jarves Collection at Yale, and the fine collections at Princeton—to which Mr. Otto H. Kahn has just given a yearly present for various artistic activities—afford students unusual opportunities for becoming acquainted with great masterpieces. Various small towns are being familiarized with great art by means of illustrated lectures, and many museums make a business of renting slides. The Metropolitan Museum has a finely equipped department with no less than 40,000 slides.

Throughout the country, museums are continually springing up; and, although they are small in size, the quality of the pictures is amazing.

Sir Joseph Duveen, in the course of conversation, referred in the warmest terms to the public art galleries of this country, citing particularly the wonderful work of Mr. Paul J. Sachs and Mr. Edward W. Forbes, the directors of the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, resulting in their beautiful new museum being opened in June of last year. In common with that of so many similar institutions in America, such work is bound to have a far-reaching effect not merely upon the art life of the particular community but upon that of the whole of the country. Sir Joseph expressed the highest praise for the devoted labors of the directors, which have produced such amazing and beneficent results in so comparatively short a time, all of which is eloquent testimony to the interest in things artistic and beautiful so rapidly spreading throughout the country.

America is truly awakening—and awakening very quickly—to a conscious appreciation of great art. It is well that she is doing so, for she is destined to have a magnificent heritage.

OUTLINES

SUBTLY, with amazing speed, the shapes and contours of existence alter. . . . Within our times the muff has vanished into limbo. The automobile that was a dromedary in 1910 has become a running panther. . . . In place of the Mansard roof, a gleaming Aztec pyramid arises.

These changes do not meet the casual eye. In the rush and turmoil of daily life they pass unnoticed—until, in a moment of thoughtful retrospection, we pause to mark the passing of a style, the innovation of a new tradition. Yet fortunes are made, whole industries supported, on the surface of these swift and silent tides of public favor.

Back of every mutation in the shape of things lies a creative idea. It rests upon a foundation of constructive thought and labor. The improved talking machine, the better shaving soap, the decorative bath towel . . . these and a thousand other things that make life more interesting and pleasant are achievements of a deeply studied plan.

The success of any product depends largely upon its physical charm, its usefulness, and its relation to current needs. Constant improvement is necessary, both as regards materials and methods. . . . And in these matters the services of a well-organized advertising agency are frequently of value. For it is our business to bring to merchandising an informed and creative imagination . . . to know, a little in advance of common knowledge, what tomorrow's shapes and outlines are to be.

N. W. AYER & SON

Advertising Headquarters, Philadelphia

New York Boston Chicago San Francisco

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 33)

well without browning. Add the milk and stir until it boils; then allow it to simmer for two or three minutes. Add the sugar and a good pinch of salt. Very often, brandy is also added to the white sauce during the stirring. You can see that the bulwark of this recipe is brandy, for the pudding without brandy would be like a wedding without the bride. This English plum pudding is canned f.o.b. and forwarded all over the civilized world. Many thousands are shipped to America during the Christmas holidays. I imagine they must be within the law, for I cannot imagine any bold revenue man arresting a plum pudding. It is possible to stagger out of an English bakeshop and still remain a prohibitionist.

Another strictly Anglo-Kitchen pudding is made of steak and kidneys. This is the big seller of the British Isles and is the headliner at the Cheshire Cheese:

Three-quarters of a pound of good steak meat, one-quarter of a pound of ox kidney, one teaspoonful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper are the ingredients required for the pudding.

For the pastry you require six ounces of flour, three ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and cold water to mix.

To make the pastry, sieve the flour, salt and baking powder, shred the suet finely and mix with the flour, add sufficient water to make a stiff paste. Cut off a small piece for the lid, roll the rest out and line a greased basin with it.

Wipe the meat, remove all fat and gristle, cut into strips about three inches long and one inch wide. Mix the flour, salt and pepper on a plate and dip in the strips of meat. Put a small piece of kidney and a tiny piece of fat on each strip and roll them up. Fill the lined basin with these rolls, adding any trimmings of kidney or meat, shake over the seasoned flour left on the plate and half fill the basin with stock. Put on the lid of pastry, seal the edges well together, cover with greased paper and steam from three to four hours.

The Noah's Ark of Soups

For those who like a variation of vegetables, onions, carrots, turnips or potatoes can be washed, peeled, cut into dice and cooked in the pudding along with the meat and kidney. Another fine stunt is to use cooked haricot beans and a little minced bacon.

When cooked the pudding is served in the same basin, with a napkin pinned around it. The water must be boiling when the pudding is placed in the steamer, and kept boiling the whole time, otherwise the pudding will not be properly cooked and the pastry will be soggy. As the water in the pan vaporizes, fresh boiling water must be added. Never add cold water, but be sure the added liquid is at the boiling point, for there must be no change of temperature during the cooking.

If you follow these suggestions I guarantee that you will have a meal that will make you soggy for the next three days, for meat and kidney pudding is very heavy and is not among the by-laws of the Life Extension Institute. But it has been a standard of the isles for centuries, and when Lancelot ate his kidney pudding, washed down with stout and mustard, his yeoman had to turn the hose on him to cool his armor off. It is a winter dish, provided the winter is cold enough. But you must eat plenty of meat in the isles to stand off the climate, which in itself is a pudding of fog, cold and dampness.

When you are feeling almost chilly enough to demand a seat in the House of Lords, then is a good time to warm up on the famous vegetable mulligatawny—the Noah's Ark of soups—for it contains one of everything, and sometimes two:

One onion, one carrot, the roots or tops of celery, a bouquet of herbs, an apple or a stick of rhubarb, one teaspoonful of extract of beef, two ounces of fat, two ounces of flour, one dessert-spoonful of curry powder, one quart of good stock, a little salt and a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Wash, peel and cut the vegetables and the apple into the form of dice. Melt the fat and fry the vegetables a pale brown, taking care to stir very often. Add the flour and curry powder and fry for about five minutes. Remove from the fire and add the stock gradually, mixing the flour smoothly before adding all the stock. Place back on the stove and bring to a boil, stirring all the time. Add the apple, meat extract and a dash of salt, and allow to simmer gently for forty-five minutes with the lid on the pan. Remove the lid at frequent intervals during the simmering to stir the mixture.

When the vegetables are soft, add another dash of salt and the lemon juice, and then serve. If too thick, add more stock or a little water. Serve with boiled rice on the side.

The Ubiquitous French Chef

If the flour is not blended smoothly before all the stock is added, the soup will not thicken properly and will be lumpy. The frequent stirring precludes the chance of the soup's burning. The cooking must be over a low heat or it will scorch. That makes a fairly fine dish and is economical. If there is anything around the house that is ready to be discarded, don't throw it away, but toss it into the mulligatawny, where it will never be missed or noticed. Anything you do to this chowder will improve it.

Where the London chefs shine is in the preparation of kippers, bloaters and other fish. They broil and fry very well, without any falderals, and pride themselves on their baking of mackerel and haddock.

Right here I want to warn you that hotel and restaurant eating is expensive in London, for all establishments pay a terrific ground rent. And you cannot expect to get real British food in the big hotels, for the French cuisine straddles all Europe like a blanket on a mule. You run up against the French chef wherever you go, with the exception of places like Simpson's and the Cheshire Cheese.

A good, fresh haddock, baked and stuffed in the British manner, is about as good a fish as you ever paid for:

Secure a fresh haddock. The other ingredients are two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of dried herbs, one ounce of suet, one egg, two ounces of fat and pepper and salt.

Wash and cleanse the fish thoroughly and dry with a cloth. Put the bread crumbs into a bowl and mix with the parsley, herbs, shredded suet, salt and pepper. Beat up the yolk of the egg and add it to the mixture. You can stuff the fish with forcemeat, if desired. Sew the haddock up with cotton and truss it into the shape of the letter *S*. Place it in a baking pan which has been well greased to prevent the fish from sticking to the bottom of the pan. Beat the white of the egg very little and then brush it over the fish. After the fish is brushed with the white of the egg, sprinkle the haddock with bread crumbs. Then bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting very often. When cooked, remove the cotton thread and serve on a hot dish. A garnishing of parsley is palatable, and anchovy sauce is another splendid garniture. The best forcemeat for baked haddock is the oyster mixture. You can use this recipe for any good baking fish such as bluefish, sea or lake bass and shad.

I want to give you the recipe for a famous sauce used in Great Britain with hot or cold tongue and hams. This is the Cumberland sauce, which I have heard of for many years but never met face to face until last summer. It was given to me by Sir Francis Towle, who is one of those rare citizens, an Englishman on a diet. Too much indulgence in steak and kidney pudding has caused Sir Francis to go in for the finer things of life such as boneless sardines and soda crackers.

Incidentally, Francis was in America a year ago on a Come-to-Britain movement. He was introduced to President Coolidge by Tom Green, president of the Hotel Association of America. When Mr. Coolidge politely inquired Towle's mission in America, Sir Francis said:

"I am here to encourage the visit of Americans to England, and I would like your assistance."

"Well," drawled the President, "my section of the country has been in favor of that for years. We send the Boston Artillery to England every summer."

President Coolidge was referring to the annual visit of the Ancient and Honorables of Boston to the equally Honorable and more Ancients of London. It is supposed to be a home-and-home tournament, but of recent years the Boston Ancients have had a monopoly of the visiting. The reason for this may be political or psychic, but there is a good chance of its being purely chemical. Anyway, when Sir Francis emerged from the White House he turned sadly to Green and remarked:

"Who said that your President had no sense of humor?"

Mousse of Ham

But that's not Cumberland sauce, which is served iced or very cold. The ingredients are three tablespoonfuls of red-currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, the same amount of port wine, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of coralline pepper, a half teaspoonful of ground ginger, and a whole orange.

Stir the jelly in a pan over the fire until it becomes liquid. Stand aside until it cools off, and then add the port wine, mustard, orange and lemon juice, pepper and ground ginger. Mix thoroughly together and add the prepared peel of the orange. Keep the sauce in a very cold place for an hour before serving.

The peel is prepared for the sauce by paring the orange thinly and then shredding the peel, which is placed in a pan and covered with cold water.

When it comes to boil, strain off, rinse the peel well in cold water and it is ready to add to the sauce.

This sauce is exceptional and individual for use with cold or iced mousse of ham, which demands a recipe in its own right:

For a mousse of ham you will require a half pound of cooked ham, two gills of well-flavored stock, a little gelatin, white pepper, a dainty pinch of Cayenne and very little salt, if any, a half pint of rich cream and a small quantity of aspic jelly.

The ham for this mousse must be of the finest brand and previously prepared in a very careful manner, and free of skin and fat. Run it through a meat chopper three times and then pound it in a mortar with the stock. Season with the white pepper and the Cayenne. Melt the gelatin in a little additional stock and strain it into the ham mixture. When it is smooth, add the cream, which has already been whipped, and then whip the whole mixture until it is light and frothy. Place the *purée* in a *soufflé* dish and smooth the top as evenly as possible without pressing down the mixture too heavily. Just as it is setting, pour some cold liquid aspic gently on the mousse and decorate to taste.

The Prodigal Appetite's Return

The mousse is French, but the Cumberland sauce is essentially English. I doubt that the result is strong enough for the average Britisher, who would prefer to strengthen it with a lathering of red-hot meat sauce or his daily bath of mustard. There must be a reason for everything. Grandma fed the baby garlic so that she could find the little darling in the dark, and I suspect that the Londoners plaster their meat with scorching condiment in order to enable them to locate it in a fog.

There is another English dish which is derived from the colonies, and that is curry. This is even hotter than chutney, which will cause your mouth to smoke like a stuffed chimney. I have already given the war dimensions of a curry dish in a previous article, and I think I credited it to another country. But the honor belongs to England via Suez and India. All curries originate in India. So the next time you eat one, you can give credit where the blame is due. Curries are too ardent for the American palate, which has never been fireproofed, except in Texas, where the tamale and the chile con carne cause the breath of the Ranger to singe the mane of his horse.

By mixing English mustard, meat sauce, chutney and curry on a plate, and then sipping the result, you can enjoy the pleasure of starting a forest fire inside your own vest. But I do not advise anybody to try this combustible experiment, for all traffic in London drives on the left side and you require all your sober faculties to cross the Strand. Just a little chutney in your gas tank and you fail to navigate quickly enough to escape the cross-town, cross-word and cross-eyed London traffic.

This article winds up the European cook's tour, and I will swear on a stack of napkins that here is one cook who will be glad to get back to his own cooking again. I have tasted the sauces of France, the interlocking spaghetti of Italy, the canal coffee of Venice, the schlagobers of Austria, the close-cropped cuisine of Germany and the storm-tossed chutneys of England. Every country imagines that it has the world's finest cuisine, but I will be glad to get back to a land where ham chums with eggs.

The first week in Europe is Paradise for an American. His eyes are bigger than his stomach and he eats everything within reach and points at the rest. But along about the second week his stomach starts to vibrate, and at the end of the third week he is looking up transatlantic schedules and cabling home to the old folks to polish up the kitchen stove, for he is on his way back to a land where the steaks are tender, the bread is fresh and the coffee tastes even better in the saucer than it does in the cup.

Back of the beauty — the builders

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 5)

Alan's father explained in some detail, and the more he explained, the more taken the Duke was by his code. He was still explaining the nature of fair play when Mrs. Brooke came in from a tea and kissed the Duke and gave him hot chocolate with whipped cream and delicate sandwiches and little cakes.

The Brookes had gone to the country that spring and never came back. Years and years later the Duke had met Alan Brooke as a young bond salesman just out of Yale, and renewed their boyish friendship. Alan Brooke and Mullin, his lawyer, were the only college men the Duke had ever known.

The talk of the college boys in the smoking compartment was almost unintelligible to him. He understood nearly all their phrases. He guessed easily enough what "bucking for midyear exams" meant; he knew that Gamma Delt and Psi Chi and Alpha Kappa must be either sororities or fraternities; he had read that the prom was the important social event of the college year. But he could not follow the constant interchange of personalities, and he did not know the weight any of the things discussed had in the minds of those who discussed them. He could only gather the general impression that their life at the University of Minnewaska was one long house party. The Duke envied them. The Duke envied them furiously. They all had so many friends. For years the Duke had paid the penalty of the virtuoso. He had no friends of his own age and sort. It seemed to him now, as he heard these young men kidding one another with the ease of old acquaintance, that the thing he had missed was the only thing worth having in life.

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the young man who had been with the girl. The others called him Tommy or Wells and greeted him with affectionate ridicule and made room for him on the bench. He was plainly popular.

"No," he said firmly as he took a cigarette from somebody else's package, "I won't sit down. I'm going back to talk to Susie Corbin."

"So," the Duke thought to himself, "her name is Susie Corbin." He resented turning Susan into Susie. It did not fit her. It was too familiar.

The young man beside the Duke crushed out his cigarette under his heel and got up with an air of great decision.

"So am I," he said, making for the door of the compartment.

"So am I," the others said in chorus.

The Duke was left in the smoking compartment, alone with his thoughts. For an hour he sat staring out of the window into the rushing dark, wishing that something would happen—something that would give him a chance to meet that girl. Here he was, in the same railway car with her and yet as far away as if she were a princess in a fairy tale and he a peasant. There would be no way of meeting her—unless the train were wrecked. He could not make a way of meeting her. And if he did meet her he would not know what to say to her. What did you talk to such a girl about? You couldn't very well begin the conversation by telling her that she was a smash—not just a hit, not just a knock-out—no, nothing less than a smash.

The grizzled old colored porter had exchanged his blue tunic for a white jacket and become a waiter. He brought the Duke a menu and asked if he didn't want dinner. The Duke was still so young that no matter how bleak life looked to him the thought of food always struck him with great favor. Besides, he could never eat as much as he liked, or the things he liked. He was always hungry, especially for foods he was not allowed to eat. It seemed to him that a thousand times he had been forced to eat lamb chops and some sort of greens—spinach usually—and one piece of dry toast, when his stomach yelled for forbidden things like potatoes or hot rolls with plenty of butter or waffles with maple sirup. His profession required him to restrict his appetite in the interests of his figure. He watched his weight as carefully as a movie star who, because the false and deceitful eye of the camera makes her look rounder than she is, must starve or eat herself out of a job.

Now, as the Duke studied the menu with resentful eyes, the porter leaned forward ingratiatingly. "We got some nice lamb chops, sir," the porter suggested, "an' some fresh spinach."

"No!" the Duke said bitterly. "No!"

"How about chicken potpie?" the colored man asked. "Mighty good potpie."

"Yes," the Duke said desperately. "Yes. If it's really good, give me that."

"An' a baked potato?" the colored man continued. "Nice big Idaho potato, baked and busted open, with a lump of butter melted in it."

"Yes," the Duke said defiantly. "I'll have a baked potato."

"Got some real, regular, old-fashioned strawberry shortcake," the waiter said with the air of a man confiding a secret. "Regular homemade kind."

The Duke hesitated for half a second. He had on occasion permitted himself some slight modification of the rules. He had never gone the limit. But now he remembered that Jake Levy was miles away. Jake could not possibly know.

"Yes," the Duke said recklessly, "I'll have strawberry shortcake."

"I'll set up a table for you, sir, in the other part of the car," the waiter promised. "I'll call you when everything's ready—'bout ten minutes."

The Duke, having washed his hands, combed his hair, straightened his tie and surveyed with critical eyes the suit he was wearing—a suit by the only tailor in New York who combines Bond Street perfection of line with Fifth Avenue perfection of detail—entered the other part of the car. She was sitting with the others around a table at the far end of the car and they were all having an extremely jolly time.

The Duke found himself facing them as he sat down to his chicken potpie and his baked potato. He was a good deal embarrassed at first, being the only passenger in the car who was not a member of their party; but he soon saw that they were as unaware of him as they were of the waiter, who told them it was absolutely against the rules for them to smoke, every time he brought them a fresh bottle of ginger ale.

By the time the Duke had eaten all that he wanted and ordered coffee with cream, in continued defiance of consequences, and lit a cigarette, the young man called Tommy had dug a ukulele out of his luggage. He proceeded to entertain himself and his friends with a series of songs of the sort that their mothers did not sing. The Duke was a bit annoyed that the young man should sing Frankie and Johnnie and Parlez-vous and Madelon to Miss Susan Corbin. It was not his idea of the correct thing. But the young man sang so well that the Duke was inclined to excuse the breach of taste. He had read that the sons and daughters of the most respectable people were like that nowadays. He found himself listening with pleasure. Indeed, when they all roared out the chorus of Madelon he was tempted to join them. And when the waiter became a porter again and came through to tell everybody that Grandison was the next stop, the Duke suddenly remembered that life was bleak and bitter.

He was close enough behind Susan Corbin when she got off the train to hear her tell the taxi driver to go to the Gamma Delta house. They all piled into the same taxi, eight or nine of them, in spite of the driver's protests. The Duke watched them drive off and out of his life, and then he was alone on the station platform in the cold clear January night. He looked up and saw that the stars were a million miles away.

He was no nearer the girl of his dreams than he had been six hours earlier, and he was a good deal farther from Chicago than he could ever explain to Jake Levy.

He went sadly into the station and learned that the eleven o'clock express for Chicago had left; the next train would not leave till one o'clock, but it was already made up and standing in the yards, so if he wanted to turn in and go to sleep he would wake up in Chicago at half-past seven in the morning. The Duke bought a ticket and a lower berth. He had time to call up Jake on the long-distance telephone. He decided against it. He didn't care if Jake did worry. He started toward his train. But on the way he passed a penny-in-the-slot scale. The Duke turned back, laid his overcoat on a bench and weighed himself.

He weighed a hundred and fifty-four pounds. That meant a hundred and forty-six stripped. The Duke sighed. It wouldn't do—it wouldn't do at all. And yet how could a young man who stood five feet nine in his stockings, and had broad shoulders and good bones and first-rate health, keep himself under a hundred and forty-six stripped?

The Duke tucked in his waist. The tailor called his waist measure twenty-nine inches, but when the Duke contracted his stomach it didn't measure twenty-seven. The Duke ran his hand over the flat surface between his diaphragm and his belt. The Duke contracted the three great muscles that ran crosswise of his stomach and then the surface between his diaphragm and his belt felt like a corrugated iron roof. The Duke shook his head. There wasn't any fat to come off with a little sweating.

II

THE Duke called up Barney the moment he got off the train the next morning.

"Thank God!" Barney said. "Where are you?" The Duke explained. "I'll be right down, chief," Barney said. "I'll be there as fast as I can get the car out."

"Never mind that, Barney," he said. "I'm going to get some breakfast and then I'll walk to the hotel."

"No, kid," Barney protested, "let me come and get you. Let me get out o' here before Jake wakes up. Can't yuh see, kid? Jake is just raving. If you're with me he'll calm down some."

"All right, Barney," the Duke agreed. "I'll be in the station lunch room."

The Duke went into the lunch room and ordered a glass of chilled orange juice and black coffee and dry toast. He asked himself why it was that he and Barney were so afraid of Jake. It was that confounded intensity of Jake's; it was that single-track mind. Barney had a code—the hard and fast code of the honorable roughneck. Imagine Barney turning on a friend! The Duke himself had a code, more elaborate than Barney's, but just as hard and fast. Only he had more doubts than Barney had. Jake Levy had the only simple code in the world. Jake took it for granted that anything he wanted was right. Jake fought for what he wanted with the intensity of a man who has no doubts at all, and with all the adroit ingenuity of a wise old woman.

The Duke sat on a stool at the lunch bar and munched his toast slowly. There was no butter on the toast, but it was the only piece of toast he was allowing himself, so he tried to make it last. He sipped his coffee. He didn't so much mind black coffee after dinner. But coffee with no cream and no sugar was a bitter dose at breakfast.

On a shelf in front of his eyes, and almost within reach of his hand, stood a large and luscious variety of coffee cake from which one big triangular piece had been cut. The bread within was studded with currants; the bread showed a spiral construction, as if the dough had been laid out thin and liberally sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar and rolled up before it was baked. The outside of the round loaf was covered with a delicious brown glaze, as if brown sugar had been melted and poured over it and allowed to harden.

"What do you call that?" the Duke asked of the waiter behind the counter.

The waiter turned and identified the coffee cake at which the Duke pointed. "That's honey bun," the waiter said. He picked up a knife to cut a piece.

"No," the Duke said, "I won't have any. I just wanted to know what you called it." The Duke reflected that it was four years since he had eaten anything like that for breakfast.

Somehow or other he must get up enough courage to defy Jake. Somehow he must find the words in which to tell Jake the truth. The Duke straightened his back and clenched his right fist and tensed his right arm. With his left hand he felt the triceps muscle that curved round the back of his arm - round and hard and springy as a piece of new Manila cable.

He looked up and saw the broad homely grin and heavy rolling gait of Barney coming toward him.

"Oh, kid," Barney said, "ya don't know what I been through!"

The Duke paid his check and grinned at Barney. "I'm sorry," he said as they walked out together. "But it isn't anything to what we're going to go through, Barney."

Barney gave the Duke an apprehensive glance, but said nothing. They got into the Benham and drove toward the hotel in silence. Barney spoke only when they reached the hotel.

"Listen, kid," Barney said; "Jake thinks there's a skirt in it. He would, a course."

"Well," the Duke replied, "there is."

"Yeah," Barney said, "but he don't know that. And what he don't know won't hurt him so much."

"For two cents," the Duke said, "I'd tell Jake where to get off."

"No, kid," Barney pleaded—"no. Don't get sore. You got no chance of breaking your contract anyway, and you don't want to neither. Because Jake is as good as any a them, and better. You just make up your mind to sit there and take it. Let him blow off and forget it."

The Duke shook his head. "I've got to tell him a few things, Barney. I won't stand for being chaperoned this way any longer."

"Gee, kid," Barney said, "you must 'a' fallen for her hard!"

"I did."

Barney put his hand affectionately on the Duke's arm. "Kid," he pleaded, "remember that line you read me out of a book once—that falling for one of them is just greatly exaggerat'n' the difference between one and another."

"'To fall in love,'" the Duke quoted precisely, "'is grossly to overestimate the difference between one woman and another.'"

"Yeah," Barney said eagerly, "that's the line."

The Duke got out of the car. "And what if you just don't care whether it is so or not?" he asked Barney.

"Christmas!" Barney said, or something that sounded like it.

The Duke found Jake Levy pacing back and forth across the sitting room of their suite and bawling out an inoffensive waiter. When he saw the Duke in the doorway his worn fat face lighted up like the sun. He grabbed the Duke with both hands.

"Boy," he said—"boy, but you had me scared! Not a wink did I sleep last night—not a wink!"

"I'm sorry," the Duke said. "I'm awfully sorry."

Jake looked at him sharply. "You look all right," he said.

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GOOD

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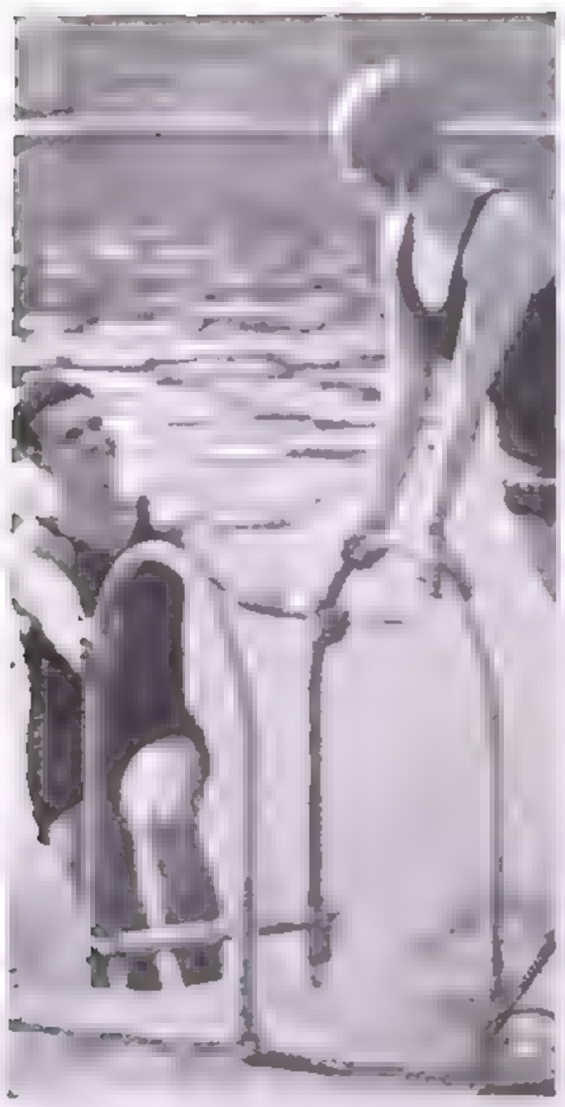

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Keep Unguentine in your club locker, too

(Continued from Page 55)

"I am all right," the Duke said. "I had a good night's sleep."

Jake's mood changed instantly. One moment he was a fond and tender father whose beloved son had been restored to him, the next he was an avenging giant.

"Where were you?" he roared. "What were you doing?"

The Duke's whole body stiffened against what he knew was coming. The words tumbled out of Jake's mouth so fast that half of them were lost. He shouted, he raved, he shook his fist, he wrung his hands. The Duke waited till he should wind himself by his own efforts.

Jake went on for ten minutes before he paused for breath.

"Now look here," the Duke said firmly, "I haven't done a thing that you could——"

But Jake had got his breath again and for another five minutes he talked so fast that the Duke couldn't see an opening.

"When you quiet down," the Duke said as Jake gasped for breath again, "I've got something to say to you."

That started Jake off again. The Duke sat down in a chair, stretched his legs in an effort to appear at ease and lit a cigarette. Mullin came in from an adjoining bedroom in his pajamas and stood rubbing the thin fringe of hair at the base of his bald pink head.

"Whe-e-e-w!" he said. "Can't you let a man sleep?"

"Sleep!" Jake cried. "You can talk about sleep at such a time! Sleep! I can't sleep! All night didn't I lay awake wondering where is this boy and getting not any answer! All night didn't I lay awake listening for him to come home—for that telephone to ring, for that Barney to come back here? And did anything happen? No! Nothing happened! Nothing happened all night long! I send Barney to look for him and he never comes back at all. And now he comes home and he says"—and Jake mimicked the Duke's speech with ludicrous effect—"I'm sorry—I'm awfully sorry! Does he tell me where he was or what he was doing or why? No! Nothing! He tells me nothing!"

"I'm going to tell you a few things just as soon as you give me a chance," the Duke said bitterly.

"Give you a chance!" Jake yelled. "I give you every chance! What more a chance do you want? Speak up if you got anything to say for yourself! Speak! Speak! Speak!"

The Duke gritted his teeth involuntarily. For the moment he was too angry to speak. Jake had no right to treat him as if he were a bad boy.

"Well," Mullin said amiably, "what were you doing?" Jake opened his mouth to speak. Mullin put his hand on Jake's shoulder. "Shut up a minute, Jake," he said.

The Duke took a long, long breath. "I took a little trip," he said, "up to the University of Minnewaska."

Jake's mouth dropped open, but he recovered himself quickly. "You took a little trip," he said, again mimicking the Duke's tones. "You took a little trip up to the University of Minnewaska. Hah! When we are getting the biggest fight you ever had that any lightweight ever had and maybe three hundred thousand—maybe four hundred thousand gate receipts—and I have got them all agreed to forty-seven and a half per cent and it is only a question of a little argument to get them to fifty per cent then, at such a time, you take a little trip!"

Jake lumbered toward the Duke and shook his fat fist in the Duke's face.

"And do you think I believe that? I, Jake Levy? No! Not on your life! I was not born yesterday. I know boys. I know boys like I know the back of my hand. Boys do not take little trips for nothing. Either they are drunk or there is a woman in it. You were not drunk. You do not drink, and besides, I could tell it on you this morning if you were drunk. You were out with some woman."

"I told you, Jake, that I took a little trip up to the University of Minnewaska," the Duke said. "And what's more——"

"Yes," Jake yelled, "that is what I want to know—what is the rest of it?"

"What's more," the Duke said, "I'm going back there."

"You are going back there!" Jake cried.

"Yes," the Duke said. "If there's any way of doing it I'm going to college."

Jake's fat body seemed to slump and his face to turn gray and for a moment he looked like a tottering old man.

"You are going to collidge!" he whispered.

"Yes," the Duke said, "I am."

Jake turned to Mullin. "He says he is going to collidge! Did you hear him? Did you hear that?" With one of his instantaneous reversals of mood, Jake's face changed. He turned to the Duke. "And what about me?" he roared. "Where do I come in? I am getting Honeyboy Kerrigan for you, and before the bell rings a hundred grand guaranteed—a hundred grand sure—a hundred grand paid—and maybe two hundred grand our share before we are through. And you—you"—and here Jake's voice changed to an incredibly ladylike mimicking of the Duke's speech—"you are going to collidge!" His voice rose to a shrill high note on the last word and he fluttered his hands mincingly. "He is lightweight champion of the world and he is going to collidge!"

The Duke got up and faced Jake, and when he spoke his voice was harsh:

"I'm not ducking this fight. You get me Honeyboy Kerrigan and I'll be there. What's more, I'll take him. But you've got nothing to say about the rest. Henceforth I am going to do what I want to do. I'm going to live where I please and spend my spare time the way I please. When the time comes I'll train, just as I always have. I'll make the weight, just as I always have. And I'll give the customers their money's worth, just as I always have. But for the rest, you've got nothing to say."

"Boy," Jake said, and there were tears in his voice, "you don't know what you are saying. You are not thinking. You are mad now. But when you cool off you will see. Why, the minute it gets out you have gone to collidge the fight will be off. Fitzmorris and Gratz will cancel the bout, contract or no contract. And they will be right. There would not be any gate. The fans would think you have gone dopy. They will not come to see Honeyboy Kerrigan fight a champ that has gone to collidge. They want to see hitters, they want to see blood."

Mullin spoke up. "It would be the poorest kind of ballyhoo, Duke," he said. "As you stand, you're the greatest drawing card there's ever been among lightweights. You're Benny Leonard and Joe Gans rolled into one. And this Honeyboy is good—really good. He's the toughest boy since Nelson. Lots of the wise ones think he can take you the way Nelson finally took Gans. The bout is a natural. If Fitzmorris and Gratz put it on outdoors on Decoration Day, it'll break all records for a lightweight gate. But not if you go to college."

"Who's going to know that I'm in college?" the Duke asked.

"Know it!" Jake yelled. "The newspapers will print it! I cannot keep them from printing that! How am I going to keep them from printing it?"

"Look here, Jake," the Duke said patiently, "I shan't go under my own name. I'll go incog. Nobody will know who I am. If it were New York it would be different. But in a college town nobody'll recognize me. It isn't as if I were all marked up. I'm not. I haven't got a mark on me. Who would know I was a fighter?"

"I would," Jake said. "I would know you for a fighter anywhere in the world—in five minutes—if I had never seen you before."

The Duke turned to Mullin. "Would you pick me for a fighter if you didn't know?"

"No," said Mullin candidly, "I wouldn't."

"You see, Jake?" the Duke said, and began to walk back and forth across the room.

"Look at him walk!" Jake cried. "Look at him walk and then say he is not a fighter! Why, he has got it written all over him!"

The Duke stopped short. "To you, maybe, but not to people who never saw a fighter. Anyhow I've made up my mind. If there is any way I can frame it to get into that college, I'm going to do it. If I can't get in I can live there."

"How are you going to train?" Jake asked.

"I'm going to take a house on the edge of the town," the Duke said. "You can get me a place to train twenty-five or thirty miles away—some little town. I'll do my road work early in the morning. In the afternoon Barney can drive me over to the camp and I'll put in two hours. Then he can drive me back. It will be simple."

"It will be absolutely crazy," Jake said.

The Duke knew that Jake was beaten. He turned happily to Mullin. "I count on you to get me into college. There must be some way of doing it with a couple of grand."

Mullin frowned thoughtfully. "I'll have to dope it out," he said. "But I can do it in New York."

"Then let's get back to New York as fast as we can. What are you going to do, Jake?"

"I am going to put it up to Fitzmorris and Gratz that it is fifty per cent or the fight is off. If they do not come through I will take the next train for New York and wait for them to send for me. They want the bout, all right. So it is just a question of letting them worry for a couple or maybe three weeks." He sighed heavily, and shook his big head. "This is what comes from letting you read books all the time," he said sadly. "Collidge! Collidge! The best lightweight that ever lived—ruined—ruined by books! Never again will I take on a boy if he can read and write—never!"

III

THE Benham drew up one afternoon, three weeks later, in front of a small white house in Green Street, Grandison.

"This must be the house," Barney said. "It's the only white house in this block and it's set way back from the street."

The Duke got out and told Barney to wait and started up the brick walk that led to the front door. He was wearing a coonskin coat. He had asked his tailor in New York to make him some college clothes and the tailor had held up his hands with a horror that reminded the Duke of Jake's attitude toward college.

"What if I made you college-boy suits and you wore them and people found out that I had done it—where would my reputation be then?" the tailor had asked. "You are one of my best customers, Mr. Wellington. I will do it for you if you insist. But please think twice about it. You wear my suits well. Could you wear them so well if I cut the jacket too short and a little on the tight sides, and the trousers a little on the wide sides, especially at the bottom? They would not hang as they should. They would be positively incorrect."

The Duke had let him off, but he had gone out and bought himself a coonskin coat and he had worn it frequently during the ten days he had been in Grandison. It gave him an agreeable feeling of being a college man, even if he did have to wait until the second semester opened before he could actually begin attending classes.

The Duke reached the front door and rang the bell. While he waited he had a moment in which to go over again the rôle he had chosen to play. Mullin had found a student in a college in New York who had entered as a junior from an obscure college in Oregon. The young man had agreed to lend his name, which was James Van Blarcom, and his college credits to the Duke and to take a trip to Europe at his unknown

(Continued on Page 62)

"WHEN BENNIE was in such poor health we naturally didn't feel much like taking week-end drives to Mount Rainier or any of the nearby beaches. But that is all changed now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast . . .

"It may sound exaggerated, but since we began giving him Yeast he has had his first natural elimination in three months. Now that he is rid of his chronic constipation he acts and looks like a different child—no longer listless and fretful. His appetite is better, too."

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Fleischmann's Yeast keeps you clean inside. Softens the wastes that clog your system. Strengthens the muscles of elimination . . . When constipation is gone you feel the difference at once. Appetite grows keener. Digestion improves. Skin blemishes fade away.

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Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals; plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink it in hot water—not scalding—a cake before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit.

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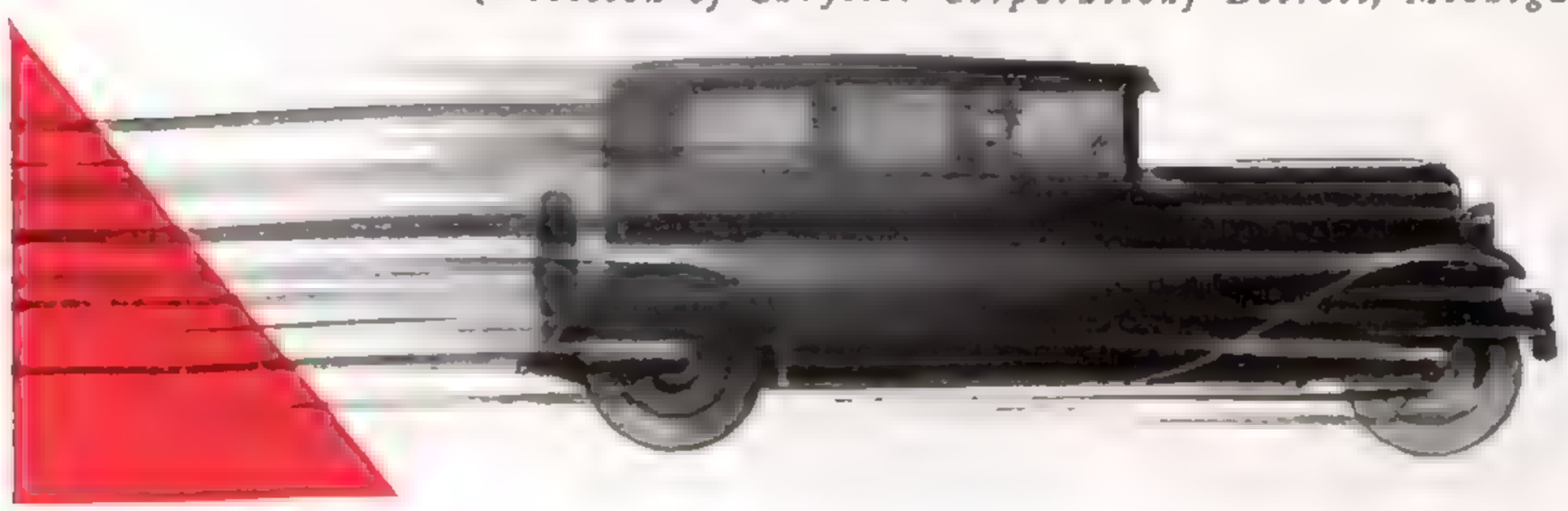

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client's expense. The Duke had then called on his friend, Alan Brooke, with the intention of selling a few bonds. Brooke had persuaded him that it was wiser, if he found himself in need of ready cash, to borrow money on the bonds. The Duke had told him about his plan, under pledge of secrecy, and Brooke had remembered that a girl he had once been crazy about had gone out to Grandison as the wife of a young professor of English. He had given the Duke a card and charged him to present it to Pauline Gardiner.

A tall, dark, handsome woman of perhaps thirty opened the door.

"I—I ——" the Duke began. This must be Pauline Gardiner.

"You're Mr. Van Blarcom," she said cordially, holding out her hand. "How do you do? I've been expecting you every day for ages. Come in and have some tea and tell me everything."

The Duke followed her into a pleasant book-lined living room and presently found himself sitting in front of a fire of cannel coal and being treated as if he were the most interesting man in the world. It took the Duke back fourteen years to the first and almost the only time he had ever been in a house like this. For a moment he was a boy again and wondering if his hair was combed and his neck washed and his shirt clean and the hole in the seat of his pants concealed. He had to look down at his immaculate trousers to reassure himself before he realized that this time he was perfectly groomed.

"Tell me all about yourself," Pauline Gardiner urged. "I've an insatiable curiosity." She handed him a cup of tea and regretted that he would have no cinnamon toast. The Duke regretted it also. She had spread thin strips of toast with a mixture of sugar and butter and cinnamon and heated them over an electric toaster until they looked so delicious that the Duke had to turn away his head.

"Well," the Duke said, balancing his cup on his knee, "I've taken a furnished house out on the edge of town and ——"

"Heavens!" Pauline Gardiner cried. "I know that. Everybody in town knows that you've taken Professor Kingsbury's house."

"I don't get you," the Duke said.

"Why," Pauline Gardiner laughed, "you don't suppose you could come into a town like this with a Benham car and a chauffeur and two Chinese servants and take a particularly lovely house and go around wearing the most marvelous clothes that were ever seen outside of Piccadilly and not have everybody talking about you! Why, I have heard from any number of people just how much rent you pay and how many suits of clothes you have, and that you are really a member of the British royal family studying America incog!"

"Good Lord!" the Duke said softly. "I never thought of that."

"It's plain you don't know much about small towns." She glanced at him inquiringly.

"I'm used to living in New York," the Duke said stiffly.

He was horrified at the picture Pauline Gardiner suggested. Was the Benham flashy? Had he been conspicuous? He could not bear the thought.

"Why," she continued, "we're all so curious about you that I've heard it argued at least six times in the last two days that a Benham costs more than the most expensive American car. Does it?" she asked impudently.

"It costs rather less, I believe," the Duke replied. "I—I see I have made a terrible mistake," he continued unhappily.

"Oh, no!" Pauline Gardiner cried. "We're all indebted to you really for giving us something to talk about. It isn't as if a college town were the most exciting place in the world. We're all just waiting to take you up. I've promised at least twenty women that I would give them a chance to meet you as soon as you had called. The moment your car drives away from my front door my telephone will start ringing. Everybody I know will be calling up to find out what you're like. I made them all promise not to interrupt this first call, but I can't hold them back after that." She smiled gayly at the Duke. She evidently enjoyed her rôle. But she was sympathetic enough to perceive that he was appalled at the prospect she held out. She leaned forward, marshaling her very considerable powers of feminine allure. "I shall tell them that you are a perfect dear," she assured him, her eyes sparkling.

The Duke put down his cup of tea. He had a strong impulse to get up and pace back and forth across the room. But he remembered that when he paced back and forth he revealed the fact that he was a fighter by profession. This woman knew so much. She might know that. He tried to sit still.

"You see," he said, frowning at the difficulty of making himself clear to Pauline Gardiner without telling her anything he did not want her to know, "I came here with the idea of entering the university and living very quietly. I didn't mean to attract a lot of attention."

"But," Pauline Gardiner cried, "it's the most favorable sort of attention. You don't mind attracting favorable attention, do you?"

"Well," the Duke said slowly, trying to frame his answer tactfully, "of course, it's awfully nice to be favorably regarded. But nobody wants to be—what I mean—conspicuous."

"My dear," she said gently, "don't take it to heart. You haven't been conspicuous in any offensive way. People are prepared to like you a lot and to be very nice to you, and that's all there is to it."

"I don't see how everybody came to know so much about me," the Duke said.

"Why, I'm afraid I'm partly responsible for that. Alan Brooke wrote me all about you more than two weeks ago, and of course I told people about you. And then when you came everybody besieged me with questions. And when day after day went by without your calling me up or coming to see me, I was worried for fear you never would. I was writing a note to you asking you to come when you called me up today."

"I can't imagine what Alan Brooke could have said," the Duke protested.

Pauline Gardiner rummaged in her desk. "Here," she said, "I'll read you his letter. He says:

"Dear Pauline: I've got a prize for you. He's very young and very shy and very correct, but he's there in his own special way. Don't think he's high-hatting you if he is a little quiet at first. For reasons of his own, some of which he has not confided to me, he's bound to see the Middle West, where men are college boys and women are coeds. He is leaving New York in a day or two with the intention of pushing on to Grandison and taking a few courses in your university. I have given him a card to you and made him promise to look you up as soon as he gets there. My advice to you is to grab him off and bring him up in the way he should go. I regret that I can't go into details in this brief note, but you, with your incorrigible curiosity, will extract the story of his life from him in due time."

She looked up happily from the letter. "The rest is just blarney for me. I almost married Alan before I realized that he was six years younger than I am."

She sat down opposite the Duke and made him a fresh cup of tea and again urged her enticing cinnamon toast on him, while he considered the consequences of Alan Brooke's good intentions.

"I shall certainly do my best to follow Alan's advice," Pauline Gardiner continued. "The first thing I want to do is to have a small dinner party for you. I'll have it this week if you don't mind. Have you a lot of engagements?"

"I have no engagements," the Duke admitted.

"This week Friday, then, at 7:30. And Sunday night I'll take you to the Wilsons'—'everybody goes to the Wilsons' on Sunday night."

"Who," the Duke asked, "is everybody?"

Pauline Gardiner laughed. "I'll have to explain the social situation. You see, this is a small town but a big university. There are any number of social cliques in the town and in the faculty. But there's only one that you'll want to join and that's ours, because we have the best time. So when I said everybody, I meant our crowd. It includes the Wilsons and several other families not directly connected with the university, and eight or ten young professors and their wives, if any, and a few students who have sense enough to play with their elders."

"I see," the Duke said, because he felt he had to say something, and he did not quite dare ask Pauline Gardiner the only thing he wanted to know about her clique.

"Of course," she went on, "if you want to join a fraternity you can. But I'm sure you'll like us better. The fraternities and sororities have almost a monopoly of student social affairs, so that you can hardly go anywhere if you're a barb—unless you string with us. I vote for us. We will see that you meet anybody you want to know."

The Duke followed her perfectly, although this was the first time he had ever encountered social intrigue in the making, and he was startled at the idea of planning a social career. He saw that it wasn't so different, fundamentally, from the way in which Jake Levy and his confreres planned the ballyhoo of a fight. He had to consider everything Pauline Gardiner proposed in two lights. One was how it would affect his wish to keep his identity a secret, as he had promised Jake he would; and the other was how it would affect his wish to meet the girl he had followed and to see as much as possible of her. He decided instantly that he would have to take what chance there was of being exposed a prize fighter. But he would not take a chance on the other thing.

"You're awfully kind," he said to Pauline Gardiner.

"I'm perfectly selfish," she replied. "I'm so bored with being a faculty wife and seeing the same people all the time. You're the promise of an interesting semester. And if there's anything I can do for you, you have only to ask."

"You're awfully good," the Duke said. He drew a long breath. "Do—do you happen to know a Miss Susan Corbin?"

"Do I know her!" Pauline Gardiner cried. "I know her intimately." She shot a quick glance at the Duke. He could almost see her thinking to herself, "So that's the way it is!" But she did not say it. She said, "Do you know her?"

The Duke shook his head. "I don't know her at all. I've merely heard about her."

"Oh!" Pauline Gardiner said. "I was sure she would have told me if she did know you. I'm asking her to my dinner party Friday night."

For a fraction of a second the Duke felt the way he felt in the ring when somebody caught him with a good stiff right over the heart. His breath came hard.

"Susie is one of the crowd that always goes to the Wilsons'," Pauline Gardiner added, "one of our crowd."

The Duke saw that luck had found him at last. Today was Tuesday. He would meet the girl Friday night—three days. He was so excited at the happy turn his life had taken that he wanted to go off by himself and think it over. He wanted to go home.

Pauline Gardiner guessed his intention. "You mustn't go until you've met Jack—my husband," she said. "I'll run and tell him he must come down. He's correcting themes, poor lamb!"

The Duke heard her running upstairs. He looked around the room. It was the sort of living room he had dreamed of having every time he slept in a new hotel. It was comfortable and it was charming. He loved the way the flames of the cannel coal picked up high lights on the mahogany front of Pauline Gardiner's desk, on the copper teakettle, on the serried rows of books.

The room had a quality that the more elegant and elaborate living room in Professor Kingsbury's house lacked. The fire helped. Hereafter he would have a coal fire going all afternoon and all evening. But this room of Pauline Gardiner's had more than an open fire. The Duke decided that, best of all, it had the air of being lived in; perhaps, more than that, the air of being lived in by a woman.

Professor Gardiner came downstairs promptly. The Duke was shocked at how old he looked. He must be in his late thirties. His hair was quite gray. But he had a fine smile and humorous eyes. Before he realized what was happening the Duke had sat down again and was listening eagerly to Professor Gardiner's suggestions about courses:

"If there's something you want especially to study, like biology or chemistry, you'll have to take what you can get. But mostly it's a question of who offers the course. I've forgotten whether we have six hundred or nine hundred instructors and professors. It doesn't matter, because only three or four of them are good for anything more than conducting elementary drills in facts. Max Foster is a real person. He gives a course that he calls civilization, or the history of civilization, or some large, loose title like that. You oughtn't to miss him. The course runs throughout the year, but I'll speak to Max and I'm sure he'll let you enter it in the second semester."

The Duke liked the man and trusted him. "Is there any course of yours I could get into?" he asked.

"My best course," Professor Gardiner told him, "is one that's labeled advanced composition. I'm very lenient about details like spelling and punctuation and even grammar. What I try to get them to do is to write something—anything—they really care about saying. Young people shrink from that. If you want to try it I'll be delighted."

"I do want to try it," the Duke said warmly.

He left the Gardiners' house feeling that he had found friends among the sort of people he had always wanted to know—and that it was only three days before he would sit down to dinner with Susan Corbin.

"I see," Barney said as the car straightened out and gathered speed—"I see we've got a good breeze abaft the beam and all sail drawing."

The Duke laughed happily. "Yes, Barney," he admitted, "we're on the crest of the wave."

IV

THE Duke decided, after much debate with himself, to wear a dinner coat instead of tails. He felt that a tail coat was the correct thing, but he doubted if anybody else would wear one, and he wanted to be like the others even more than he wanted to be correct.

On the way to Pauline Gardiner's house for this, his first dinner party, he told himself over and over again to forget he was a prize fighter known familiarly to the sporting world as Duke Wellington and to remember that in the eyes of Pauline Gardiner and her friends he was a particularly eligible young man named Jimmy Van Blarcom. He told himself repeatedly to forget that he didn't belong among these people with whom he was about to dine and had no right to deceive them into thinking he did. He told himself to assume that he belonged, as they would assume that he belonged.

He had taken it for granted the afternoon he had followed Susan Corbin to the railway station, and all the way to Grandison, that he was permanently barred from meeting her on terms of equality. He had managed to jump the barrier between them. Now he had passed it so quickly and easily he must forget that it had ever been. He must not permit any part of his old feeling of being on the outside of all that was respectable and charming and gracious in life to interfere with his taking full advantage of

(Continued on Page 66)

CROWDED DAYS The jangle of telephones, a sea of papers on your desk, a stampede of interruptions—and the day is over before you've accomplished all you intended to. Night after night you go home really tired—with nerves perhaps a bit on edge. Then your Gillette Blade has a double job to do in the morning—but it *must* give you the same easy comfort that you get on more leisurely days.

RESTLESS NIGHTS Three A. M. tours of the house with a wakeful child never soothed anyone's tired nerves. A few short hours of sleep when you want about ten of them—and the alarm brings you face to face with your razor. Then—comfort! The smooth, steady, unchanging comfort that's a family characteristic of all Gillette Blades!

HECTIC MORNINGS A trifle unsteady—even the brightest dawn looks gray. But in your razor is a fresh, even-tempered Gillette Blade. It's the one *constant* thing about your daily shave. You can always count on its smooth, sure comfort, no matter how ruffled your nerves.

Jumpy nerves

can't take the smooth, sure shave out of the Gillette Blade

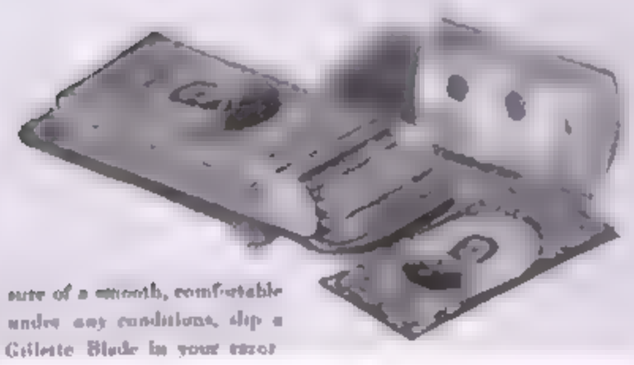
WORRY—a sleepless night behind you and a stiff day ahead—have you ever noticed how your skin tightens on such mornings—how different and more difficult even a simple thing like shaving seems to be?

Relax. Lather well and give the soap and water time to soften your beard before you start to shave. One thing you can always count on: your Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—will be right up to its smooth, even job, no matter how jumpy your nerves may be on any particular morning.

Gillette makes this promise to every one of the 28,000,000 Gillette users in America. To keep it we have spent, during the last ten years, millions of dollars for blade improvements alone—500 patents, embodied in machine processes that are accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch and timed to one one-thousandth of a second; a factory system that makes four out of every nine workers inspectors and nothing else, and pays a bonus for detecting every single blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

All this, so that *every* Gillette Blade may play its smooth, even-tempered part in your daily shave, every morning.

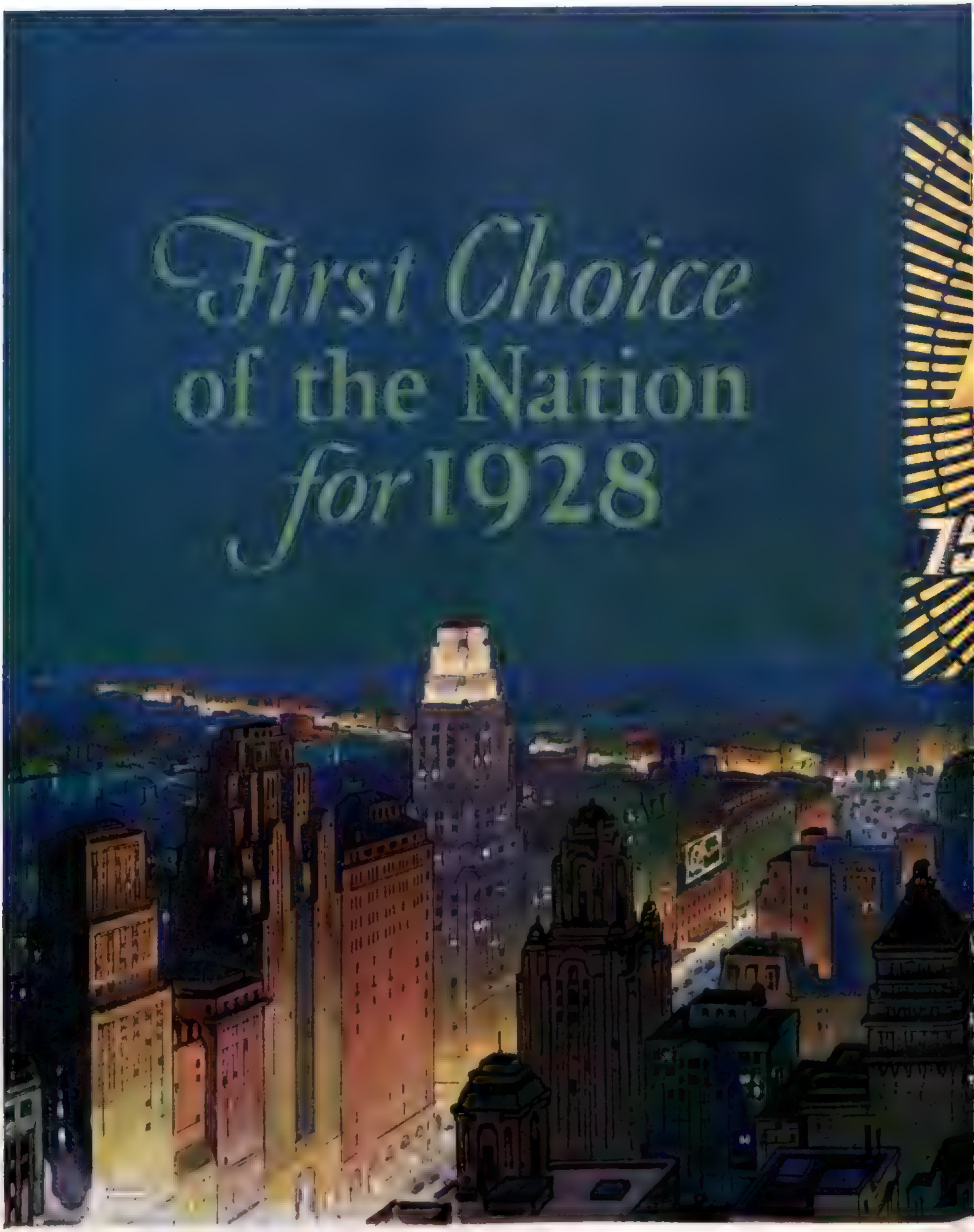
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor

Gillette

The Gillette—Tip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A man you never see helps you set your table

EARLY this morning he calls on your meat dealer. The chops, roast or other meat you expect to have on your table depends upon such visits. For it is he who finds out your dealer's orders —*your orders*—and forwards them to the great Morris & Company branch house he represents, where they are filled and promptly delivered.

This is the daily work of hundreds of service-salesmen of Morris & Company all over the country. A most important service because it bridges the gaps between your demand and the never-failing meat supply of Morris & Company.

A man you never see helps you set your table. Not only with the finest fresh meat the market affords but with a wealth of delicious products bearing the famous Morris "SUPREME" label.

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SUPREME EGGS
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AND
"WHITELEAF" LARD

MORRIS & COMPANY, CHICAGO

BRANCH OF THE NORTH AMERICAN PROVISION COMPANY

MORRIS Supreme FOODS

(Continued from Page 62)

the fact that he was actually now on the inside. He wanted this girl. The only possible course was to go out and take her as, he suspected, women always wanted to be taken—by a man with no doubts.

Pauline Gardiner's living room was full of people when he got there, but he saw instantly that Susan Corbin hadn't arrived, and that made it easier to face the ordeal of being introduced. Mrs. Gardiner had managed to get everybody except himself and Susan Corbin there early. They greeted the Duke with a cordiality that he had met only once before. The night he had won the championship from Harlem Tommy Martin, strangers had crowded round him as he climbed wearily from the ring, eager to shake his hand and pat his back. Laughing and cheering, they had hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him to his dressing room, and when Barney had cut his sodden gloves off his wrists they had fought for the privilege of carrying away pieces of the bloody leather as souvenirs.

These people were hardly so excited as a fight crowd that has just seen a new champion come through, but they were so friendly that the Duke did not have to make conversation. He had only to smile and nod while they did all the talking. The party had grown positively hilarious when Susan Corbin arrived, half an hour late.

The Duke took one look at her across the room and felt that terrific tension he always felt in the ring when the referee had told them both that they must break clean at the word, and to make it hard, and sent them to their corners to wait for the bell that was the signal to come out fighting. Pauline Gardiner turned to him and led him forward to meet Susan Corbin.

She was wearing a black velvet dinner dress, with no decoration whatever except a single gleaming bauble, a jewel of some sort, that hung from a thin chain round her neck. The Duke had remembered her as a pretty girl. But as he looked into her eyes now he saw that she was beautiful. She was more than beautiful—she was lovely. And nothing could or would have satisfied the Duke except to pick her up in his arms and run away with her, as he bowed and murmured the formal phrases that the experience of the race has provided for these occasions and that he had got from books.

She acknowledged the introduction with a casual little smile and nod, and then her eyes lighted with something stronger than mischief, and she said, in her singularly agreeable, low-pitched, unstrained voice:

"I'm so thrilled, Mr. Van Blarcom, to see what you actually look like. After all I've heard about you, I was afraid you were something in the movies. But you aren't, are you?"

The Duke was relieved that everybody laughed, as if this was quite what they expected from Susan Corbin. The others had not seen the sudden gleam of hostility in her eyes as she spoke, and so they did not know what he knew—that in the moment of their meeting she had declared war.

He was so taken aback that he stood staring at her as she explained to Pauline Gardiner why she was unavoidably late. The dean of women had called her in at five o'clock and insisted on talking to her for two hours, in an endeavor to learn whether it was true that girls in college smoked cigarettes and permitted young men to kiss them.

"Good Lord," said Widdecomb, the young professor of sociology, "doesn't she know?"

"No," Susan Corbin answered. "Miss Atwater doesn't know. She's incredibly naive. She's been here only a year, but she was a dean of women out West somewhere for ten years. She's had charge of two or three thousand girls for years and years, and been their official adviser, and she doesn't know the first thing about how they feel or think or act. She only knows the few who are like herself—the constitutional old maids. She's always taken it for granted that we were all like her, except for an occasional bad egg who had to be bred. But she's read so much in the newspapers about the younger generation and its awful ways, and answered so many questionnaires from social workers and moralists and meddlers who wanted to know just how bad we all were, that she's beginning to think perhaps we are a little wicked, after all."

Miss Corbin hesitated. "I feel mean about exposing her to all you ribald people."

"Go on, Susie!" everybody cried in chorus.

"I'm going to," she said, "even if it is mean. Because I think it's absurd that a woman who's so utterly ignorant and so utterly inexperienced should have such a job. You see," she continued, "Miss Atwater has two quite different attitudes. As a dean she wants to believe that all's right with the world and we're all just as good as we can be. But as a woman she wants to hear just the opposite. She's a woman who has never had any fun and she's just about given up hope of ever having any herself. She's driven to get what thrills she can out of other people's fun. She wasn't trying to get anything on me or anybody else. If she had been, I'd have looked her in the eye and lied to her the way you sometimes have to lie to professors and parents when they try to find out things that are none of their business. But she appealed to me as one woman to another. She asked me point blank if I'd ever been kissed."

Everybody laughed except the Duke.

Miss Corbin now dramatized her interview with the dean of women, taking both parts in the dialogue and imitating the older woman's panting curiosity with devastating effect.

"I said 'Yes, Miss Atwater, I have.' And she said 'Did you like it?' I said 'I most certainly did.' And then she said 'Are you engaged to him?' I said 'Which one?' She said 'I mean the man who kissed you.' I said 'Miss Atwater, several men have kissed me.' She leaned forward with a kind of sigh and said 'How many?' I told her I couldn't remember. She said she wished I'd try to remember. So I began to count on my fingers, but I hadn't counted more than five or six when she interrupted me. She said 'You must have let them kiss you when you didn't know whether you were in love with them or not.' I said 'Miss Atwater, how could I possibly know whether I was in love with them before they kissed me?'"

Everybody laughed again, except the Duke. Widdecomb leaned forward eagerly. "What did she say to that?" he asked.

"She couldn't speak for half a minute, and then she said 'Why—why—I never thought of that.'"

"Go on, Susie," Pauline Gardiner said as the laughter subsided, "tell us the rest."

"No," Miss Corbin said, "I've told you enough. She asked me hundreds of questions and she was so anxious to learn that I couldn't bear to kid her, really. But I'll tell you this: When she asked me about drinking I told her my rule was to take two cocktails before dinner—when I got the chance."

Pauline Gardiner suddenly remembered that dinner was served and the Duke found himself seated between his hostess and Miss Corbin and nursing an unaccountable feeling of anger.

Miss Corbin turned to him. "Are you really as annoyed with us as you look?" she asked.

The Duke looked straight into her eyes. "Is it true that a dozen men have kissed you?" he asked.

Miss Corbin raised her eyebrows and gave him a fraction of a second in which to realize the enormity of his question. "You're as bad as the dean of women," she said, and turned to the man on her right.

The Duke found himself unable to take much part in the general conversation. He couldn't think about anything except the lovely and dangerous creature at his elbow who had just snubbed him. Besides, he felt the disadvantage of not understanding the family jokes that went back and forth across the table. But his professional success had a good deal depended on his ability to guess what the other chap was thinking and feeling. He soon became aware of many undertones and overtones in the chatter of this gay group. He saw that the somewhat solid and statistical Mr. Wilson was welcomed because his wife was a peculiarly warm-hearted and hospitable woman. He felt that Professor Widdecomb, the sociologist, was crazy about Pauline Gardiner, but that Mrs. Gardiner was rather bored with him. He noticed that Helen Scott, who was apparently a sorority sister to Susan Corbin, hung on every word that Professor Gardiner said, like a woman in love. And Miss Corbin herself seemed to be fascinated by the young instructor with the Harvard manner on her right. They talked on and on, in tones so low that no one else could hear what they were saying, with much subdued laughter, so that the Duke felt certain the man was no better than he should be.

He was astonished and incredulous and angry. He had always thought of a college community as the last word in respectability, a place where serious people took the serious concerns of life seriously. He was beginning to realize his mistake. What sort of world was it in which the loveliest of girls calmly admitted that a dozen men had kissed her? It made him furious to imagine anybody's kissing her.

He sat beside her, so close that he had to be careful not to touch her, and seethed with rage. She was infinitely desirable to him. He wanted to do something desperate. He wanted to punish her and he wanted to rescue her from this atmosphere of flirtation and intrigue before it was too late, and he could not even talk to her. He would have liked to assuage his anger by eating heartily of Pauline Gardiner's excellent dinner. But he was already eleven pounds over the lightweight limit. He did not dare eat. He had to refuse the jelly that was served with the roast, and the enticing little new potatoes and the artichoke with hollandaise sauce. He accepted a large mold of some dessert that had been frozen and covered with whipped cream, but he refrained from touching it.

Miss Corbin suddenly ceased to whisper to her dinner partner and turned to the Duke. "You really ought to eat your dessert," she said. "It's marvelous."

He shook his head. "I don't eat sweets," he said.

Miss Corbin raised her beautiful eyebrows. "What dieting?" she asked, and somehow made it seem disreputable to be on a diet.

"Yes," the Duke said haughtily.

"You know," she said—and the Duke had the unhappy feeling that though her voice was low, it had so much more carrying power than higher and louder voices that everybody at the table could hear what she was saying—"I have been trying to remember where I have seen you before, Mr. Van Blarcom. Aren't you the man who followed me from the Drake Hotel to the North Western Station and clear up here to Grandison?"

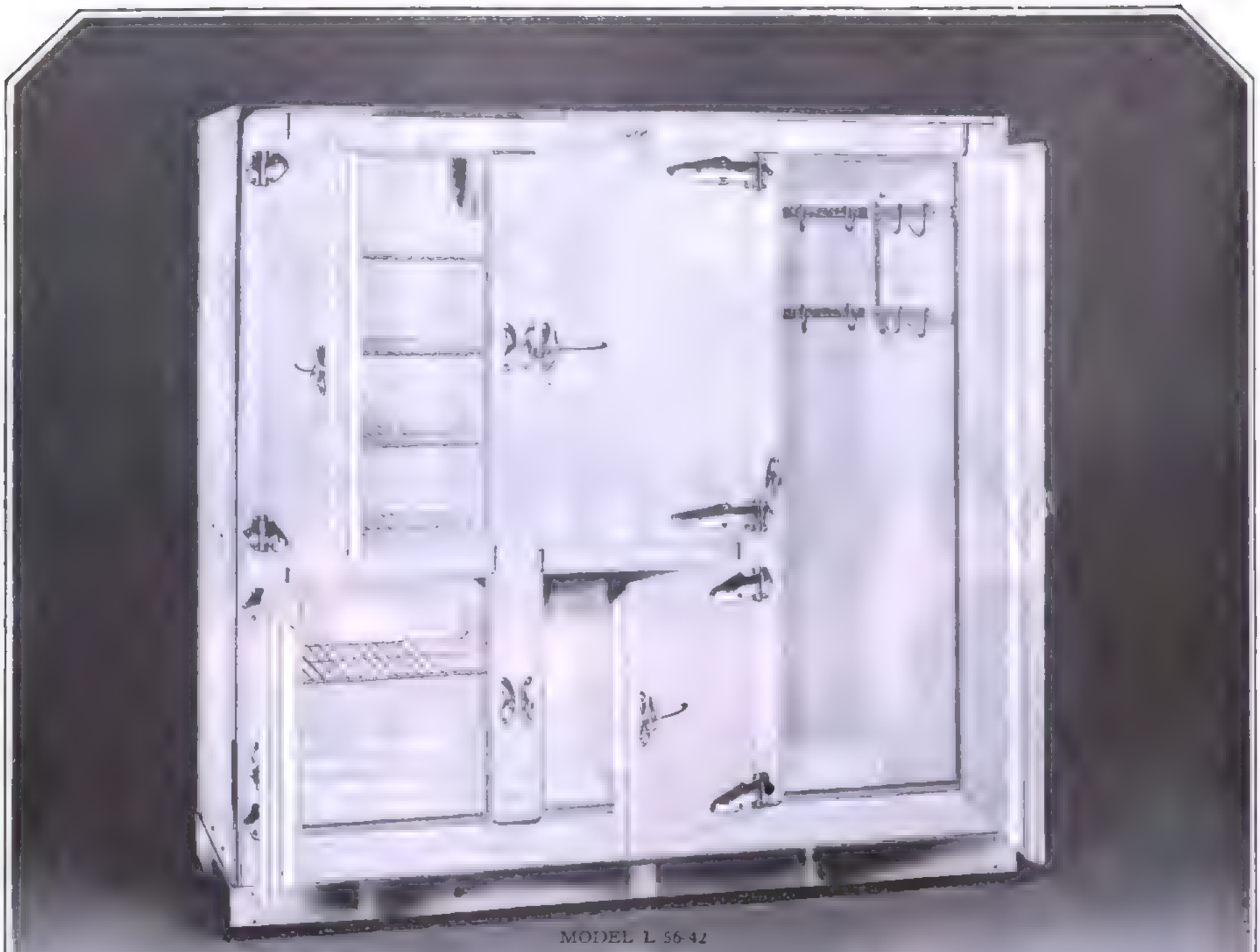
The Duke felt that everybody at the table was looking at him with a mean eye and that he was getting redder and redder.

"You mustn't mind Susie's impudence," Pauline Gardiner said. "She only does it to annoy."

"But you are the man, aren't you, Mr Van Blarcom?" Miss Corbin asked, her eyes looking innocently into his.

"Yes," the Duke said, "I am." And then it occurred to him that this was one of those occasions when the truth could be used as a weapon. With an effort of will he swallowed his impulse to wring her neck and resorted to words. "I'm awfully sorry if I annoyed you," he said earnestly but in a tone that he was sure everybody at the table could hear. "I couldn't help it. I saw you in the lobby of the Drake and I might just as well have been struck by lightning. I thought you were the loveliest creature I had ever seen in my life. I heard you say something to your escort and I thought your voice was the most charming

(Continued on Page 70)



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Pipe Smoker Finds Pep-Producer and Solace All in One

This tobacco gives him added vigor in his daily work, then soothes him when the day is done

When a man has a good pipe and the right tobacco, he has a true and helpful friend. Never was there a more convincing illustration of this fact than the following letter from Mr. Arbogast. Here is a gentleman whose work makes a constant drain upon his nervous energy, and all day long his faithful pipe and favorite tobacco help him produce pep.

Then, at the day's end, the soothing fragrance of his favorite pipe-smoke wipes all cares away. Here's what he says:

Cincinnati, Ohio
June 1, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

My good old pipe has just reminded me of a dozen promises to write a bit of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc.

When we set up against a shortage of [illegible] Wells, [illegible] and [illegible] to harmonize the workers in effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before—well, you need a Pep-Producer—that's all

And when the day's work is done, along toward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all

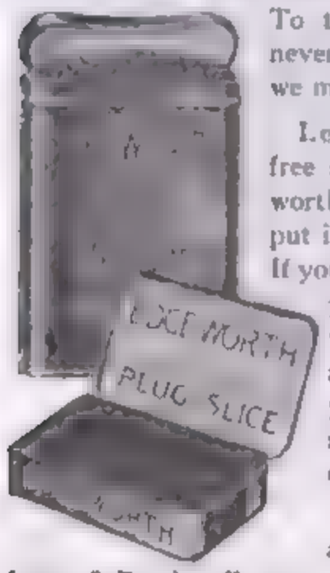
I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did

Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,
William H. Arbogast.

Let a man find the right tobacco, and his pipe sure does become a true and faithful friend—a constant companion through his sorrows and his joys. It is ready to encourage him during the day's excitement, there to soothe him in the quiet evening hours when a pipe, a book, and an easy chair make the world a pleasant place to live.

As a pipe "affinity" (which Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) Edgeworth has brought many a man and pipe together for a grand and glorious lifetime friendship.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 384.4 meters. Frequency 1130 kilocycles

(Continued from Page 66)

voice I had ever heard. I followed you into the grill and I saw you dance and I thought your dancing was ravishing. I couldn't let you out of my sight. I felt that where you went I would go and" he paused and smiled at her—"here I am."

Miss Corbin was plainly taken aback. He had spoken so boldly and with so much feeling that she was affected in spite of herself. She actually blushed and hesitated before she told him she was afraid he was an awfully fast worker.

Pauline Gardiner seized the moment to rise, and they all went into the living room for coffee. During the rest of the evening the Duke found himself cornered so that he had no chance to say another word to Miss Corbin except good night.

He waited impatiently after that until the other guests had gone, until Professor Gardiner had excused himself to finish a batch of themes and he was alone with Pauline Gardiner.

"I want to talk," he said abruptly.

"I wish you would," she said, pleased.

She seated herself comfortably in the sofa beside the fire. The Duke paced back and forth regardless of whether his walk betrayed his profession.

"Do you know why that girl has it in for me?" he asked.

"No," Pauline Gardiner said. "What makes you think she has it in for you?"

"I felt it in the first moment, and it was clear enough after that. You heard her calmly exposing me as the man who'd followed her."

"Yes," Pauline Gardiner said, "I heard her. I thought you were rather clever in the way you handled it, too—pulling that line of yours about falling for her as if struck by lightning and you couldn't help following her."

"It wasn't a line—it was the truth."

"Then it was very, very clever of you."

"I didn't get far with it. I didn't get a chance to speak to her again and I haven't the least idea how to see her again."

"You'll probably see her at the Wilsons' Sunday night."

"I mean see her alone," the Duke said bitterly.

"Oh!" Pauline Gardiner said, laughing.

"Listen," the Duke demanded, "this isn't anything to laugh at. I'm serious. I'm crazy about that girl. And I don't know my way around this place. I want information"

"Sit down," Pauline Gardiner said, "and have a cigarette and calm yourself. I'm going to tell you everything I know. I'm frightfully disappointed, of course, but I'll be a good sport."

"What are you disappointed about?" the Duke asked, unable to imagine that anybody in the world was seriously disappointed except himself.

"Sit down," Pauline Gardiner commanded. "Stop walking back and forth like a tiger in a cage. You make me nervous."

The Duke remembered that he walked like a prize fighter and sat down hastily and lit a cigarette. Pauline Gardiner continued to lie back in the sofa, looking up at the ceiling reflectively.

"Well," he asked, "what are you sore about?"

"My, what a temper we're in!" Pauline Gardiner said, as if the Duke were a small boy and she were his mother, or at least a privileged aunt. "I've always wondered why it is that when men fall in love they get angry. What strange animals men are! The first thing they do is to pick a quarrel with the girl; and then they quarrel with everybody else, even ladies who give dinner parties for them and like them very much and want to help them."

"I'm sorry," the Duke said. "I apologize. You have been very kind. And if you hadn't given this dinner I don't know how I'd ever have got as far as to meet her."

"You're forgiven," Pauline Gardiner said, smiling at him. "I understand. I'm not dumb."

"You're very acute," the Duke said.

"Yes," Pauline Gardiner admitted, "I am, rather. I have the acuteness of a slightly dissatisfied, restless wife who is too weak or too lazy or too cowardly to do anything about it, and is always hoping that something very romantic will come her way and trying to get what excitement she can out of other people's love affairs instead of having one of her own. Of course, when you came along I thought that here, at last, was my boy friend. So I felt very old and sad and out of it when you spent the evening gazing at Susie Corbin's profile."

"But you're married."

"Are you really as naïve as you sound?" Pauline Gardiner asked softly. The Duke scowled. "I'm afraid you are. I'm afraid you're really awfully young too. I thought at first you were a good deal more mature than most college boys."

"I am," the Duke said.

"You had better be. If you aren't, Susie Corbin is going to have a lovely time making you miserable."

The Duke was startled. "Do you honestly think she'd enjoy making anybody miserable?" he asked.

Pauline laughed. "I do," she said. She stole a glance at him. "Of course," she continued hastily, "I think she's a perfect peach. She's not only the most attractive girl in college but she's got more stuff than any of the others. She's amazing. But I think also that she's discovered she's got S. A. and she's enjoying the sense of power it gives her. That's natural enough. She isn't twenty-one and several men are mad about her."

"Has anybody—I mean—does she prefer ——" the Duke began.

"You mean has anybody made her," Pauline Gardiner said. "So far, Tommy Wells and Boss Walker have got farther than anybody else. Tommy is not only one of the most popular men in college but he's got something too. He is very amusing and entertaining and he'll be somebody when he gets out of college. Susie is going to the prom with him. Boss Walker is the best quarterback Minnewaska ever had. He was captain of the team last fall. He'll go into his father's business as soon as he graduates—in June. He's pretty hard-boiled, but he's dead in love with Susie and he'll be in a position to marry, which most boys just out of college aren't. And then there's Cabot Lawrence—that young professor of history you met tonight—the one on Susie's right. He comes of a swank Boston family and he's sophisticated."

"I thought he wasn't any better than he should be."

"You would think that. . . . But anyway, you get the picture, don't you? What I'm trying to get across to you is that you've come in here and fallen for a girl who has everything—the one girl you haven't a good chance to make."

The Duke sat glowering into the fire. "What," he asked finally, "is S. A.?"

Pauline Gardiner sat up. "Are you kidding me?"

"No," the Duke assured her. "I don't get it."

"S. A. stands for sex appeal in all the dictionaries I ever read," she replied. "Susie Corbin has it."

"I don't like that way of putting it," the Duke said. "It offends me."

"If you really want the girl—if you're really serious—you might as well begin by facing the facts."

"All right," the Duke said. "Tell me what I may and may not do. What is the correct thing—I mean, how do I see her alone?"

"You call her up at the Gamma Delt house and ask for a blind date."

"What's a blind date?"

"Some day when you're feeling confidential, Mr. Van Blarcom," Pauline Gardiner said, "I hope you'll sit down and tell me all about yourself and where you've spent the last twenty years. I begin to think you are the Duke of Something-or-Other, trying to give us the once-over and struggling with our strange language." The Duke maintained a masterful silence. "A blind date," Pauline Gardiner explained, "is a blind date. It's a date for whatever turns up in the meantime."

"I see," the Duke said. "Now explain the rest of it in words of one syllable. What can I do with the date when I get it? If this were New York I'd know what to do. We could have dinner at the Plaza and go to the theater and make the only nice quiet night club in town. And here there's no night club and no theater."

"About three times a year a second company with a New York show stops by on its way from Chicago to St. Louis or Minneapolis. You had better keep your eye out for that. Otherwise you're quite right. But even if there were a night club, you'd have to leave it at a quarter to eleven because the S. G. A. rule is that a coed must be at home by eleven, unless it's a dance for which special permission has been given."

She paused thoughtfully.

"I have known the S. G. A. rules to be violated without exciting Miss Atwater's attention. I've seen Susie at the Wilsons' after midnight often enough. What you had better do is take her out in that grand car of yours. If the roads aren't too bad you can drive to Danville and get a decent dinner at the hotel there. You can dance too. The S. G. A. rule is that a girl who goes out in a car with a man must be in by eight o'clock or else have a chaperon with her. You can take your choice." She smiled to herself. "If you insist," she finished, "I'll go along as chaperon and then you can stay out till eleven o'clock."

The Duke grinned at this gibe. "I don't insist, Mrs. Gardiner," he said. He rose to go. "You've done so much for me already that I can't bear to ask you to be my chaperon."

Pauline Gardiner rose and held out her hand. "You can do one thing for me," she said, smiling at him.

The Duke bowed over her hand. "You have only to tell me what it is," he assured her.

"Call me Pauline," she said.

The Duke smiled back at her, realizing how friendly she was. It was as if she had said, "Anyhow, I'm for you."

"Pauline," he said, "are you subject to these what-do-you-call-it rules?"

"The Self-Government Association? Not in the least."

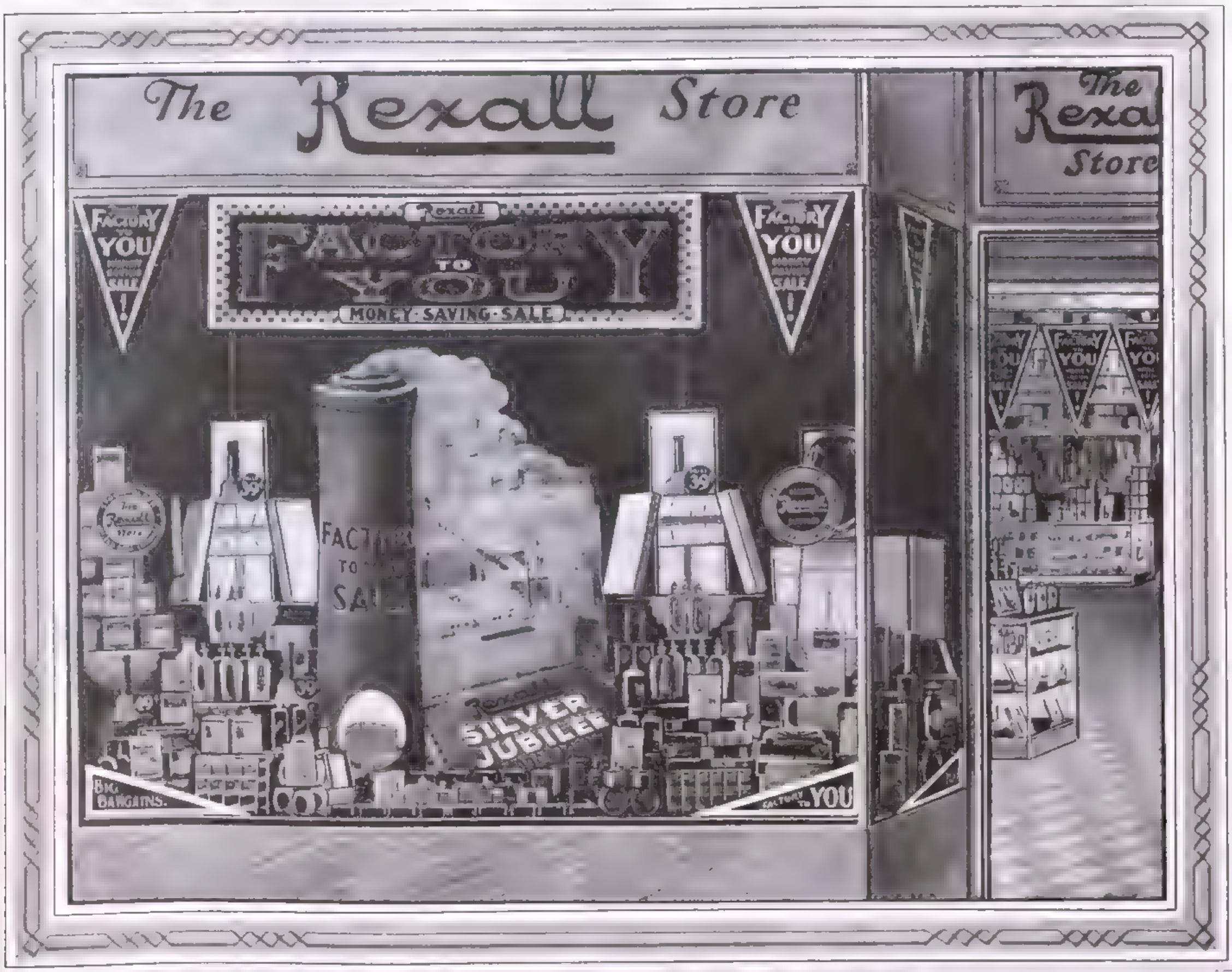
"Then will you go driving with me some afternoon soon and show me the way to this place where you can get a decent dinner?"

"Of course I will, Jimmy," she said.

The Duke was thoughtful, driving home with Barney. He wondered why Susan Corbin had taken so sudden a dislike to him. He hadn't made it any better by asking her if it was true that a dozen men had kissed her. He had asked the question naïvely, because the idea outraged him. He wanted her to deny it. But of course it hadn't sounded that way. It had sounded as if he were being clever at her expense, and not good-naturedly clever, either.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOOK FOR THIS WINDOW IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD



SAVE MONEY ON SMASHING BARGAINS AT ANNUAL

Factory to You Sale

ONCE every year, you are given this special opportunity to save more money at your Rexall Drug Store. This great Factory-to-You Sale means exactly what it says. Throughout the month of August, you can buy scores of famous advertised products which come direct from our Rexall factories.

Requisites for beauty, comfort, hygiene. Needs for the sick-room, medicine chest, bath. Articles for a hundred uses around the home. All new, fresh goods. All sold from regular stock. All of the finest quality that the United Drug Company, the world's largest maker of drug store commodities, can produce. All at prices cut so low that you will be dollars ahead by laying in a supply.

From the many bargains, note these few:

25¢ *Klenzo Dental Creme*	19¢
50¢ *Lord Baltimore Writing Portfolio*	39¢
50¢ *Jonteel Complexion Creams*	39¢
Cara Nome Perfume free with Cara Nome Face Powder	$2
Large Klenzo Shaving Cream and Gentlemen's Talcum, both for	39¢

Your Rexall Druggist *always* gives you the best in Drug Store merchandise at *lower* prices. Now he offers standard goods at the *lowest possible* prices. Look for the window pictured above. Don't miss this Factory-to-You Sale—the whole month of August.

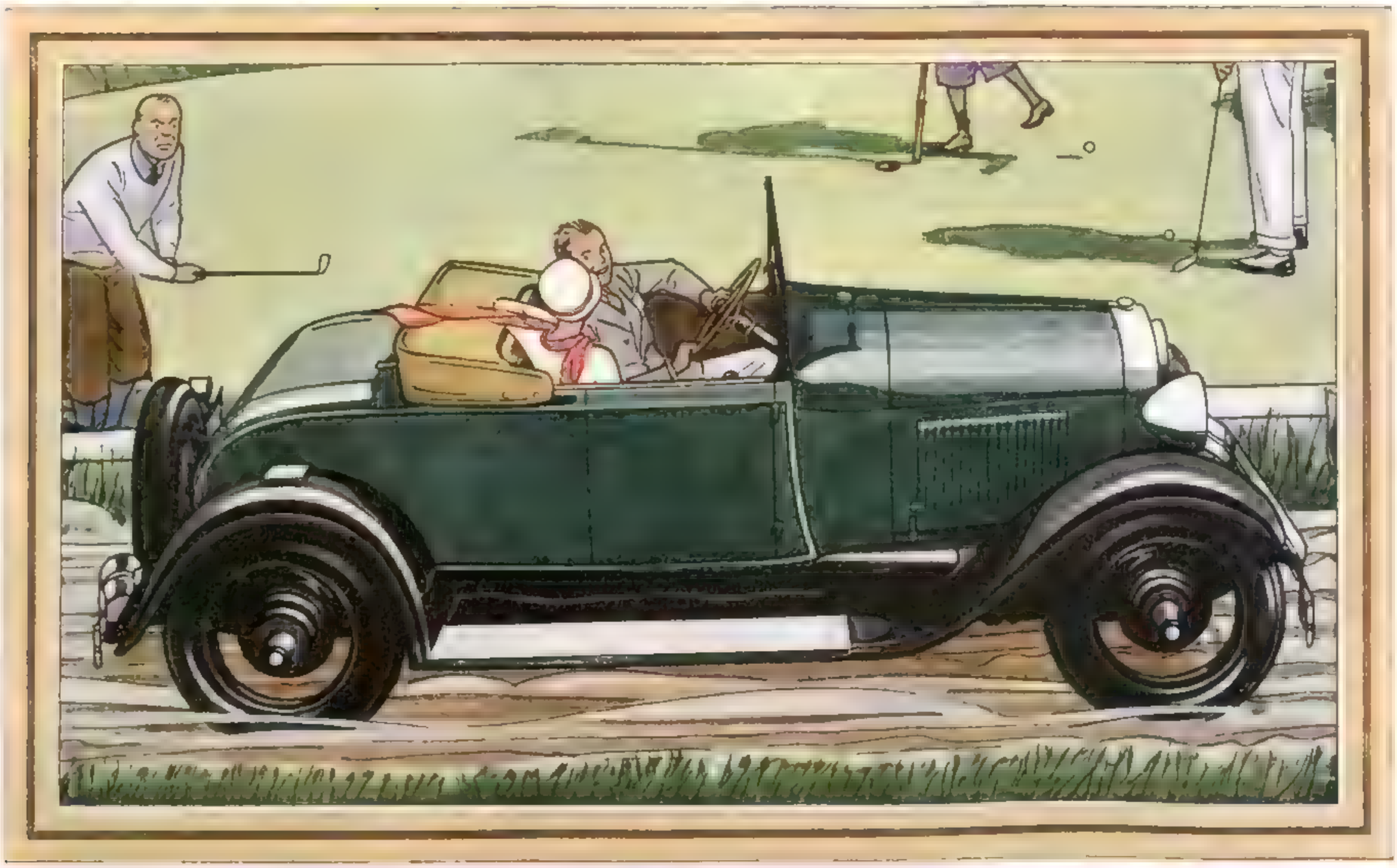
Save with Safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

Liggetts are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign.

QUARTER-CENTURY SILVER Rexall JUBILEE 1903-1928



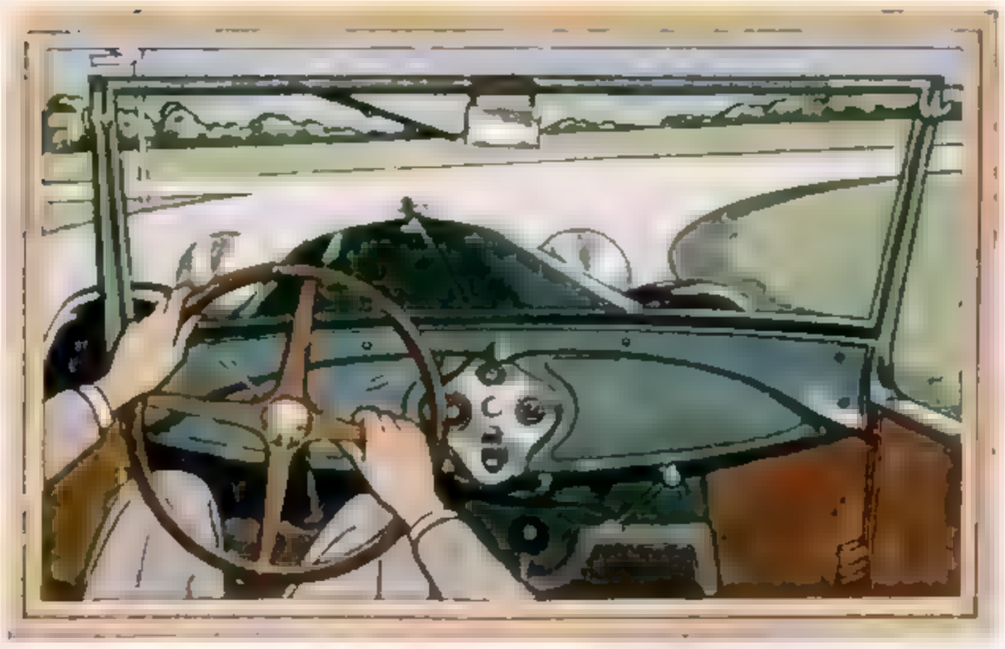
Everything you want or need in A

EVERYTHING you want or need in a modern automobile is brought to you at a low price in the new Ford . . . beauty of line and color—steel body—speed of 55 to 65 miles an hour—mechanical, internal expanding-shoe type four-wheel brakes to balance this speed and to provide the safety demanded by present-day motoring conditions—flashing pick-up and ease of control that put a new joy in motoring—power for any hill because of a remarkably efficient engine which develops 40-brake-horsepower at only 2200 revolutions a minute—new transverse springs and four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers for easy-riding comfort—the economy of 20 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline, depending on your speed—three-quarter irreversible steering gear—reliability and low cost of up-keep.

Check over these features and you will find that not one essential thing that you require of a motor car is omitted from this list.

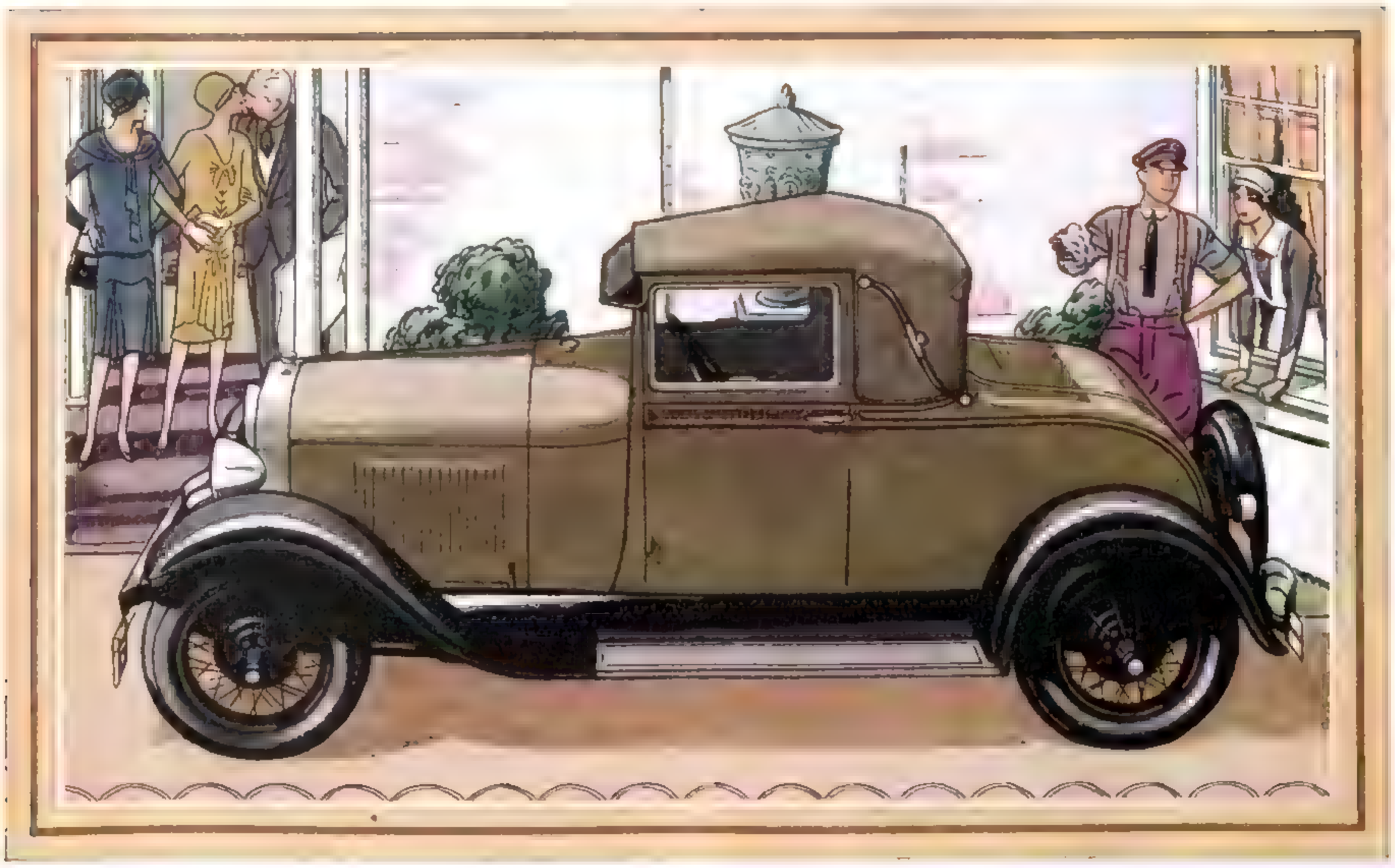
Yet the completeness of the new Ford goes farther even than this. It extends to every least little detail of finish and appointment and to the equipment which is standard on the car.

This includes speedometer, ammeter, gasoline gage on instrument panel, electric windshield wiper on closed cars, five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, oil indicator rod, theft-proof coincidental ignition lock, high-pressure grease gun lubrication, and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.



The sturdy strength and sweeping lines of the new Ford are shown in this view from the driver's seat. Windshields in all the new Ford cars are made of Triplex shatter-proof glass—an important safety feature

Ford



Modern Automobile

All Ford cars have roomy interiors, wide, deeply-cushioned seats, rich upholstery, and are finished in a variety of beautiful two-tone color harmonies.

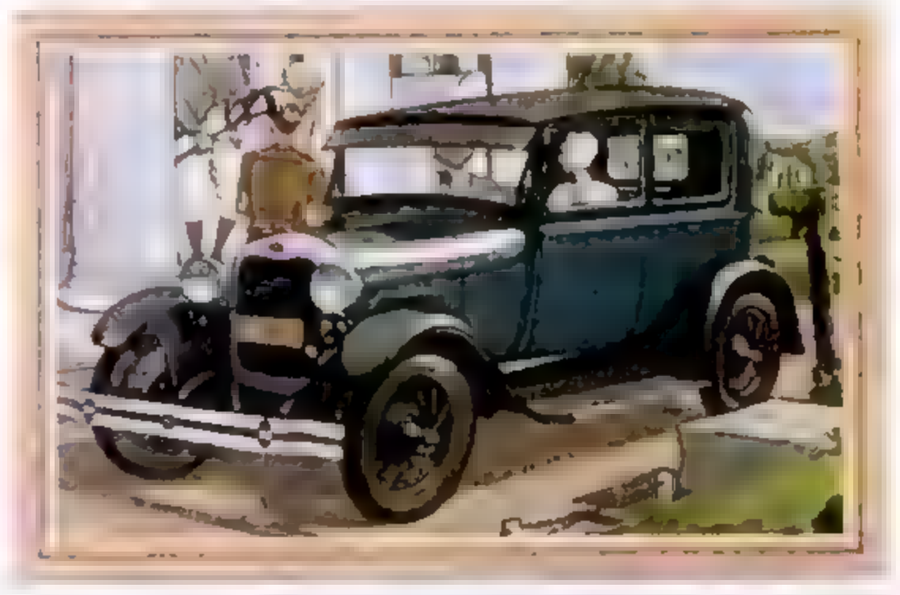
Five years ago—three years ago—one year ago—it would have been impossible to produce such a really fine car at such a low price. It is possible today only because of the development of new machines, new manufacturing methods and new production economies that are as remarkable as the car itself.

The Ford Motor Company did not set out to make a new car at a certain figure. It decided on the kind of car it wanted to make and then found ways to build it at the lowest possible price.

Every purchaser shares the benefits of the Ford policy of selling at a small margin of profit, of owning or controlling the source of raw materials and of constantly giving greater and greater value without greatly increased cost.

As Henry Ford himself has said: "We make our own steel—we make our own glass—we mine our own coal. But we do not charge a profit on any of these items or from these operations. Our only profit is on the automobile we sell."

When you know the joy of driving the new Ford—when you see its outstanding performance under all conditions—you will know that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model—but the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.



Proudly at home in any company is the new Ford Tudor Sedan. Distinguished by its low trim lines and the quiet good taste of every detail of finish and appointment.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD!

(Continued from Page 19)

fella, though, Dressy. He's crookeder'n a bent corkscrew."

"I'll make him look like the shortest distance between two points, compared to me, Pop," Dressy promised grimly. "Watch me!"

John Regan was a huge-framed gaunt man with white hair. His daughter, Louise, was slim and dark, with an ardent, sensitive face. During the running of the first race she dropped her program.

Dressy James, sitting in the row in front of the Regans, retrieved and returned it. She smiled and thanked him. By the time the second race was over, Dressy was chatting freely with the pair.

Regan remarked, "I see My Captain is entered today in the fourth."

"He won't run," Dressy assured him. "They entered him in the hope it might rain during the morning and make a soft track. He's got bad legs, you know. But he might get around in the mud."

"He was a pretty good horse when he was at his best, wasn't he?" Regan inquired. "I've been out of the country for several years, but I read quite a bit about him."

"When he was right he could trim anything that ever ate oats in New Orleans," Dressy assured him.

A murmur rose from the crowd when the names of the horses going in the fourth were posted on the odds board. My Captain was among them.

"They're going to run him!" Dressy exclaimed, amazed. "Why, say, he'll pull up lame inside of an eighth on a track as fast as that one."

"It seems a shame to make him run if he's not fit," Louise Regan said warmly.

"It's a crime," Dressy growled. "They're taking the chance of breaking him down when he hasn't the ghost of a chance to win."

That others thought the same was evident by the betting as recorded on the odds board. My Captain opened at five to one, went to ten, then to fifteen, and when the bugle summoned the horses onto the track, up to twenty. As the horses filed out of the paddock chute, My Captain third in line, Dressy James rose hurriedly and excused himself.

He hurried down into the mutuel ring and made his way to the fifty-dollar window.

"My Captain; two to win," he said, shoving in the hundred-dollar bill he had received that morning from Squid Weaver. The mutuel clerk plucked the two tickets from the rack and then, recognizing Dressy, paused and stared.

"What's the idea, Dressy?" he asked. "My Captain hasn't got a chance in the world on a track like this. You ought to know that."

"If the game old fellow can go out there and do his best on those crocky old legs of his," Dressy said explosively, "I can afford to bet a hundred as a compliment to him."

"You don't think he's got a chance, do you?" the mutuel clerk persisted.

"Not one in a million," said Dressy decisively.

The mutuel clerk whisked the hundred-dollar bill into the drawer and handed out the two mutuel tickets.

"You're a sucker," he jeered.

"I am," Dressy admitted. "On purpose, though, fella. Not by accident."

The mutuel clerk sighed, plucked a fifty-dollar ticket on My Captain from the rack and stuck it in his vest pocket. "Since you mention it," he said, "I find I feel the same way. I wish you'd picked out another window to go to, to buy those tickets. You've cost me just fifty bucks by coming here for them."

"Game little horse," Dressy said huskily.

"I'll say," the mutuel clerk agreed heartily. "He could run backwards and beat these kind when he was right."

The race was one mile and seventy yards. The ten horses facing the barrier got away to a good start. My Captain broke with the leaders and was third around the first turn.

"Look at him!" Dressy exclaimed huskily, his binoculars glued to his eyes. "Isn't he one grand sight in action? Laying in there right where he always liked to run too. If those old legs of his were just sound!"

"He looks all right," Louise Regan said hopefully. "He doesn't show any signs of being lame, does he?"

"Not yet," Dressy said gloomily. "He'll never stand it, though. He can't. He may go all right for a quarter, or even a half, but it's just useless torture."

At the half mile My Captain was still third, and less than a length back of the leader.

"Running easy," Dressy reported, a tremor of excitement in his voice. "Aw, say! If the old fellow could just last through, huh? He'll never make it though. That hard track must be torture on those old legs of his."

Around the far turn and still the great little chestnut, thundering along on those slender, patched-up legs, held third, running at the rump of the second horse, a scant length back of the leader. Into the long stretch then, and as they rounded the turn for home he put on a burst of speed, moved up into second position and challenged the leader.

"He can't do it!" Dressy James cried out protestingly. "Don't punish him like that! Take back with him! Ease him up! He can't do it!"

And then suddenly, in a wild abandon of hope and emotion, Dressy mounted a chair and began to root, eyes wild, arms waving.

"Come on with him, jock! Let him roll from there! He's got this one left in him, jock! He'll do it! Turn him loose, jock! Show these people a race horse! Come on, My Captain! Down in front, once more, old kid! You can do it!"

Struggling there in the stretch the game little chestnut crept up on the leader, inch by inch, foot by foot. Passing the clubhouse less than a sixteenth from the finish, the two were nose and nose, with the field bunched behind.

"He'll do it!" Dressy screamed ecstatically. "He'll do it!"

And then, suddenly, the little chestnut faltered, stumbled, recovered balance and came on with a queer, crooked gait as the leader flashed away for the wire and the field from behind swept around and passed him.

Dressy, watching close, saw what had happened and screamed an oath of sympathetic agony.

That last furious struggle up the stretch had done its work. The weakened left front leg had snapped off short just below the cannon ball. My Captain was done. A pitiful, brave wreck of animal perfection, he struggled out there on the track alone, hobbling, shaking his head, fighting on to finish on three legs.

Dressy pulled his hat over his eyes and sat down, grim-faced, cursing under his breath. A chorus of sympathetic exclamations went up from the crowd as the doomed horse was led toward the paddock to be destroyed.

Louise Regan leaned forward, tears streaming down her face, and plucked Dressy's sleeve.

"Can they do anything for him?" she asked. "Isn't there anything they can do?"

"Shoot him," Dressy said savagely; "that's all! No way of saving a horse with a broken leg. Fine end for a game little animal like him, isn't it?"

The girl cried out and covered her eyes with her hand.

Dressy watched My Captain, racked with sympathetic agony, until the crippled horse was led from sight behind the paddock. The names, numbers and prices went up on the odds board for the next race. Louise Regan was still weeping uncontrollably, her head on her father's shoulder. Dressy James turned and stared at her hard.

"Better get her out of this," he suggested to her father.

Regan nodded agreement. With Dressy's help he led the hysterically weeping girl out of the row, down the stairs and through the crowd in the mutuel ring to a taxicab. As they were driven away she was clinging to her father, still sobbing wildly.

Dressy watched the cab out of sight, lit a cigarette, smoked thoughtfully for a few minutes and then took a quarter from his pocket.

"Heads I do; tails I don't," he said to himself.

He spun the coin in the air, caught it in his palm and looked at it.

"It would come heads," he said wearily. "Oh, well!"

Late that afternoon Dressy James called on John Regan at the Roosevelt Hotel. Regan came down from his room and met him on the mezzanine floor.

"How's Miss Regan?" Dressy asked.

"I got her to sleep at last," Regan replied. "I had to call in the hotel physician to give her something for her nerves. Poor kid! She was terribly upset."

"I noticed that," Dressy said shortly. He lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and looked Regan square in the eyes. "Do you go to church?" he asked abruptly.

"Church!" Regan exclaimed. "No. Why?"

"You're going to hear a sermon and I just wondered if you were used to 'em," Dressy said. "Now listen!"

Tersely, brutally, he told Regan of Weaver's plot against him. Regan paled as he listened, and at the end of the frank recital, sank down on a divan, trembling.

"I'd have fallen for that," he said huskily. "I know I would. I'd have done it all over again."

"Sure you would," Dressy said grimly. "Why, fella, you were hooked."

"I thought I was cured," Regan said wearily. "I thought I could just watch them run and—you know ——"

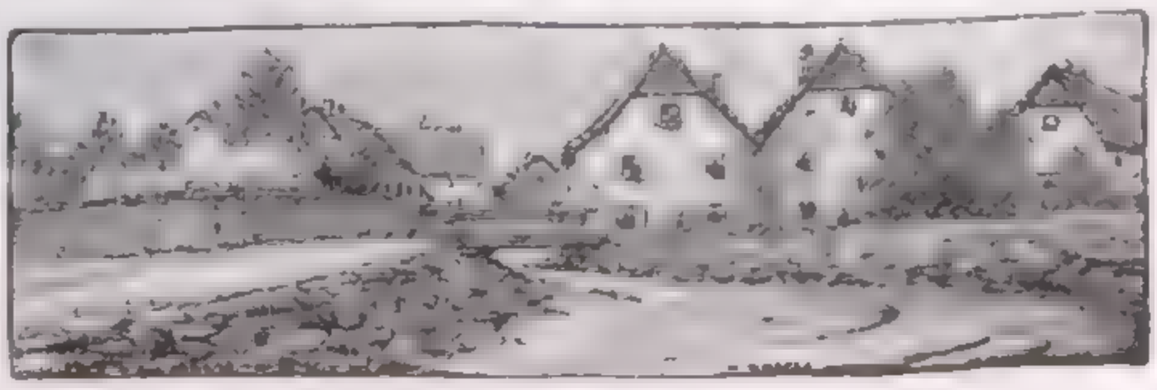
"Sure I know," said Dressy. "Listen, fella; you've got no more business hanging around a race track than a fresh-cured hophead has of living in an opium joint. You get out now and stay out."

"I will," Regan promised shakily. "So help me, I will!"

"Atta baby," Dressy said heartily. He held out his hand. "Good-by, sucker. Good luck."

Regan took the proffered hand and held it. "Why?" he asked.

"Two reasons," said Dressy flply. "Neither one of 'em any good. The first reason is: I hated to make a bum out of a little girl who could feel so badly about the rotten finish of a good, game horse. The second reason is: It came heads."



"Heads?" Regan said, puzzled.

"The gambler's guide," Dressy chuckled. "So long. Be good."

Old Pop Driggs was lying on his cot in the tack room, laboriously spelling out the sporting column of the New Orleans States by the light of an oil lantern hung at the head of his cot. A step startled him. He roused and sat up to see Dressy James in the doorway.

"Hello, Pop!" said Dressy flply. "Got that extra cot you bragged to me about this morning?"

"Oh! 'Lo, Dressy," Pop said slowly. "What—what's the matter?"

"Not a thing," said Dressy. "Just ran out of a place to sleep without standing up, that's all."

"Why ——" said Pop. "Thought you were sailin' high with Squid Weaver."

"Was," said Dressy. "You know what happens when you're sailin' high, don't you, Pop? Somebody takes in a sail and all of a sudden there you are—smack—right on the ground, with nothin' under you but dirt. That's me! How 'bout you?"

"Sure," said Pop obligingly. "We got another cot I can fix up here. It ain't very elegant." Pop got out the cot and together they rigged it up. Dressy stripped to his undershirt and crawled under the covers.

"Comfortable?" Pop asked.

"Horizontal," said Dressy.

"Hey?" said Pop.

"Yes," said Dressy.

"Oh," said Pop vaguely. He returned to his perusal of the evening paper. "I see where they didn't shoot My Captain this afternoon," he said mildly.

"No?" said Dressy.

"No," said Pop. "They knocked him off by giving him a shot of cyanide with a squirt gun."

"Yeh?" said Dressy.

"Um ——" said Pop.

"That makes it different, don't it?" said Dressy.

Pop shook his head. "Not much," he admitted mildly. "It's a tough world any way you look at it."

"Tough is right," Dressy said bitterly, hunching the bedclothes around his neck—"tight and crooked. That's the only way to beat this world, Pop. No foolin'. Watch me from now out. I'm goin' to be the tightest, toughest, crookedest hustler that ——"

"Yeh?" Pop interrupted him.

Dressy sensed derision in his tone. He sat up and glared at him. The old man was smiling.

"Aw, go chase yourself!" Dressy said fervently. He buried his head in the bedclothes. After a few seconds he sat up, reached in his coat, plucked two fifty-dollar win tickets from his vest pocket and handed them to the old man.

"Keep those for a souvenir, you mush-headed old ape," he said savagely. "They're just the kind of things you love."

"Yeh?" said Pop. "What are they, kid?"

"Two fifty-dollar win tickets on My Captain on his last out," Dressy said sadly. He banged his head into the pillow and drew the covers close. After a few minutes he opened one eye and stole a glance at Pop Driggs. The old fellow was sitting near the lantern holding the tickets close to his eyes, studying them. Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"Blah!" Dressy muttered under his breath. He shrugged himself deeper under the covers and shut his eyes tight.

A half hour later old Pop Driggs, ready for bed, held the lantern above him as he gave Dressy a final tucking in. Pop wrinkled his nose as he noticed that the pillow was wet.

"Sap," the old man muttered as he pressed the bedclothes around his chin and neck. "He ought to know better than to lay there and bawl about a horse. What's the use? It's a tough world, it is. Yes-sir-ree, a damn tough world."

"STOP *manufacturing*
STOP *shipping*
STOP *everything*"

Every day Fire says "stop"—and some factory closes down. The making of goods ceases. Men are out of work. Orders cannot be filled. A big going business is halted in its tracks.

You, the owner, recognize that you must reckon with Fire. Your fire warnings, fire escapes, metal doors, fire fighting equipment, are proof of this.

But your plant is no safer than your most careless employee. In spite of every safeguard, fires happen. The only sure protection is insurance. Only a business with a strong insurance company behind it is free from the danger of loss.

Are you adequately insured? Indemnity for loss of your physical property is but one item. What about unfilled orders, cancellation due to delay, losses to competitors while you are idle?

The Hartford has many forms of insurance you may not know about. Telephone the Hartford representative.* Let him study your needs and advise you. He knows his business. Don't guess. Don't delay. Telephone.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

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*If you do not know his name look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't so listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company direct.

When the night comes down on Cuba

THROUGH the long, mellow days the tobacco plants have grown, taking mildness and flavor from the warm Caribbean sun, fragrance from the soft Cuban air. And now at harvest time, when the night comes down on Cuba, great caravans of tobacco move toward town.

The finest tobacco grown in Cuba never gets to the Havana market. It is purchased by the plantation riders of the makers of Rob! Burns cigars, men who have watched the tobacco from the time the seed is planted until the leaves are stripped and cured. They know the *pedigree* of every leaf they buy for the cool, mild Rob! Burns.

The leaf of Pedigreed Cuban Tobacco makes the finest smoke in the world.

Only this pedigreed tobacco, selected leaves from selected Cuban fields, is used in the full Havana filler of Rob! Burns cigars.

That is why in every Rob! Burns, in whatever shape you prefer, Perfecto Grande, Staples, Panatela, you will always find the same mildness, the same fragrance, the same sweet flavor. When you smoke a Rob! Burns you are smoking the finest tobacco in the world.

Rob! Burns

A MILD CIGAR

PEDIGREED FULL HAVANA FILLER

Staples Shape—10¢ · Perfecto Grande Shape—2 for 25¢ · Panatela Shape—10¢

(Foil Wrapped)

ORCHID EXTRAVAGANCE

(Continued from Page 16)

These scents are too exotic to describe exactly, but some of them may be roughly compared to hyacinth, wistaria, honeysuckle, tuberose or narcissus. The tree-perching Epidendrum, or spider orchid, is odorous only at night, when its great white blossoms open like a moth's wings and exhale their tender breath. And one bad fairy of an orchid in the East Indies has an evil smell, sickening the passer-by.

Yet the commercial florist rarely keeps on sale more than half a dozen different sorts of orchids—those which the public has learned to appreciate. In his hothouse, however, the orchid grower has always at least one cherished pet—some rare importation from Europe, some hybrid he himself has evolved through years of painstaking effort or some plant he won by the highest bid in an orchid auction—that most romantic speculation market in the world. He waters it and coddles it, will allow no assistant's rude hand to touch it, may even keep the doors of its house locked lest some evil befall it. But put in the window of a shop, its many dollars' worth of ephemeral loveliness would most probably wither on its stem, admired through the plate glass, but without one purchaser among the conservative many who pass.

For the orchid trade is tricky enough without the risk of floating novelties. To begin with, the grower must lay out no inconsiderable sum to produce the blooms. The finicky requirements for the germination of the microscopic seeds, the coddling that the seedlings need, the special benches required to provide just the right air and light, the special sprays, the special composts or soil mixtures, even the special steam-pipe system needed in the greenhouses, make of orchid growing a highly individualized line of the nursery business.

But it is a line with advantageous features of its own. For one thing, orchids are not so ephemeral as they look. They last longer than almost any other flower in the florist's ice chest, which increases his chances of selling them before they die and cuts down the margin of probable loss. This same durability gives them marvelous shipping qualities; if picked at just the right point in their development and kept at cool but not cold temperatures, they will last for weeks. Orchids have been shipped from Europe, to arrive fresh and dewy for American shows; one English firm could ship cut orchids to America and compete successfully in our market, except that the Federal Horticultural Board would doubtless hold them up under Quarantine Order 37, an act which put an end to wholesale orchid importation and stimulated American growers into producing their own varieties.

High Prices Preferred

This robust endurance is a virtue necessary to the orchid's success, for the market has odd limits of geography. The chief commercial orchid regions of the country are around Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and intermediate points. And this is not only because orchids are denizens of the metropolitan smart set but because in these big cities of the North they find the cool summers healthful. For despite their appearance of tropical delicacy, orchids do not rejoice in stifling heat.

So when last season a family in the South sought to achieve sheer theatric gorgeousness at their daughter's debut, the florists who served them sent telegrams to firms in five different states to round up the requisite hundreds of showy Cattleyas for the decorations.

Some, it is true, came from Southern hothouses, but these had been forced, at considerable labor, for the occasion. Others came from a big establishment in Ontario and carried a 40 per cent duty—which, of course, came out of the pocket of the debutante's father.

But he paid it willingly enough and, one may venture to say, with a good deal of satisfaction. For therein lies a paramount advantage for the dealer in orchids—the public will always consent to, what is more, they insist on, high prices for the flower that has come to stand for wealth itself. Both the young suitor who went without lunch for a week and the financier who as a matter of business dresses his wife magnificently are satisfied that they have given their womenfolk the best, since they bought the costliest. To lower the price of orchids greatly would badly damage the trade.

One Washington florist who caters to the diplomatic circle in the capital states that he can buy orchids during the overstocked season at twenty-five dollars a hundred, or two bits apiece. When he boosts the retail price to twenty times that he is not robbing the public; he is giving them what they want.

And this man is no flinty Shylock, either. He is a connoisseur in his field, a real lover of the loveliness in which he traffics. In his greenhouses are lovely Aerides, dense sprays of white and pink, in effect like wistaria; Angraecums, rather like yellow yuccas; Oncidiums, with a pansylike charm odd in such sophisticated flowers—all grown for love rather than profit. Their owner has more than a little scorn for the customer who comes in asking merely for "an orchid."

Flowers Made to Order

"It's like going into a bookstore and asking for 'a book,'" he said contemptuously, "without knowing or caring what title or author or subject you get. Why," he snorted, "it's as though a young man said he wanted a wife, and you might provide him with any variety, for all he'd know any difference. They're not all like that, though," he went on reminiscently. "A fellow came in here once and asked the price of an orchid plant I'd put in my window just as a show piece. I told him—it was a big sum too. That orchid was a rare one and I knew its worth; what's more, it had eleven blossoms on it. This fellow—he looked very much the gentleman, but a bit shabby round the cuffs—took out his bill fold and counted out the amount. I could see his hand shake, and I could see something else. There wasn't a bill in his pocketbook when he'd paid me. I packed the orchid up for him and gave it to him, and then, just as he was going out of the shop, he turned around and came back and told me about himself." And my friend smiled with a light of understanding in his eyes.

The customer, it appeared, had once been an orchid collector, had brought Paphiopedilums, frail as fairy princesses, out of the jungles of Borneo, and night-blooming Epidendrums from the malarial valleys of Colombia. And he had himself brought to light for the first time this orchid in the florist's window. Then things went badly for him; he lost his money in a bank smash, and of course his costly hobby had to go too. All his precious rarities he watched go under the gavel—bizarre Masdevallia, gorgeous Phalaenopais hybrids, and Stanhopeas dusky as Othello.

But when this orchid he had himself first collected went up before the bidders he got up and left the auction room. For twenty-five years that orchid, dearest of all things to his heart, had been lost to him, until he saw it in the window of my friend's flower shop and spent his last dollar to buy it back.

In earlier days the auction room of an orchid fancier was a place of fantastically wild speculation. As early as 1837 a buyer paid $350 for a rare tropical orchid, and the peak of orchid prices was reached about half a century later, when a Cattleya Trianae sold for 250 guineas under the gavel in London. In the window of a Savannah florist I once saw a Cattleya displayed with a hugely lettered placard trumpeting it as the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Orchid! That was gilding the lily with a vengeance! No orchid is worth such staggering sums, for in this day of marvels a new, a superior, a sensational orchid can be practically made to order by hybridization.

Thus, since the peak, the cost of specimen plants has steadily decreased. An Aerides in the 80's sold for $940; in the 90's a Cypripedium went for $400; a modern orchid of the Lælia type, considered decidedly high priced, recently brought only seventy dollars. This does not mean that orchids are losing value, but, on the contrary, that they are becoming popular, a stabilized product. And there is now no reason to pay sums in four figures for hybrid specimens when the skilled breeder can produce exactly the same hybrid at will.

Together with fantastic prices, the wild-orchid collector, the adventurous explorer of the last century, is now receding into the past. One orchid house in England, still maintained in hereditary style, from father to son, kept, in the 90's, twenty-five collectors in the field, in South America, India, the East Indies, Africa, the West Indies and Mexico. These men were sent forth to scour the tropics for rarities, and so thoroughly did they work that in some of the more accessible haunts of the frail blossoms they stripped trees, cliffs and earth of every promising orchid that grew there. A number of famous orchid regions were in this fashion completely denuded, and the orchid trade was not enriched by one-half as much as by those unathletic breeders who quietly stayed at home and worked miracles of skill and science with the orchids already at hand.

As a matter of commercial practicability, collecting from the wild is becoming obsolete. Of course the botanist, pure and simple-minded, who will risk his life roping a fatal precipice or intruding upon tattooed and saw-toothed cannibals, all for the sake of some inconspicuous bit of a growing thing, still exists plentifully, fortunately for science.

The leading American orchid collector, from a scientific point of view, is a rich man of an old Boston family, who is able to travel on his own throughout South America, the Philippines and other fruitful fields. His wife is an illustrator who paints the orchids in living state, and he is well able to maintain a costly private orchid conservatory and to publish his findings in volumes illustrated in half-tone processes that take many thousands of dollars out of his pocket.

Botanical Genealogy

But in the commercial world the men whose names shine in the annals of orchid lore are the breeders and growers—J. Dominy, for instance, who flowered the first orchid hybrid, in England in 1856, or Alfred Bleu of France. And those of the old collectors whose fame lingers are known not for their adventures in steamy jungles but for their amazing work in hybridization. Burbank notwithstanding, it is safe to say that the most scientific methods, the most skilled hands and the most dazzling results in the history of horticulture are found in the labyrinthine world of orchid breeding.

There is an orchid stud book in which the parentage of every orchid hybrid is recorded, together with all dates, data and names of hybridizers, just as your pedigreed wire-haired fox terrier and the horse you laid your money on at Havre de Grace are down in detailed records. In all, thousands upon thousands of orchid hybrids have now been produced. About 600 crosses of lady's-slipper alone are known.

For orchids have this peculiarity: That widely different species are often fertile to one another's pollen—a condition that does not obtain in most other plant families. As a result, hybrids have been obtained that are called tri-generic—as though you should produce a pear-apple-quince. At the hand

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"That means if one of your tires is punctured or blows out they will fix it so you can get home."

"How is it we never stop at one of those places?"

"Well, I suppose it's partly because we've been lucky, but principally because we've always used Kelly-Springfield tires."

of man, evolution has been put through the most fantastic antics, and orchids undreamed of in the wild appear at the magician summons of the breeder.

At first hybrids were made blindly; what would evolve from an orchid mating was a matter of chance and speculation. Now the breeder knows his eugenics and can predict with fair accuracy what will be the offspring of this variety crossed with that. The finest stud orchids, the best parents in the race, are well-known among the chief commercial tribes. Of course the blending of traits must be done with a skillful hand; a breeder of albinos—the type of orchid most in fashion's favor at the moment is working with a bewildering number of crosses, but a tinge too much of any one color may cause the hybrid to revert back to one of the parents. Then the hybridizer must return to the ancestor plants and start afresh. It is a game that calls for infinite patience. "But," says one of America's foremost orchid wizards, "I can produce almost any shape or color, within reasonable limits, to order, given enough time in which to do it."

Seeds, tiny as grains of dust, many of them, are incubated by the thousands under glass or in flasks, at perfectly regulated temperatures, and when fertilized are germinated, often on Turkish toweling. At times the care necessary for preserving the fertilizing pollen is elaborate. One breeder took a fancy that he would like to cross a pink orchid with a purple one that bloomed six weeks later, long after the pink one was withered. But by keeping the early orchid's pollen sterile, moist, and sealed in a jar, he was able to spin out its life until the purple flower came to bloom.

In Nature, of course, pollination is effected by birds and insects, and the breeder has to be careful that no buccaneering bee blunders into his orchid house and makes a misalliance of which he would not approve. In this partnership between insect and blossom the orchid displays once more its bewildering versatility. A solid volume was written by Darwin, from observations made solely in the simple English countryside, on the various contrivances by which orchids are fertilized. For there are some fifteen thousand kinds of orchids and each one has its own method of achieving pollination.

Thanks to Madam Bee

In general the plan is this: An insect—perhaps a bee—attracted to the orchid by its perfume or its coloring, comes buzzing in search of nectar for her honey sacs. She alights on a regular landing stage provided by the lip or lower petal of the orchid, and crawls into the throat of the flower. As she dips her head into the nectary she springs a cunning trap, and instantly the pollen, in a waxy pellet, is clamped down on her head by a contraption something like a radio ear-phone set. Now when the bee enters the next flower she has to pass by the stigma, or receiving organ, which promptly removes the pollen from her head. But Madam Bee, guzzling honey, collects a fresh load from the flower she has just unconsciously pollinated, and thus burdened, goes on to the next job. It is not unusual to see an insect plastered over with pollen pellets, like a porter at a railway station staggering under a load of baggage.

This is a crafty device, but the orchids have so elaborated it that some species are built on such a cunning plan that only one kind of insect can fit into them. Herein lies one explanation of orchid rarity.

Is Nature, then, apparently so heartless and extravagant and chancy, really built upon a perfectly adjusted plan? Examining the orchid, it is difficult to doubt that some benevolent Intelligence has arranged their affairs. For not only for pollination but for its very livelihood, the orchid has entered upon an involved business partnership

Living inconspicuously around, and even in, the orchid roots is a sort of mold which predigests the raw material of soil food and is in turn digested by the orchid. This strange alliance is called a symbiosis, or "living together." The fungus is not in the business of symbiosis out of pure altruism, and probably gets full compensation, dining off the foods which the orchid has prepared in its sunlit leaves and sent down to its comrade. Occasionally one or the other of the partners doesn't deal fairly; the fungus may grow too fast and damage the orchid, or the orchid may get greedy and eat up its little friend. But the firm is usually quite amicable and almost always a closed corporation—for it is thought that for a given genus of orchids only one fungus will answer; other fungi, even symbionts of other orchid genera, are deadly enemies.

Sweets for the Sweet

Until these exclusive partnerships were understood orchid growers found themselves constantly confronted with sad failures. Their seeds wouldn't germinate. Then, in 1909, Bernard in France and Burgeff in Germany simultaneously found the trouble. The orchid seed would not sprout unless a certain fungus was present to penetrate it with microscopic threads and wake up the lazy seed. Inoculation of the soil with the friendly fungus solved the problem.

Then into this intimate association man once more boldly stepped. Orchid growers understood now that the little fungus ally brought nourishment into the dark orchid cells—piping it in, as it were, from the outer world, like food conveyed to a man imprisoned in a cave. But Dr. Lewis Knudson, of Cornell, ventured, in 1922, to suggest that the orchid grower himself might feed his pet without the fungus as a go-between. Experimenting, he discovered that the tiny orchid seed would thrive gratefully on a diet of sugar, with no fungus for wet nurse. Now one of the biggest commercial orchid establishments in the world has taken up his findings with entire success—one more proof that the most practical discoveries come out of the most theoretical avenues of scientific investigation.

So the orchid, dainty symbol of luxury, is learning in some measure to be self-supporting. None of the tribe are really useful, save only the Mexican variety that supplies us with our vanilla flavoring, extracted from its seed pods, or beans. But the orchid emphatically does not deserve the slanderous epithet which the ignorant whisper—parasite. No true orchid lives on living matter, though a few live on leaf mold and other dead substances.

Nor do the ephemeral-looking orchids found perching in trees really live on air. Their tissues are specially constructed to absorb water vapor from the atmosphere, it is true, but their marvelously adapted roots find nourishment enough for their dainty appetites in the decayed vegetable and animal matter collected in the crotches of the trees.

Thus out of almost nothing is spun the magic of orchids. Nature has adapted leaf and air, plant and fungus, insect and flower, to one another in ways past all explaining. The orchid is her triumph—one of the final products of her highest evolution. Into it she put latent possibilities that only awaited the intelligence of man to rise in newer and stranger forms than any she had dreamed, so that even between orchid and man there is a sort of nicely adjusted adaptation that has enabled the orchid to score triumphs, to become fairy princess of flowers.

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SWAG

(Continued from Page 21)

looked at me. I guess he thought I looked queer, and no wonder! He stopped and lit a cigarette. He used to carry them in a silver case and he had a gold lighter that worked by pressing a button.

"What's the matter?" he asked me. "Sick?"

"Nope—nope. I—nothin', Bill," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "You look homesick," he said. "Is there anything on your mind?"

"Nope; nothin', Bill."

I kept thinking that he would learn from Byra all I had said, and the next morning he would have anything but smiles for me. I wondered how women were on that kind of thing. I supposed Byra would have to tell Bill the whole works the first thing she saw him in the morning. Women can't keep a secret, pa had always said.

Bill looked me over right close for a couple of seconds, then he puffed at his smoke again and said:

"Well, if I can do anything for you, kid, you know where to get me." When he said that I was just going to tell him all I knew and quit him cold, when I thought again of Byra and her being there alone.

"There ain't anythin', Bill," I said.

He saluted me. As he walked toward the door I thought he was the best-looking man in the world. His suit was a light tan color and it had little stripes in it that you could hardly see till you looked close. His shoes were very dark tan, all shined up like mirrors. In the lapel of his coat he wore a little button that had diamonds in it. Under that he had a tan handkerchief showing out of his pocket, and the color of it just matched his tie, his shirt and his hat. The shirt was soft tan, too, and on the collar he wore a little gold pin that held the ends together.

"By the way, Johnny," he said, when he had got almost to the door, "I have rented out the big truck for tomorrow. You know that merchant—Belzer. He's going to run it for the day. He's got a load of silk or somethin' and I'm gettin' a good price for the truck. Tell Red, if he asks."

"All right," I said.

Then Bill was gone. Who would see anything wrong with him renting the truck to a silk merchant? I did not. But there was something that kept urging me on along queer lines. All of a sudden I made up my mind I would do a little of George's business and find out all I could about Bill.

I snapped off the light and went to the door. I saw Bill walking along the street down near a light. He was swinging along with that easy gait of his. I closed the door, locked it, and set out after him. I thought I would follow him just to see what I could learn. I learned plenty.

He went straight to the Y. W. C. A., and in about ten minutes he came out with Byra hanging on his arm, and I saw her there under the blue light. She was laughing up into Bill's face and her hand was hooked through his arm. I gagged with surprise. They were coming toward me, so I slipped into a dark doorway and let them pass. Byra was laughing and I heard her say that she was so happy over going to the theater that she felt like a kid at the circus.

Bill said, "I'm more happy than that, Byra. It certainly is swell to take you."

When they were ahead of me a little I knew I never could follow them. Something had died inside me. I walked along behind them as far as the next corner. I was thinking of Crab a lot and wishing he was there.

When they had passed the corner I saw a man slip out of the side street and follow them. He walked in front of a lighted window and I saw that it was George.

Cripes!

VI

I GUESS, after a man gets old, all that he amounts to is what is left of his experiences when he is young. Anyway, it seems to me that a very few experiences in my boyhood days stayed right with me up until now, and they still remain in my mind like a hangnail on a sore thumb. What I went through that night is one of them.

I was kind of dazed—scared to death after I saw George tailing Byra and Bill. He knew what he was after, that George. I saw right away that Bill was not kidding or scaring him like he was the older and easier coppers. I guess maybe Bill was right when he said that George was trying hard to hang onto his three-thousand-dollar job. I did not follow them farther. Even if a man isn't a crook, he doesn't like to have dealings with the police. When I know a man is a copper, even though I am not a crook, I kind of shy off from him. Lots of honest people are like that.

I went back to the store, and it seemed to me, when I opened the door and went in the place, that the air of mystery and danger had grown thicker. Nothing was the same. I had worked around there a long time, day in and day out; I had slept above the place night after night and never had a thrill. Now everything looked creepy and there was a double meaning in all that I saw.

I snapped on the light over Byra's desk, and the way I felt I could have fallen right down on my knees and prayed that nothing would happen to her. If I had I would have asked God to give her some brains.

While I was there Red came in. He came from the cellar just like Bill had. I knew the back door never opened. When Bill did that I was not so surprised, because Bill had keys to all the different places. But Red did not. How had he got into the cellar? He winked at me and rolled himself a cigarette. He was still in his shirt sleeves and his arms looked hot and stained where dust had clung to dried perspiration.

"Hello, dopey!" he grinned. "Back on the job? Mebbe you don't know the whistle has blew."

"I just come down to look some stuff over," I said.

"What stuff? You gittin' like George?" he sneered.

"George?" I said, trying to make out that I didn't know who he meant. "Oh, you mean the cop?"

"The world's smartest cop!" he sneered. "So smart he is goin' to walk right into a bust on the kisser before long."

"That's what you said about the old pawnbroker," I said. "Mebbe you're right again."

Red never paid any attention to that. He went right on grinning. But he was doing some thinking, and I knew it. He was worried because I had seen that marked junk. I knew he had not told Bill about it, because Bill would surely have mentioned it to me. I guessed that Red didn't want Bill to know he had let me discover anything. With my mind running along that line, and Red talking about George, I took a chance.

"If George happens to spot some of that marked junk, Red," I told him, "hell is goin' to pop for you an' Bill."

Red spit across the room and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. His face was kind of set, like he was mad at me. He took a step ahead, looked down at his feet, then lifted one of them up onto the edge of Byra's desk and tied his shoestring. He was a dirty, big guy and I was disliking him more all the time.

"If he does—which he won't," Red said at long last, "he won't do a thing about it, savvy? George ain't messin' around here lookin' fer twenty dollars' worth o' stolen junk. If he found it an' ran Bill into court where would he be? Bill has got pull."

"Just the same," I said—me being all stirred up on account of Byra and Bill, and having a lot of extra courage just because I was so mad—"you'll notice he spends a lot of time hangin' around! What's he doin' that for, Red—his health?"

"There was a guy bumped off here," Red said evenly. "That's what George is after. What does he care about a little junk?"

That started me off on another line of thought. I was all befuddled. The way these people thought and worked left me as high and dry as a porpoise on a mud bank. It always seemed to me that a policeman would arrest anybody he could that was doing wrong. From what Red said, it looked as though George was paying no attention to stealing, when he knew it was going on right in the place there.

Before I could gather my wits for more talk, Red spoke again. "You got a lot of phony ideas about this outfit, sleepy," he grinned. "I guess you was an altar boy before you landed in this gang—or mebbe you was the star pupil in the hick Sunday school. Anyway, you ain't in no choir study now!"

"I guess not!" I agreed, heartily enough to make Red laugh out loud. Then a sudden thought hit me. "Say," I asked him, "how did you get in here tonight?"

"Me?" he asked, his sandy eyebrows jerking up into half circles across his spotted forehead. "Why, I just come in."

"But how? You ain't got a key—I know that—an' the place was all locked up."

I could see that the question worried him. He scratched his arm again and took the flesh between his fingers and squeezed it so hard it made my own arm hurt. Then he kind of snarled at me.

"All of a sudden you're learnin' a lot," he said. "I come in as I please, savvy? An' you can keep your yap shut about it too!" He seemed to be threatening me. His right hand was bunched up into a heavy fist and his eyes were hot looking and boring into me. "That's the way guys git themselves bumped off around here," he said. "That old counter rat got so smart he had to be runnin' everythin', an' you seen fer yourself what it got him!"

Red was the type of man whose feelings are all physical. He knew only one kind of sensation, and that was all body. If he didn't like a man he knocked him down. When he wanted to make you see a thing pretty clear, he was apt to shake his fist in your face while he told it to you. That kind of man is never very smart, of course, and often lets himself go too far.

Red did that then. He couldn't keep up with his thoughts and he was very anxious to show me how important he was. Before I had even said a word, he changed his whole idea, and that fact let me in on a lot more things that worried me. Red just boasted and fumed about the place, but what he showed me that night was enough to last me forever.

"How did I git in?" he snapped at me. "I'll tell you how I got in! I'll show you how I got in! Put that light out!"

He reached over himself and snapped the light off and we were there alone in the dark. I could hear Red breathing through his wide nostrils and his big arm rubbed against me. I could even smell the perspiration on him and feel his presence close beside me. He caught my arm in his big hand and pulled me toward the back room. I was afraid to go with him and more afraid not to go. Through the partition we went, and the faint light of the street as it swept through the windows made of the rag bales big hulking things that seemed to squat there ready to spring at me.

"You askin' me questions!" Red scoffed. "Honest, if that ain't a laugh I'm a Hindu princess with a flowin' beard an' red slippers!" He saw a lot of fun in the idea, all right, because he laughed in his throat as he yanked me along the floor and toward the trap that led down to the cellar. "You! I swear you're the dumbest guy on earth. . . . An' askin' questions o' me! Here you been livin' in the joint for months an' you ain't never seen a thing until I let you into the meltin' room! . . . An' askin' me questions!"

He leaned over and I heard his hand scrape along the wall as he felt for the rope that lifted the cellar trap. Then I felt him sway his body, and the pulley creaked and up through the trap came the air of the cellar with its burnt odor from the forge.

"You seen me cookin' up stuff on a hot fire"—Red was sneering at me—"an' never even knew enough to wonder what become of the smoke! Smart you are, like a cut with iodine in it!" I never answered him. I could see he was right. I was very blind and very dumb.

We went down the steps and Red pressed a button that lighted the room below. Then he lowered away on the trap and we were alone below the floor. I looked around more carefully. The room was about twenty feet square and it was in good shape for a store cellar. The floor was heavy planks and the inside walls were of the same material. In the far corner, against the stone foundation at the side of the building, was the forge I had seen working. Over the fire bed hung a big iron shield and out of the top of the shield ran a stovepipe.

"Watch," Red ordered me, his manner very important and his whole face glowing with the idea that he was showing me how much he knew. He pointed his big finger at the fire bed and I looked. Then he switched a little button beside the forge and I heard air rushing in the stovepipe. The ashes in the fire bed danced around in the suction. Finally Red tossed one of his cigarette papers on the ashes and it flicked right up into the pipe and was gone.

He laughed at me. I put my hand out and felt the draft. That was where the smoke and gas of the forge went, all right. It kind of swept me off my feet, because the building itself had no heating plant in it and there was no chimney on the roof. Bill heated the store from his other building, which stood across the back alley, and the heat was piped through.

"The smoke runs over to the furnace in Bill's other place," I said, trying to make Red see I was not quite so dumb as I looked.

"No!" he sneered. He had a great habit of sneering at people. Especially he sneered when he talked to somebody smaller than he was.

"Sure it does," I said. Red chuckled. He was delighted in the way he was surprising me and the things he was showing me that I never before had suspected. He showed me things, not just to show me them but to convince me how dumb I had been all that time. All boasters are terrible suckers.

"Mebbe there's more you don't know!" he said. "Just 'cause the smoke goes to the other buildin', is that a sign that nothin' else does?" He chuckled and rolled himself a cigarette and shut off the fan in the stovepipe. Then he stepped back to the stairs and pointed up to the trapdoor through which we had come.

"See that bar there?" he asked. I saw it. It was heavy oak and it laid along the rafters in a way you would not notice unless you looked right at it. "Watch it a minute," he ordered me. "Watch that bar now. Don't watch me!" He was as bad as Crab when Crab was doing his act.

I watched the bar, and all of a sudden it moved—moved out and across the stairs and hooked itself into big brackets on the bottom of the trapdoor. It was a cinch that nobody could get down those stairs without ripping the whole floor up. Behind me I heard Red chuckle, his voice thick with throat husk and cigarette smoke.

"Turn aroun' here," he said. "C'mon, open your eyes, smarty guy!"

I swung around, and there was Red standing in a new door that had opened from the rear plank wall. There seemed to be no hinges on it at all; it just swung out of the wall, and behind it was a solid concrete passage that led off under the alley outside the back of the store. Along the ceiling of the passage ran the stovepipe from the forge.

"That's how I got in your store!" Red told me. "What do I need of a key? Why, lissen here, I could walk right up into your bedroom any time I wanted an' you never

(Continued on Page 83)

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VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

HART BRAND CANNED FOODS

(Continued from Page 80)

would know where I come from! An' all the time you sittin' aroun' countin' rags an' never seein' what was all about you! Honest, dumb! You're so dumb you rattle every time you get an idea!"

He went off into another good laugh and, even if I was kind of scared and felt foolish, I had to grin with him. He was right. I was dumb. And that was all he saw. He never thought that all he was showing me just made matters worse for him and for Bill, and for me too. Right that second I was thinking that when Bill fired me in the morning, or after the show was over and he came back, I would stand right in front of Byra and accuse him of all this and dare him to prove I was wrong. That would convince her, and we could get out of the place together.

"C'mon, you might as well git eddicated good," Red told me. "I'll show you a few things, but keep yer yap shut, savvy?"

I nodded and we started through the passage. It was not very long and not very unusual, after you got into it—just a cellarway that anybody might build between two buildings. Along the side of it ran the steam pipes that warmed our building from the other one behind it. The only thing that bothered me was that the tunnel was ten times as big as anybody needed for steam pipes, and the openings to it were so secret that I knew Bill wanted it hidden away.

At each end of the tunnel I had sense enough to look the pipes over pretty careful, and all of them were jointed and run out of the tunnel at an angle, so that they seemed to enter both buildings well to one side of the tunnel itself. That was another sign.

At the far end of the passage we came to another room that was a good deal like the one under my store. It was planked the same way, and when we opened the door and went into it, I saw that the entrance we used opened from the wall in the same hidden way.

It was all like books I had read back home when I used to lay under a tree in the orchard and scare myself to death.

But there was no forge in this room. Along one side ran a narrow bench, and standing on that, back against little racks on the wall, were small blowtorches and rows of little tools that were so small and dainty you would think only a woman could use them. Red was grinning again.

"Ain't this a bird?" he asked me. "How about it, dopey? 'J'ever see the beat o' this layout?"

"It's g-great!" I admitted. "This here is. . . . What do they do here?" I asked him.

"You fool," he said; "don't be kiddin' yourself any more, savvy? This Bill Nigel is the biggest fence this side o' the Missi—Missis—the plains out West! He owns four buildin's right in a bunch here. He deals in junk—he deals in stolen di'monds an' jewelry—an' he is connected with half the on-the-level merchants in town. You got a good chance here, too, because—though Gawd knows why—he likes you!"

We went back through the passage, and as Red closed the door at the end under our store, he pointed to the bar across the trapdoor, and I saw it worked with the passage entrance.

Pretty clever. They never would be caught with the passage door open.

"Remember"—Red warned me again—"keep yer mouth shut! If you ever tell Bill I done this, I'll give you worse'n old Uncle Isaac got!"

He was looking around the room to be sure that we left everything as it should be. I promised I wouldn't talk about what I had learned. While I talked about how clever and fine everything was, Red leaned against the forge and smoked a cigarette. My eyes roamed about pretty careful during that time, and finally I saw something on the wall of that room which made me jump inside. It was a revolver.

Hanging there on a nail that stuck through the trigger guard, it didn't have a very dangerous look, but somehow, just as though a curtain had been swept aside before my eyes, I saw the crumpled form of Uncle Isaac, a bullet hole through his old skullcap, and recalled the threats that Red had made if I talked. I knew I never would talk then. George creeping around the place, his ferret eyes always prying and questioning, his showing up always sudden and unexpected, and his lip always lifted in that half sneer, seemed to fit into the mental picture that gun painted. I was scared blue.

"We—we better be gettin' outa here, Red," I told my guide.

"Bill's gone to a show with that moll upstairs," he shrugged. "We got plenty time. Anyway, Bill would 'a' told you a few things hisself before long. What he wants o' you is to be dead sure o' you; then he'll put you in the way o' some real dough. That's what makes me sore! Look at Cally Dolan an' Smitty—look at the breaks they git! You never heard o' them guys mebbe, but they started out just like you, an' now Bill's pushed 'em on the di'mond racket an' they're ridin' around in cars with a chorus gal on each elbow!"

He ranted: "I never git a break like that! Bill says I'm too rough an' I've got a face like a water-soaked pier. Every man to his own racket, says Bill, but it makes me sore just the same. I know what he's plannin' fer you—just like he planned with them. That's why I proved to you an' myself just how dumb you are! Yet he'll make you a barrel o' dough an' I'll still be cluckin' a nag around town an' meltin' bum junk fer a hunnerd bucks a week!"

So that was it! Red was sore at Bill and he was sore at the idea that pretty soon Bill would make a big crook out of me and let me work easy things and make lots more money than Red got. That was why Red had shown me the ropes. Well, I'm dumb, all right, and I've always lived in the country, and as long as I have my way and Byra has hers, I'm going to live in the country; but I am not a crook and I never will be, and I knew it just as well that minute there in the cellar with Red as I know it now.

Of course I could see why Bill Nigel, smart crook that he was, didn't trust Red with anything but the heavy work. For that reason I said nothing to Red about all the things that were bothering my own mind. It seemed that all I wanted to do right then was get to my room and think things out for myself.

I was sure that Byra would tell Bill what I had said to her. But now, instead of being sure that Bill would fire me right away, I began to think that maybe he would just hurry along his proposition to make a crook of me. Maybe, I thought, he would want me to start as this Cally Dolan had started, and Smitty.

Red told me again to keep my mouth shut. "An' git this, too, dumb-bell: I'm smart enough to know what's goin' on under my nose. Tomorrow there's a guy rentin' one o' our trucks—the big truck, he uses. What fer? What do you think that's fer?" He was leaning over me now, and his breath, sour with whisky and homemade cigarettes, hit my face. I just looked at him.

"They'll work the switch racket!" he said. "That's what they'll do. Bill must think I'm as dumb as you if he thinks I ain't wise to that. Bill is goin' into the commercial-fence game an' he'll clean up plenty, but all I'll git is a chance to heave junk an' melt it, fer a hunnerd bucks a week!"

I didn't answer him. He thought I was dumb, so I let him think so. At last he reached for the light switch at the foot of the stairs and I went up ahead. He lifted the trap and climbed through after me. Dark as it was in the store, and creepy as everything looked, it felt good to be there, away from that mysterious cellar.

"I'm all in, Red," I said; "I guess I'll go to bed."

"Go ahead," he growled; "but remember. Keep yer yap shut!"

I promised again and went up the stairs to my room. Every shadow was something that seemed alive to me; every creak of the stairs seemed to whisper of secret doors and openings that made my room about as private as a bird cage.

Upstairs I started to pack my stuff. If Bill fired me, so much the better. If he made me a crook proposition, I would quit anyway. There was some stuff of Crab's still in the room where he had left it when he started out with the show. Not much, because Crab never had much, but I packed it all in the little suitcase we had bought to go home with.

Once I found a letter from him and I sat there on the edge of the bed and read it through again. I wished Crab was there with me. The letter told about how good he was and what a hit when he went on the stage. He said that the leading comedy man was so sore that he had threatened to quit. It seemed funny that things like that had to be so. Just because Crab was funnier than the leading man, Crab had to suffer.

I knew Crab boasted a little about his acting, but he had a right to do that. He could act. With Red's boasting it was different. Red boasted without any right at all. He was just big and strong and crooked, and dumber than he thought I was. Men are different.

I got to thinking about Byra out with Bill. Bill never boasted at all. He was a smart crook and he made a lot of money and wore clothes that were the best I ever saw, but he never boasted. He was always quiet and generous and ready to help people. That wasn't my idea of crooks. Everything seemed to come down around my ears as I sat there reading Crab's letter and thinking about all these things. I cried a little bit—just couldn't help it. I was scared, and if it hadn't been for Byra I would have sneaked out of the place and gone home.

But Bill might have followed me. Once I ran out on him, he might be as nasty as he always had been nice. I kept looking at the walls of my room, expecting them to open all of a sudden and show me another passage, with, maybe, Red standing there grinning at me. He had said he could come right into my room. What if he did it when I was asleep? What if the man who had killed Uncle Isaac knew about the passages and came there to get me? What about that gun hanging on the wall of the cellar room, there by the forge?

I was thinking about those things when I heard steps on the stairs, and then the door opened and Bill Nigel stood there. He was smoking a cigarette, and it hung low from the corner of his mouth. The smoke from the end of it curled up and into his eye, and he stretched his jaw around and rubbed hard with his fingers on the eyelid. I couldn't see what he was thinking, because his face was covered by his hand. But I sat very quiet and my hands caught into the blankets on the bed. I heard Crab's letter crackle in my grip.

It must have been a minute—and the longest minute I ever spent—before Bill spoke to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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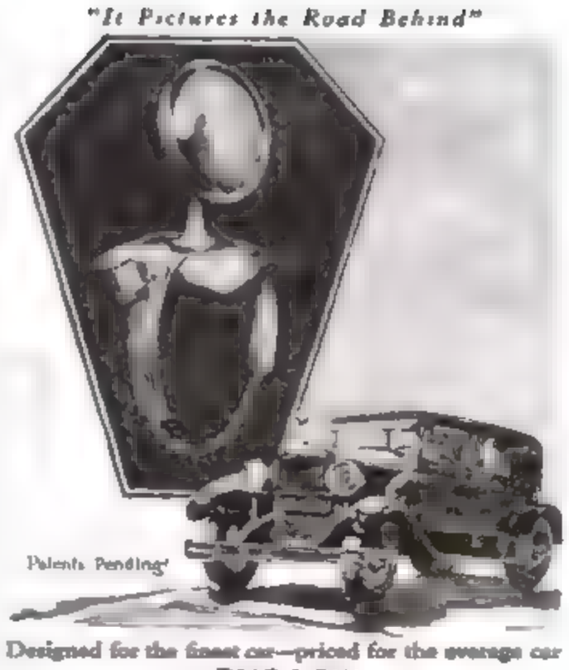

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But, very definitely, we do not intend to lose our identity through any merger, combination, or consolidation, now or hereafter.

Alvan Macauley
President

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

WOTAN'S CHILD

(Continued from Page 13)

only girl at school who can do that is kind of bowlegged, and she doesn't do it at all well. What else can you do? How old are you?"

"Seventeen," said Private Jimmy.

"And how much do you weigh stripped?"

Private Jimmy blushed and gasped "A hundred and sixty."

"Melissa," said the colonel, "you're being personal."

"What other stunts can you do?"

"Well," Private Jimmy said, "lots. But there isn't any apparatus here."

"That's what's so lousy about bein' in the field or cantonments. There's a gym at a decent post," Melissa complained, "but out here ——"

"Melissa!"

"Oh," said Wotan's daughter, "do shut up, dad!"

Lightning fell. Earth shook. Fragments of civilization and discipline hurtled through the blazing air. The freckled chit had defied heaven, and anything might happen now.

"Melissa," Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson drawled, trickling through the doorway, "you're makin' too much noise around here."

"Why, Robbie, what are you doing in this outfit?"

"Earnin' my pay, M'lissa," Robinson said. "Gee! Every time I get in an outfit of the colonel's you come makin' a noise around. Remember when I spanked you for buttin' in quarters at Fort Myer to see the men vaccinated? I'll do it again too. I'm workin' on a requisition an' you come bawlin' around. Get on your toy horse and go home, sister, or I won't marry you when you grow up. . . . Get along, honey."

I cannot make this seem either noble or touching, or make you see that the slimly built supply sergeant was upholding the laws of caste by which he had lived since he was a fourteen-year-old boy. The colonel must not be made a fool when those recruits in Battery F's windows and kid mule skinners in the supply company's quarters could see and hear. The plain little man lifted the girl's chin on a finger and kissed her nose.

Then he said plaintively, "Won't the colonel take this hyena 'way from here? We're writin' a requisition inside."

Wotan spoke his will: "Run along, Melissa."

Melissa got grandly on her steed, told Private Jimmy "See you later," and rode up the hill. An audience had created itself on the dust of the roadway and a civilian buggy had noiselessly added itself to the enlisted men edging forward in a thin rim twenty feet behind the black pony. Wotan knew this, as he knew that his child had degraded him by a whole inch in the sight of mortals. Now he asserted himself by seeming not to care:

"Got one of the new revolvers inside, Robinson?"

"Yes, sir. Would the colonel like to see one?"

"Please," said the god.

Robinson dodged past me into the office. There were no new revolvers lately issued, but he knew what the god wanted. He jerked a flat weapon from its holster and trotted back to hand it into the colonel's glove.

"H'm—rather heavy. Used it?"

"No, sir."

"Let's see," said Wotan.

A rag of newspaper hung to the eaves of Battery F's roof, blown there and dangling with faint tremors of the heated air. It was forty feet from the gaunt man's hand. The horses stamped and a woman in the civilian buggy squeaked as the shot banged. But the paper jerked from the roof and fluttered down.

"A little heavy," said the colonel, "but not so bad. . . . Thanks."

Robinson stepped back. The black pony turned and the orderlies turned. A twinkle of saluting hands followed the god's passage. Then boys were scuttling to look at the fallen paper, and Robinson grinned at me, wiping his nose. The military machine had justified itself by the gesture of shooting a hole through a bit of paper. I stood watching admiration bubble in the alley between the cantonments until a woman spoke to me:

"What for did he do that?"

"Testing a revolver. . . . Got my laundry, Mrs. Hunt?"

"I got it. And yours, Mr. Robinson. Hunt, he takes yours up to Battery C, Mr. Kaelred," said the laundress, setting a basket on the steps.

"Thanks. . . . Jimmy, run up and pay Hunt for our wash. . . . How you, Mrs. Hunt?"

"*Ach, Gott,*" she said, "I am dead alive with being hot!"

She bent down to pick two bundles out of the basket and her white neck flushed. Every Saturday she brought back our washing from her husband's scarecrow of a farm six miles off. Every Saturday she was dead alive with the heat.

"Up in St. Paul, I bet," she said, "my sister is cooler!"

"How did you happen to wander down here, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Wander? Yes, that is what I did. My brother was in the Third Field. I come down from Milwaukee to see him when he is sick. That is four years. Eight years I am in America and four years here. . . . And in Cassel it is cool in summers anyhow, even with this war."

Her husband brought her with him on Saturdays in his old buggy from the wretched farm some six miles away. Leon Springs Military Reservation has a vague populace of civilians. You come on farms in hollows and see skirts suddenly with a feeling of impropriety. Mrs. Hunt was perhaps the prettiest woman in that part of the reservation. I mean that there was nothing prettier. But I watched her undoing a list of bills and thought that a few more years and this prettiness would be baked out of her marble skin and her eyes would dim. She may have been thirty.

"Hard on you," said Kaelred.

"*Ach!* Well, life is easy no place for women. And my fault for marrying a handsome face. On the train I met him. . . . Anyways, we have no baby. That is something."

But she was not pathetic. Her shiftless husband was no hero, but somehow Mrs. Hunt was no heroine, save as a laundress. As a washer and ironer, she was consummate. She got the Texan and military dirt out of clothes with a kind of noble firmness. If she is still doing laundry in Milwaukee or somewhere, there is the best living product of German scholarship in starch and suds.

"Y'oughta make Hunt set you up a laundry in Santone," said Robinson.

"Yes? More work for me? That is what men think of us. . . . Well, it would be better in San Antonio than out here in the dust. . . . Seventy-five cents this week. And for you," she told me, "it is eighty-five."

But she stayed on the step of the supply office, talking sulkily, until her husband drove the mule and the buggy downhill again.

He bawled from under his black hat, "Well, when you're done with them soldiers, you can walk along, Gertie! I ain't waitin' on you."

"*Gott!* He would make me walk home! How is that for a man?"

"Then quit sparkin' them men and come along!" he roared.

The only romantic thing about Hunt was his jealousy. He had a faded sort of handsomeness and he had been a cavalryman when he was young. Now he was an untidy, lean loafer in his late thirties, a stray from the upper Middle West. I don't know

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how he came to own three acres in the reservation. But he was romantically jealous. He scowled at the lot of us standing with his woman on the step of the supply office, and scowled furiously at Private Jimmy when the Perfect Boy came trotting with a pipe Hunt had dropped in the quarters of C Battery. Jimmy made things worse by helping Mrs. Hunt into the buggy. The mule was lashed and the buggy dived downhill in a flutter of dust. The woman said something angry in German as the wheels rattled. Private Jimmy drew back from the explosion of fine baked dirt in his face.

"Nice fella, Hunt," Robinson observed. "Took a shot at a doughboy last week for talkin' to Gertie over the fence."

"What did the doughboy do?"

"Went in an' thrashed him. I dunno nothin' makes me happier to look at than a piece of matrimony that's went sour. Several dames have tried to marry me. I always told 'em it was as much for their good as it was mine that I didn't oblige. . . . Now, perfection, you hadn't oughta've made eyes at that squaw. Her man's sorta sens'tive."

"But I didn't, sergeant!"

"James," said Robinson, "it don't matter. You got curly hair an' blue eyes. You'll be a fire alarm to husbands until you lose your looks. See how you did to M'lissa. Y'oughta be ashamed of yourself, workin' on 'em 'at young."

Jimmy was mildly pleased, although he just said "Oh, bosh!" He had too lately emerged from his hygienic chrysalis for any free experiments with his lake-blue eyes and his perfect curls. But he thought Melissa a proper kind of girl. She took a wholesome interest in her physical development and obviously didn't paint her freckled face.

"She's a good kid, babe," said Robinson. "I've knew M'lissa in three outfits. She ain't scared of anything on feet. But you're in for it now. She chased a kid which could do cartwheels all over Fort Myer until he went crazy an' transferred into a doughboy outfit. . . . I see her aunt's at Fort Sam Houston. Probably brought her down from New York to see the Old Man. He always gets kinda hysteric when M'lissa's been round long, and begins bitin' lieutenants."

"But she can't stay out here," Private Jimmy objected.

"Sure she can. There's an extra room up at headquarters. . . . Yeh, perfection, you're in for it! Got a husband sore on you an' heart-smashed M'lissa all in one day. That ought to do you. G'on home. We're busy."

The requisition took us to its heart once more. Men leaked out of the cantonments, trudging off to the main center of the reservation, where cars for San Antonio waited. When bugles idly announced retreat, the slope had little except the buildings and some cooks and bankrupts to support on its dust.

Then wood of our cell ticked as the sun really sank, and the dusk was beautiful over Leon Springs, as though a blue powder came drifting down through a net of stars in the dulling sky. Everything dimmed and changed; fires of the outdoor kitchens were corals on the dirt. It was night suddenly upon these tangled hills, and boards creaked as the heat rose out of them. I sneezed twice, limping up for coffee at the kitchen of C Battery.

"'Nother for luck, fella," Robinson yawned. "It might thunderstorm on us. And there's four new mules down at the corral."

"What about them? Saw them this noon and they seemed nice peaceful mules."

"A mule that don't feel at home in a fresh corral don't like lightnin'. And if you ever have to help hunt lost mules on this reservation, guy, you'll know all about a new kind of hell. . . . What you eatin', K?"

Kaelred was dining on toast, jam and coffee with the cook of Battery C, under the canvas shed of the kitchen.

We all sat stagnantly comfortable on a bench behind the embers and admired the stars.

"Where's perfection?"

"Gone for our wash, Robbie. Mrs. Hunt mixed it up. Jim rode out to get ours."

"All alone by himself, K? He'll get lost."

"Do him good," said Kaelred. "Only six miles."

Robinson's hazel eyes shone in the light of a match. "Tricky country when you ain't used to it, K."

"Moral discipline," Kaelred said. He had been at a little Ohio college once for some months, until he brought a calf to morning chapel. Now and then he speculated in ethical values. He drawled on: "Do babe good to get kind of shot in the eye a couple of times. Too sure of himself. Seventeen an' never had a setback except mamma dyin'. I'd like to see him scared once or twice."

"He's prob'ly been scared plenty," Robinson mused, "but he ain't tellin' about it. You don't start tellin' things against yourself until you're twenty-one or two—if then. . . . Jimmy's a good boy."

"Who's Jimmy?" asked Melissa, beyond the fire.

She had changed her riding clothes for a white frock, and pink fingers rose on it from the coals, so that the child was the ghost of a trembling flower in the night, with buckles shimmering on her feet and the purple dark behind her head.

"This guy's brother, honey. . . . An' you go back to the colonel."

"Shan't," said Wotan's daughter, sitting on a cracker box. "He doesn't have dinner till eight o'clock. . . . Take me down to the corral, Robbie?"

"Not on your life! You'd want to ride a mule and spill yourself."

"It's hell," Melissa remarked, "being a girl. I suppose this war won't go on long enough for me to be even a lousy nurse, either!"

"You're workin' up a good line of talk, sister, anyways. Would you want to be a nurse?"

"Well," said the Valkyr, "it's better than nothing. They're some good. . . . I saw a man wounded when that gun busted at Fort Sill and it didn't scare me."

"You need to be scared some, sister."

Melissa laughed. This sound went up, insolent, clear and free, above the empty camp, as if she had never been afraid of anything.

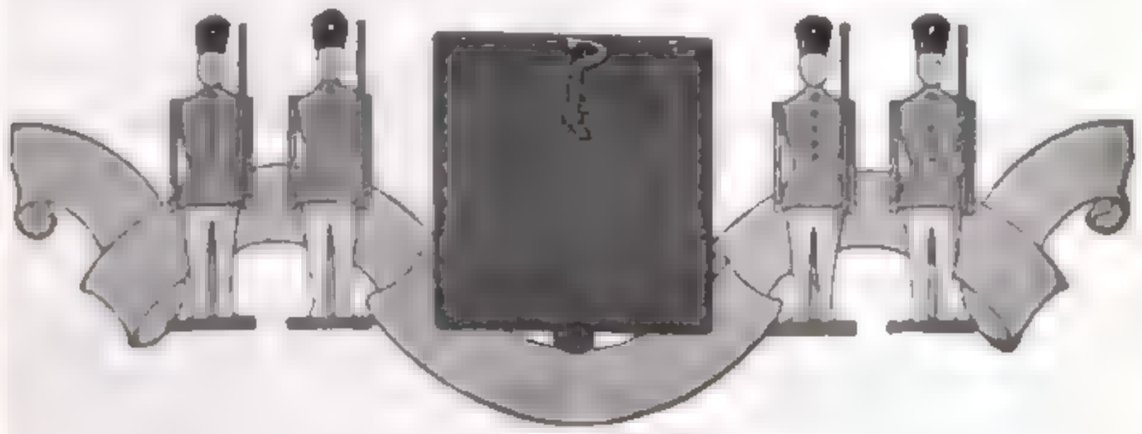
"Where's the kid that does stunts?"

"Gone riding for his complexion, honey."

"Enlisted men are much more interesting than officers," she brooded. "They don't have to be dignified."

She sat considering the charms of enlisted men. These creatures had been all

(Continued on Page 89)



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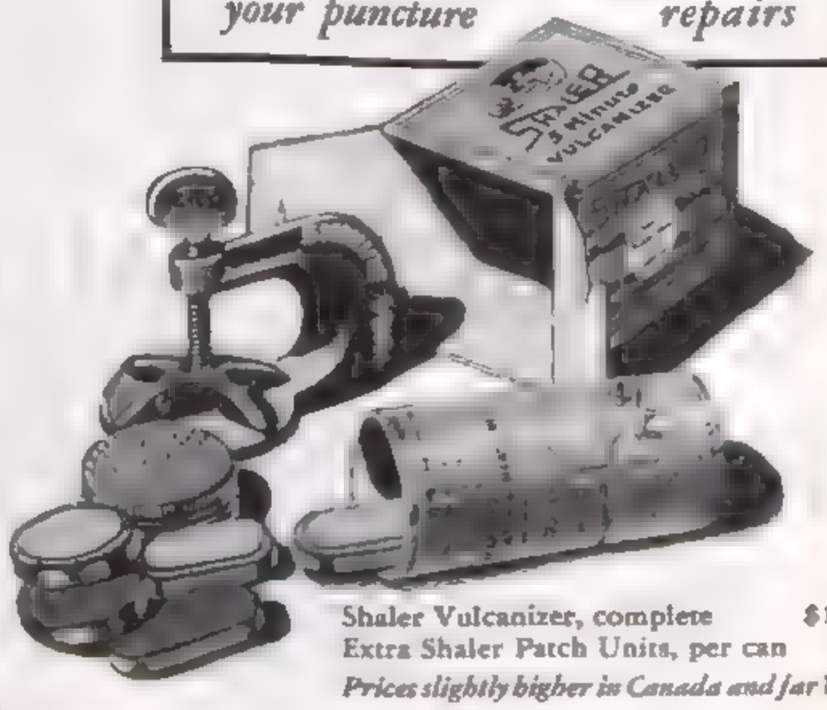

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around her ever since she knew a man from a milk bottle. They stoked the furnaces of officers' houses in posts and mowed grass and drilled for her critical amusement. They were a kind of fluid entertainment to Wotan's child, flattered by her notice and ready to stand on their heads or to play the harmonica for her.

"Guess I'll have dad transfer that kid to headquarters."

"I guess you won't," said Robinson. "He's happy where he is. And you go back to your papa. There's regulations against women bein' loose in cantonments after dark. Mules an' little girls oughta stay where they belong at"

"I never saw a supply sergeant yet," Melissa snapped, "who didn't get to be an old maid about things!"

She then left us scornfully and went back to devil her father about transferring Private Jimmy to the headquarters of her new regiment, where he would be convenient when she wanted to see him turn cart wheels or stand on his head. A monstrous atmospheric contusion swelling above Texas made the colonel's Philippine wound ache in his left shoulder and he must have had a pleasant evening. About ten he sent his child to bed.

About ten Robinson got up from his typewriter to turn down the wick of the lantern above his desk and casually said "No stars" as he sat down to work again. I paid no attention. I had discovered a hiatus in the sizes of hats for B Battery. But near midnight, when I lurched out of the office and looked up, the sky was a black wash. The one lamp at headquarters seemed prodigious and the blue speck of the medical detachment's shack was a peacock planet at the top of the slope. This storm hung over the hills, ready to burst. Let it! I was frayed to nervous ribbons by the requisition. I fell on my cot in the quarters, beyond the partition dulling the noise of Robinson's typewriter, and got off one shoe and my soaked shirt. Then I slumped on my folded blanket and was asleep.

Somewhere toward five in the morning an unimportant note of the day's news wound up from the cistern of memory and arranged a dream for me, with natural phenomena assisting outside the thin wood of this cantonment. Old Siegrid Lokke was screaming Brünnhilde's battle cry on the stage of the opera in London, and the second act of the Valkyrie had got mixed with the third. Drums and pulsing brass and violins that roared were already sounding the Walkürenritt and lightning was truly going off in the wings. The Valkyrs rode, and the dead woman sang and the drums made me jump, protesting so much clamor. I woke, and green glows flashed triply on my bandaged foot and on the empty cots of the room. Rain came slashing through screens and thunder laughed at me. A blanket lifted from the floor and sailed in air. All the wagoners were gone, I saw, save one kid who was dragging overalls up his bare legs in a corner. "This," he bawled, "ain't a storm. It's a cyclone!"

A tree smashed before the next flood of lightning. I jammed the window shut above my cot and heard water heave on the panes as if I had shut a porthole against spray. But I was not awake. Surely, and somewhere close, a woman was screaming!

"The mules is loose," said the wagoner, paddling up to me. "Everybody's went down to the corral. Robbie was yellin' for you. Got a flash light? Well, gimme it, please. This is gonna be hell."

"Don't you hear a—a girl shrieking?"

"I dunno it's a girl. It's some kind of a woman, though. Gimme your flash, won't you?"

I dug the flash light out of my coat, dripping on the wall below the window, and the boy went banging out into the storm. His naked feet sank in a churning soup of clay and water. The alley between us and F Battery was a spattering mess and he bent forward to run against the wind. I could watch him for a hundred yards when the world turned green. And then the woman screamed—screamed so that her voice seemed to cut through wood. I knew that she was in the supply office, not twenty steps from me, on the other side of the partition.

The door was locked on the inside. I pounded the panels, my poncho slapping the backs of my calves and rain soaking my hair. When the door opened I was blown into the place and paper hissed on the floor, visible foam on dark waves, before Jimmy Kaelred got the door shut, throwing his shoulder against its weight and the weight of wind.

"Shut up, guy," said Robinson, behind a cigarette.

The woman howled. She was lying on Robinson's cot with her head stuffed under his rolled blanket. I can't say that she made a romantic figure as the lightning washed her, and she was praying in German when she had no breath to scream.

"For heaven's sake, Robbie!"

"Yeh, an' more of the same kind. But I dunno what the kid could do. The storm got 'em and he had to fetch her some place. . . . Listen to that!"

For a moment we were inside a drum. The wooden cell shivered under the noise as it swelled around us, and my heart trundled a rough road up into my mouth and fell back with a bounce on the floor. Mrs. Hunt did not scream this time, and she stopped praying.

"Hey!" Sergeant Kaelred yelled at me, his voice achieving the pitch of mere conversation. "You're a lawyer. What is it when a guy bursts a man's teeth on him?"

"Mayhem," I bawled, "unless it's justifiable—or a prize fight. What's happened?"

The rain came now in galloping gusts on the thin roof above us and the Ride of the Valkyrs still sounded in my head. I saw three tall mules prancing on violet mud of the roadway and saw Jim Kaelred's stiff scared face while the lightning lasted. Then I was back in crazy darkness, and the woman moaned in German that she wanted to be with Sister Else in Milwaukee, where it was cool. More thunder shook us before Robinson answered me:

"The babe found Hunt just about killin' her—drunk. He thrashed him and fetched her outa there. Says he knocked Hunt's front teeth in. Makes it worse, don't it?"

For once I heard Robinson's drawl quicken with alarm. He had the old enlisted man's dread of civilian law. Outside the military machine, there were cloudy, irregular powers and demons. And this was a married woman and she was where she shouldn't be. Regulations had been busted open with a brick. Here was this moaning lump in cantonments at five in the morning!

"I couldn't leave her there, could I, Georgie?" Private Jim asked in the murk, his voice curious.

"It's all right, babe Robbie'll get you out of it somehow," said Kaelred, and his raincoat swished as he put an arm over the boy. "It's all right . . . Naw, you couldn't leave her there. But we're in the hell of a fix!"

"I couldn't leave her there," Jim said again.

Remember that this conversation was being howled against the gallop of rain and an atrocious noise of wind battering the walls. They were all spent and knocked about. It was already two o'clock when Kaelred limped in and woke Robinson, because Jim hadn't turned up yet. The storm was beginning when the two young men came on the boy leading this frantic woman along the edge of the drill ground, half a mile away, and towing a lamed horse. Nobody in the supply office was exactly calm. I should have been, but I happen to dislike thunderstorms and my brain now began a recitation of legal cases in the Texas criminal reports I had read at law school: In that state lots of men carry revolvers. And the Walkürenritt whooped in my mind, with long surges of drums and screams from violins and I certainly heard a woman shrieking still.

"Wagner," I shouted idiotically, "was a damn good theatrical composer."

"Shut up," said Robinson. "Listen!"

A thunder erased the other noises. And then a Valkyr shouted her battle cry beyond the door. She shrilled, "Hi! Hi! Oh! Hi-oh!" in the soldier's prolonged yell. "Hi, Robbie! Hi!" And doom rode in the sound.

"M'lissa!"

Wotan's daughter was pounding on the door. She whistled while she pounded with an indecent violence.

"Hi, Robbie, you in there? . . . Dad wants your gun. A mule's broken a leg. Got to shoot it. Hi-oh, Robbie!"

"Just a minute, sis!" he roared, leaning on the door.

"Snap out of it!" the Valkyr yelled. "Wake up! The mules are all over the place! Give me your gun!"

Suddenly Robinson opened the door and the child whirled in among us, a rubber cloak floating and her wet hair a black cap in the lightning. As he shut her into our terror, a branch raked the wood behind her, scraping gashes in the wall.

"Yow!" said Melissa in a pleased shriek. "That nearly got me, huh?"

"Is your dad down at the corral, honey?"

"Of course! One of the mules came up and got into bed with him. . . . Where's your gun, Robbie? This," said Wotan's child, "is simply slick! It's blow——"

Lightning flung violet glory into the room. Mrs. Hunt howled out of some hell in her feeble mind and we were buried again in the night.

"Who's that, Robbie?"

After the thunder he answered: "Honey, you got to help us outa this. The babe—the one 'at does stunts—fetched this dame into camp. Her husband was killin' her. He's thrashed the guy an'—an' I dunno what'll happen. It's bad! Jim's a recruit. He ain't been in the Army two months. He didn't ——"

"Slick!" said the Valkyr, and a light broke out of her dripping cloak. The bulb of her flash lamp rayed on Mrs. Hunt. She set up a cruel, joyous giggle of pleasure and said, "Hole in her stocking! Don't women look silly?"

"Is the colonel down with the mules?"

"Of course! Get your gun. We've got to kill this mule."

Rain was lessening as the storm pulsed past us, flying west from the soaked hills and battered forests. I heard Jim Kaelred pant:

"I—I'm going to report to the colonel. It's—it's ——"

"You stay here, babe!"

"No, I won't, sergeant. I—I'll tell him myself. I did it. . . . He—he's a gentleman."

"Let Robbie talk to him, Jim," said Kaelred.

"No. I did it and—I'll take the consequences."

He simply opened the door and went out with that.

Melissa said delightedly, "He's a good pup, isn't he? . . . Oh, say, Robbie, gimme your gun!"

An appalling theatrical glow came into the room. These swift Texan storms vanish, having torn and battered in ten minutes, and dawn was already above the thinning clouds. The alley was a wide pool, stirring as drops smote it, and our wet faces shimmered visibly. The wind dropped. Everything stilled.

"I'll stay here," said Kaelred, his mouth drawn sideways in the pain of his freshly broken toe. "Go on, Robbie! See what you can do!"

The Valkyr cried out her scorn: "Think dad'll see a soldier get the worst of it in a scrap with a lousy civilian? You're dumb. . . . Here, Robbie, where's your gun?"

Robinson looked at Kaelred and nodded past her head. Then three of us splashed out into the mud and water. A cool soup, unusually thick, rose between my toes and refreshed my face when I slipped on something and came down flat.

"Sloppy," said Melissa, trotting along ahead of me. "Pick up your feet!"

We lurched and slopped two hundred yards past trembling brushwood and shapes of wet sheds. I don't think that Melissa was wearing anything under her cloak. Her white legs vibrated in the slush before me and she twirled the flat revolver on a thumb. Lanterns rose and fell in the broken corral. A plunge of scared mules had broken the rope and there was no boundary to this roofless stable in a grove of slim trees. But the gigantic mule sergeant and the wagoners were working and cursing with a fine vehemence, and many mules had resumed their dignified contempt for all things in a line of twitching ears. The denim jackets were blue in the blended lights, and Private Jimmy's drenched shirt and trousers wandered in this jostle, as he looked for judgment. Without wanting to hear it, I heard Wotan's theme sounding from an orchestra. And then I saw the god, rigidly standing on the seat of a wagon, five feet above humanity, his glass in his eye and his white mustache in order below his dripping hat.

"Here, dad!"

"Very good," said the colonel. "Connell, kill the poor thing. Give Sergeant Connell the gun, Melissa."

But Connell was trying to head off a dun mule that came out of the line, its halter flapping. He waved a lantern in its face and bawled words that Melissa should not have known existed in any language. The god descended from the wagon lightly and took the green revolver. A fading crack of lightning made his glass violet.

"Sir," said Private Jimmy, stumbling up to him.

"One minute, please!"

Wotan's cloak whirled off around the high wagon and the mules all flapped their ears at the shot. Some lad said "Well, the poor ——" And then he looked at Melissa.

That was over and the god returned from his kindness.

"Sir," said Private Jimmy.

"What'll you have, son?"

"Sir, I'm Private Kaelred, C Battery. I have to report that—that I went out to get our laundry. She'd mixed it up. I rode out there, and got lost once, and—and he was beating her in the kitchen."

The colonel passed the revolver from one hand to the other and looked at the scared boy without any interest.

"Ha?"

"Yes, sir. And I knocked him out. I—I broke his front teeth. Sergeant Robinson and my brother think that makes it worse."

"He's a husky pup," said Melissa, sitting down on the slanted tongue of the wagon.

"And I brought her away," Private Kaelred reported in the voice of a talking doll, staring at the monocle. The mule skinners were thick behind him. "I brought her away. She—she was hysterical."

"You've forgotten to tell me who she is," said Wotan.

"Their name's Hunt, sir. She does laundry for a lot of us," Robinson drawled. "Farm down the road about six miles."

"Ha?"

"Sergeant Kaelred and I went out lookin' for the boy, sir. His horse went lame on him. I've got her up at the supply office. If the colonel," Robinson said silkily, in the meekest voice, "will give me some instructions, I'll take charge."

Wotan played with the revolver. The lanterns were almost useless now, because thin light descended through the trees and his boots were red between stains of sticky mud, and Jim Kaelred's hair was golden again.

"Private Kaelred."

"Sir?"

"In love with this woman?"

"No!"

"Say 'No, sir.' in answering an officer," the colonel purred.

"No, sir."

"Very good"

(Continued on Page 92

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(Continued from Page 89)

Melissa yawned, "She's pretty fat, dad. I think she's an awful crumb," and dabbled her feet in a puddle of gray mud.

"That'll do, Melissa"

"Oh, gosh!" said the Valkyr. "That's right! Get military!"

The colonel purred, "This is an army, Melissa. I know you regard it as a form of amusement. . . . Robinson."

"Sir?"

"Know anything about these people?"

"Some, sir. He's jealous an' drinks a lot. Lazy kind of crumb. Old cavalry enlisted man. She's in bad shape. Hunt was really beatin' her up."

"Ha! . . . Very good, Kaelred. Go to bed. I'll attend to this."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"That'll do, son," said the god, who was wanting to laugh.

Private Jimmy stepped back, remembered that he should not salute when he had no hat on and marched away in good order. The gaunt deity looked after him for a moment. It was in that moment that a new noise came through the vague splatter of thin rain and the stir of trees. It was the sound of wheels dashing mud and water. Melissa jumped up on the tongue and looked abroad for more pleasures and shows. I just saw a buggy whirling through the trees toward us, and it did not mean anything. The Valkyr saw more.

"I bet that's him, dad!"

"Who?"

"This lousy civilian," said Wotan's child.

Private Jimmy had stopped his march. The buggy slowed and a man with black hair rose from the seat. A horse reared back as its bit was jerked in its mouth. Hunt yelled "There y'are!" His voice came through air in a blast of heat. He stood up in the splattered buggy and seemed all gray. At once he seemed to be feeling his stomach, inside his coat. I did not know why the girl shrieked and jumped for her father. But Jim Kaelred sprang backward and jarred on a pale trunk and the tree shook above him. Then the Valkyr screamed.

"Hi! Put 'em up! Put 'em up," howled Wotan's daughter, "or I'll blow hell out of you!"

I did not understand. But Hunt let something clatter down on the floor of his buggy and his dirty hands rose in the air over his head. He stood staring toward Melissa with his lips open, and his front teeth shimmered. Jim had only knocked the plate of false teeth back into his mouth.

"Very good, daughter," said the colonel, and took the revolver from his child. He walked forward slowly and his tiger's purr deepened to a boom. "Kick your gun out of the buggy, sir. . . . That's better! Sit down! Turn your horse. Make it fast! Now get to the devil out of here, sir!"

"That kid ——"

"Who told you to speak, sir? . . . You were abusing your wife, and this soldier thrashed you. Tell the civilian authorities anything else and I'll have you arrested for attempted murder. Get out of here!"

After one breath, Hunt said, "Yes, sir, colonel," and the wheels of his buggy moved. He had been driven away by that voice of the parade ground. He never tried to come and talk to his wife, although the colonel had the silly woman at his quarters for a day or two until a Lutheran pastor came from San Antonio and got her off to her kin in Milwaukee. He was just blotted from the scene by an order, given in a voice he understood. Wotan looked after him for a while and then strode back to us. He tossed the revolver toward Robinson and said once more "Very good, daughter," in an unbelievable tone. He took the glass from his eye and stood smiling down at her. All at once Melissa blushed.

"You haven't said that since I got the prize for French at school, dad."

"Come along," said the colonel. "You're a disgraceful object. . . . Connell, get this mess straightened up. How many mules gone?"

"Five, sir."

"I want them back here," the god commanded, "by noon!"

He walked away with an arm on his child's shoulder. Nobody moved for a while as the red boots splashed off through the mud and the girl's white feet moved. The gods passed toward Valhalla through a beginning sunshine in their pride, and did not turn to look back when a cheer went after them like a great flame in the cool air.

A RHAPSODY IN GREENS

(Continued from Page 15)

about it. He bellowed out every shot so I could hear no matter how hard I let the water run. There ain't any justice if a weasel like that can shoot in the seventies."

"He isn't dear to any of us," said McWhinney, "but he's a golfer."

"I bet he'd kick his ball out of a heel mark," said Wills.

"He don't need to," said Weevil. "He can play a ball out of a crater. And he's going to win the championship of this club again."

"Not if I can help it," growled Terhune.

"How," asked Wills, "do you propose to stop him?"

"If I was religious," said Terhune, "I'd pray him out of it. I'd give a thousand dollars to have him licked. I'd give five thousand to have him licked bad. I'd give ten thousand to have his nose rubbed in the dirt about ten up. I don't like him."

"We gathered that idea faintly," said Weevil.

"Somebody in this club can trim him. We got some golfers."

"None good enough."

Terhune plumped down on a bench. "It seems like I can't bear it," he said disconsolately.

"What a chance," McWhinney whispered, "for young Gallagher, if he was only a golfer. The Old Man 'ud give him his daughter and throw in a piano for lagniappe."

They dressed and walked out to the eighteenth green to see who was finishing. Presently on the tee appeared Tom Gallagher and Lucy Terhune.

"Now watch the big stiff," said Weevil. "He goes around the course in diatonic scales—eight notes to each hole."

The hole was a one-shotter, and Lucy put a Number 2 iron shot to the edge of the green. Tom teed up and whaled into the ball with furious purpose. An enormous divot arose, darkening the sky, and out of its midst emerged the ball. It sliced sharply and came to rest in the rough nearly halfway to the flag.

"See that divot?" asked McWhinney.

"They ought to hire him out as a steam shovel," said Wills.

Three more efforts put Tom in the trap guarding the green and three more took him out of it again, so that he was lying seven where any ordinary golfer would have been in one. The three watchers were purple with suppressed emotion. Lucy eyed them speculatively and Tom grinned amiably.

"I'm improving," he said. "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better"

"He's only sixty to here for the second nine," said Lucy.

"He ought," said McWhinney, "to have a laborer following him with a hod to replace his divots."

"Never you mind," said Lucy. "He'll be shooting a ninety yet."

"If he does I'll buy him a new set of pants and coats," said Wills. "No, Lucy, you better call him off it before he abolishes the course. Any man who can lift a whole tee and hurl it thirty feet with his mashie doesn't belong in a golf club. He ought to take a contract to dig another Panama Canal."

Nevertheless, two weeks later, Tom Gallagher shot an attested ninety-nine!

"I think I'm getting the hang of it now," he said to McWhinney. "It seems to be coming easier. I don't believe this is such a hard game, after all. You just have to look at the ball and hit it."

"Right you are," said McWhinney. "It's simple. Just look at it and hit it. It doesn't dodge. It stays right still. It just sits right there in the grass as patient as a bump on a log, waiting to get slapped. Sure, just look at it and paste it."

"I bet you I break ninety before long," said Tom.

"I'll bet you," said Mac "that the only way you ever break ninety is to have your back put in a cast and have an iron rod run down your left arm to hold it straight and a horse block tied to your chin to hold your head down."

"You quit making fun of him," said Lucy. "I won't have it."

"Fun! Do I look funny? Do I sound funny? Does a man make fun of an earthquake? Do you crack jokes at a boiler explosion? No, Lucy, what I'm being is sad. It wouldn't be any more impious for an angel to take a pickax to the golden streets than it is for this boy to swing an iron on our fairways. You better take him away from here and shackle his leg to a piano, where he can't do any harm."

So it went until the day of the qualifying round of the championship. On that day it rained and only hardened golfers put in an appearance—hardened golfers and Tom Gallagher.

They sloshed around all day and sixteen men qualified. Among them was Tom Gallagher. He qualified because only sixteen men were out, and his score was a hundred and twelve.

"There," he said to Weevil, "I told you I was getting good. Any man who can qualify for the club championship isn't such a dub."

"Right you are," said Weevil. "You're doing grand. Lucky there weren't seventeen players today"

"Probably," said Tom soberly, "I shan't win it."

Weevil looked at him and shook his head dolefully. "Probably," he said, "not."

Nevertheless, Tom Gallagher won his first match. It was the weirdest golf ever played and the club roared with laughter. He defeated Jack Mott, who shot a ninety, by one up—and his score was one hundred and nineteen! The thing sounds impossible on the face of it, but there are the facts. On the first hole he had a twelve and Mott took four. On the second, a short hole, he got a two to Mott's four. So it went. He interspersed elevens and twelves with incredible threes and fours. But he won.

"You see," he said blandly, "I'm a match player. It's just my medal play that's wrong."

Mortimer Fleming selected that moment to enter the locker room, where he spied the trio and Gallagher sitting on a bench, and upon them he advanced.

"You're a betting man," he said in his rather unpleasant voice to McWhinney. "How's the sporting blood today?"

To this McWhinney made no direct reply. "Have you met Mr. Gallagher?" he asked.

"Ah—curious to see you, Gallagher. I understand you played a syncopated round today." He laughed. "Golf is quite different from the organ or oboe, or whatever it is you play, eh?"

"Why, yes," said Gallagher mildly, "quite different."

"Well, I'll show you some more difference Saturday. We meet in the next round." He turned to McWhinney. "Well, what odds are you offering that I don't win the cup?"

"None," said Mac shortly.

"Even money? I'll back myself against the field at even money."

"No," said Mac.

"Any of you other gentlemen interested?" Fleming asked irritatingly.

Gallagher spoke rather diffidently. "Well," he said, "I like to bet a little once in a while—not much, you understand, but something reasonable."

Fleming's lip curled. "When I bet, I bet," he said. "There's no fun breaking into a dime bank. What's your idea of something reasonable—two dollars? Huh! I bet you twenty-five even I win the championship."

"I said something reasonable," said Gallagher, very mildly indeed.

"What's your idea of reason?"

"Why, say five hundred dollars. I'll just go you five hundred you're not the next club champion."

Mr. Fleming swallowed convulsively. "F-five hundred! I'm no millionaire."

"And I'm just a poor piano player," said Gallagher. "You're sure you're going to win, aren't you? If I was sure I was going to win, I'd bet more than five hundred I'd bet a lot –I mean, if I was the sort of fellow who bets on sure things." Weevil jammed a warning elbow into the young man's ribs, but Gallagher gave no heed. "Five hundred at even money," he said.

"I'm not crazy," said Fleming.

"Well," said Gallagher softly, "you asked for a bet—I didn't."

"Maybe you've an idea you can fluke a win over me like you did over Jack Mott."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said Tom.

"I'll bet you ——"

"—— five hundred," said Tom, and looked after Fleming with mildly surprised eyes as that bumptious young man turned on his heel and made haste out of the locker room.

Weevil expelled a breath. "Gosh!" he exclaimed.

"Made him take water! Bluffed him! Showed him up to a fare-ye-well!" crowed McWhinney. "Oh, boy, you may be a rotten golfer, but you're there!"

"But," said Wills, "what if he'd taken you? Boy, five hundred smackers is a lot for a young fellow to lose!"

"And musicians," said Gallagher, "don't deal in such sums."

"You got nerve, all right. But if you got that much money loose, you better save it to buy groceries for Lucy."

"If I'd lost," said Tom, "I could have sold my piano."

On the following afternoon the trio played with Old Man Terhune and sang Gallagher's praises loudly.

"Maybe he's a key tickler and all that," said Wills, "but he's got something up and down his back besides rubber. That boy's got nerve."

"Huh!" snorted Terhune.

"It would have done you good to see him show up Fleming."

"Twan't nerve," said the Old Man. "Jest lack of brains."

"Anyhow, Fleming showed yellow."

"He hain't yellow on a golf course," said Terhune.

"Where's the boy today?"

"Him and Lucy went over to play the High Rock course. They go over there every other day."

"You got to hand it to him for trying, anyhow," said McWhinney.

"I don't hand it to him for nothin'," said the Old Man. "I don't want to talk about him. About another week of this chasin' around after Lucy and I aim to take him by the bosom of the pants and heave him right off'n the front porch. My ears is full. Just another seven days of listenin' to nocturnes

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 92)

and movements and E minors and modulations and I'll be fit to be tied. I'll modulate him!"

"Don't you want Lucy to be happy?" asked Wills. "She's in love with him."

"If I'm goin' to keep a music instrument around the house, it'll be one that can't eat," said the Old Man. "It'll be one of these here phonographs where there ain't no upkeep."

"Aw," said McWhinney, "leave him be. He ain't got any milk of human kindness in his heart. He's a crab."

"He's worse'n a savage beast," said Weevil, "or music 'ud have charms to soothe him."

"Shet up and play golf," said Mr. Terhune, "and mind your dog-gone business."

By the time the foursome finished their round, Lucy Terhune and Tom Gallagher were returning from High Rock with their bags of clubs, and McWhinney paused to speak to Lucy while the young man deposited them in the shop.

"Your pa's a hard nut to crack," said Mac.

"Dreadful set in his ways," said Lucy. "Going to watch the match tomorrow?"

"I can't bear it," said Mac. "I couldn't stand it to watch Fleming mutilate that nice kid."

"Mott didn't mutilate him, did he?"

"Heavens, child, you don't expect that sort of accident to happen twice, do you?"

"You never can tell," said Lucy. "Anyhow, as a special favor, I wish you'd get papa to follow them around. Point out to him what malicious pleasure he'll get out of seeing his unwelcome future son-in-law licked."

"It'll kill Tom's last chance. Your pa despises Fleming. It'll be the last straw to see him abolish your young man."

"I'll take the chance," said Lucy. "You just have him there—that's all I ask."

"You're crazy, child—you're crazier'n a loon," said McWhinney dolefully.

"That's the bird that laughs, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Did anybody ever investigate whether it laughed last?" asked Lucy, as she climbed into the car with Tom and drove away.

III

ON SATURDAY morning there was quite some little crowd assembled on the first tee to see Gallagher and Fleming drive off. Good wishes were with Tom, but what bets were made were at absurd odds of twenty to one on his opponent.

"Well," said Fleming, "let's get it over. I've a golf game on this afternoon. We won't play the extra holes after the match is over."

"Er—have you turned in the score yet?" asked Gallagher gently.

"I might as well, I presume. Heads or tails for the honor."

"Heads," said Tom, and the coin fell tails.

"Too bad," said Fleming. "That would have given you one honor, anyhow."

Tom blinked lazily at Fleming. "Got everything you need to play with?" he asked.

"What d'ye mean—everything? I've got my clubs and balls and a caddie."

"I understand a man needs something else in a match."

"What else?"

"Nerve," said Tom softly. "Got that?"

"Watch this drive and see!" snapped Fleming. "And then show us what kind of a solo you can play."

He addressed his ball and smote it with venom. It was a beautiful drive down the middle of the course.

"Try that on your piano," he said, as he stepped back with a self-satisfied expression.

Tom put his ball on a little wooden peg and Wills and Weevil and McWhinney turned away their heads in unison that they might not behold the dreadful slice. The click of club head meeting ball did not sound like a slice, and a long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" from the gallery caused them to lift their eyes quickly. Wills was able to catch sight of the ball in flight. Out and out and out it sailed in a beautiful arc.

"Boy!" he exclaimed. "Where'd that come from?"

"Miracles will happen," said Tom placidly.

They trudged down the fairway to Fleming's drive, which was some two hundred and twenty-five yards out. He played a mashie to the green and it stopped with commendable back spin some twenty feet from the cup.

"That," said Wills, "ends that."

"Pray for another miracle," said McWhinney.

Thirty yards farther along, Gallagher selected his mashie niblick and addressed the ball.

"I hate to watch this one," said Weevil. "A dub playing a mashie-niblick shot is the most horrible of created objects."

But Tom went into the shot, a divot flew upward, the ball mounted almost perpendicularly and plunked on the green four feet from the cup—nor did it roll an inch.

"Sufferin' woggle bugs!" exclaimed McWhinney. "Did you see that one? It's a darn good trick if he can do it. Did you see what I saw?"

"No," denied Wills, "I didn't see it, because it couldn't happen. What can't happen, don't happen. He can't play a shot like that."

"Nevertheless," said Weevil, "yonder lies the ball."

Fleming laid his putt dead; Tom sank his four-footer for a birdie three and a win.

"How's the nerve, Fleming?" he asked softly.

"Go on and play your game," said Fleming shortly.

The second home was a one-shotter over water—a rather difficult pitch to a fast green guarded by traps. Tom dropped his ball on the grass and whacked it with his mashie. Weevil blinked; Wills blinked; McWhinney allowed his lower jaw to drop with a bang against his necktie. The ball was high and straight. It dropped to the green and they could see it fighting the grass with a tremendous back spin—and it came to rest a scant yard from the hole.

"I'll write you out the music for that one, Fleming," Tom said amiably. "It's in five flats."

Wills grasped Weevil's arm. "Did you see his form? Did you see how he hit into it? Did you see the back spin? Where'd he get 'em? Jock Hutchinson couldn't beat it!"

"Luck—bull-headed luck," whispered Weevil. "But it can't keep up."

Fleming played—a good workmanlike shot. But again he needed two putts to Tom's one, and the second hole was lost to a birdie.

"Two holes—two birdies!" gasped McWhinney.

"Now," said Wills, "for a fourteen on this one."

Tom teed up for the drive, but as he addressed the ball he turned to Fleming and smiled. "Nerve still with you?" he asked. "Any bets to suggest?"

Weevil stood bug-eyed, watching Fleming. "Listen, fellers," he said huskily, "if Tom puts another Houdini, Fleming's nerve busts. Look at him! He's bitin' his thumb! He'll blow up sure's shootin'!"

Again Tom drove, but this time the trio watched him breathlessly. His back swing was graciously smooth and even, power was applied at the exact moment of the stroke, timing was perfect and the follow-through was a picture.

"Two hundred and fifty if it's an inch!" said Wills.

"But that form! Where'd he get the form? I've watched him drive a thousand balls, and he never even was within telegraphing distance of form like that."

"Accident," said Weevil. "It just happened."

Fleming's nerve still held; he smote a mighty drive, but again he had to play his second before Tom. His brassy was short of the green—a par five. Tom's brassy was on—such a shot as had seldom been seen on that course. He sank his four to his opponent's five and was three up—with three birdies against three pars for Fleming! It was enough to break any man's heart—to play perfect golf and then to be beaten on three holes running by a dub working miracles!

"Where's Terhune?" asked McWhinney. "He ought to have seen this. Send a kid after him. Drag him out here by the collar. Maybe the boy'll pull off another."

"He can't. It ain't in the books."

Wills was scowling. "Listen," he said thoughtfully, "I kind of smell something."

"I don't listen for smells," said Mac, but he glanced at Lucy, who was standing to one side demure and self-contained, but with the expression of the cat that had dined on the canary.

"Um," grunted McWhinney. "Um——"

But the fourth hole made it appear as if the day of miracles was over. Tom sliced his drive out of bounds, smothered his second attempt, dubbed two irons, looked up twice on approaches, and to cap a climax needlessly, took four putts, making a neat ten. Fleming won with a somewhat shaky five. The fifth hole was an atrocity. Fleming recovered his nerve somewhat and got off a good drive. Tom fanned! He actually missed the ball altogether, and turning around with a surprised expression, said to the gallery, "First time I ever saw a ball dodge."

The next effort was what Wills called an abdominal shot. This is played with stiff arms and wrists and the hitting is done wholly with the stomach muscles. The results are well known to all golfers. The ball rolled off to the left all of seventy yards and came to rest in a clump of Canadian thistles. Six thrashing strokes got it out again, and Tom lay eight, with his ball still a hundred yards from the tee. He lay ten before he was level with Fleming's drive. He lay fourteen on the edge of the green and took four putts, making a total of eighteen—a sum seldom heretofore reached by man.

It was such golf as the books do not write about. Tom had used up thirty-seven strokes for five holes and yet was one up on his opponent, who had played only twenty strokes.

McWhinney groaned. "Boys," he said, "the stuff's off. Let's go home and mourn."

"Lucky we didn't drag out Terhune," said Weevil. "He'd kill the boy with a niblick."

Lucy was smiling happily. "If I were you," she said, "I'd linger another hole—or maybe two. It's fun to watch."

"Your idea of pleasure," said Wills, "is a bit gruesome."

Nevertheless, they lingered. Fleming was well off, but Tom followed with a beautiful two-hundred-and-fifty-yard poke. Fleming's second was short, but Tom was on the green. Two putts gave him a par four, while his opponent, chipping up beautifully, got a half. The seventh was a hundred-and-ninety-yard shot. Fleming was on. Tom stepped up with a Number 2 iron and laid the ball inside him. Both got par threes. On the eighth Fleming holed a long putt for a four, but not until Tom had played eleven shots through the fairway and taken three putts for a fourteen. So they came to the ninth all level. Fleming had played beautiful golf, thirty-one strokes for eight holes, while Gallagher had taken fifty-eight! The ninth was a long par-five hole. Fleming's drive was long and straight. Gallagher went into the ball with all he had and the gallery gasped. On and on, out and out it went.

"Sweet Sally!" exclaimed Wills. "He's past the direction flag—and that's three hundred yards!"

"If I live through this," said McWhinney, "earthquakes and train wrecks will have no terrors for me."

Fleming's brassy was a screamer; Gallagher's brassy came to rest a scant seventy yards from the pin. Fleming's third was on, but twelve feet past the cup; Gallagher's third, a pitch with back spin, came to rest two feet from the flag. He sank a birdie four to his opponent's par five! The gallery was on the verge of hysterics. A man who had shot a thirty-six was one hole down to a man who had shot a sixty-two!

It was more than flesh and blood could stand. Fleming was quivering with rage. His nerves fluttered in the wind like so many rags on a clothesline. He pressed his next and smothered it.

"Steady on!" said Gallagher. "I told you you needed nerve as well as the rest of the contraptions. Take it cool, old man."

Fleming made a remark under his breath which was not clubby in its general tenor, and then watched Gallagher drive the green. From then on it was all over but the shouting. Tom needed no more miracles, for Fleming came home in fifty-one. But the match held to the last hole, which Tom won with a four, it being a par three, to Fleming's seven!

Terhune, who had sulked in the lounge, was dragged out to see that last hole. He saw his daughter's young man win his match one up and complete a nice fifty-nine for the last half of the course. One hundred and twenty-one strokes he had taken, but with it he had won from a man who had shot an eighty-seven! Fleming did not shake hands. He rushed for the locker room. Old Man Terhune listened to the news. When the enormity of the thing dawned upon him, the humiliation which had been put upon the man he despised, the old fellow cut a caper. He flung himself upon Tom and wrung his hand.

"Boy," he shouted, "you're a filthy golfer, but you done it! It was better'n beatin' him with real golf. It's busted his nerve. It's rubbed his nose in the dirt. Oh, boy! I'm for ye! Go on and play pianos. Git you a hand organ if you want one. Sit on my porch and talk about symphonies all you want to. Play nocturnes in the parlor. Drop in and practice scales. I kin stand it. You're worth whatever it costs."

"Do I understand," asked Tom, "that you have withdrawn your opposition to my marrying Lucy?"

"You do. I kin afford ye. If Lucy wants you, she can have ye. Shake!"

They shook.

McWhinney eased up to Lucy and twitched her sleeve. "Young woman," he whispered, "come clean. How did you git that rabbit out of the hat? Where was the trick pocket? How came the hand to be quicker than the eye? Step up to uncle and explain that game of golf."

Lucy grinned. No well-brought-up young lady grins except upon some very special occasion. "You're just uneducated," she said. "You don't read the papers. Tom was runner-up last year in the British Amateur; he finished fifth in the Open and third in the French. Read the papers, Uncle Mac, read the papers."

"But who," demanded Wills, "would connect up a piano-playin' lad with that Gallagher?"

"That," said Lucy, "is how we got the rabbit out of the hat."

"Anyhow," said Weevil, "your dad'll feel he's got his money's worth. He'll support Tom and let him play in tournaments and feel he's well worth the expense."

"Will he?" asked Lucy. "Um—on the contrary, any time you gentlemen really need a loan, come to us."

"Eh?"

"Who told you music was a pauper art?" she demanded. "Right now Tom's got two operettas running in London, and what with one thing and another, his income from royalties is a couple of thousand a week. He's got two shows opening in New York this fall. In short," she said a bit sharply, "you all make me sick—you know so much that isn't so."

"We do," admitted McWhinney, "and this puts it up to us. What'll it be? A solid golden-oak Grand Rapids dining-room set? Or what? Name it!"

"For a wedding present?"

"Yes."

"We'd really like it, uncles, if you'd club together and get us a nice piano," said Lucy.

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HOKUM AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 9)

his handsome gray head. And people would look, and look again discreetly; whisper perhaps:

"That's Penny Wise, the girl who did those lovely settings for the Neighborhood Theater this year. They say he's going to marry her. Rather charming, isn't she, in a way? Gordon's quite mad about her."

Quite mad about her—Gordon—high-headed, high-handed, Roman-emperor Gordon!

Penny sang again as she put the clean grill away and stowed her spotless plate in the cupboard. "Some day he'll come along ——"

A piece of luck that he should have a sister like Cordelia and that Cordelia should exhibit for Penny the same sort of jealous devotion; no end comforting—a rock at one's back, a refuge if one should ever need it.

Putting her work on the table beneath the light—an almost completed set, it was; a heavenly Louis Quatorze interior—sinking down on her knees to regard it more closely, Penny hummed through closed soft lips: "The man I love—some day he'll come along ——"

She hadn't dreamed Gordon, among her other dreams, when she used to putter round the Little Theater in Greentown, Alabama. Doing any tiresome job the director would chuck to her, just to get her hand in, just to get her foot in the door, just to fill her nostrils with that ineffable, indescribable smell of scenery and stage and curtain. Penny was born sniffing for it. She adjusted pasteboard, tightened clips, scowled at a fireplace three inches high.

Penny's mother had hated the Little Theater. So had Penny's father. Penny's five brothers and two sisters had run the scale of domestic derision in chorus. She had no right to waste her time. Her father had sweated to put her through high school. A druggist's daughter wasn't a princess. And that high-hat stuff at the Little Theater—what did she expect to get out of it, when people could go to the movies?

It was up to her to get a job and quit loafing.

"Give me time," Penny had said. "I'll get my own job, sooner or later."

A deep armchair stood before the fireplace. She took it up between thumb and forefinger, handling it delicately, set it down on the other side, considered profoundly. When the vicomte came in through the window—beautifully done, the window! Upper left, leaded panes; window seat cushioned in faded scarlet—well, when the vicomte came in through the window, would Madame la Duchesse be in the chair, and if so, hadn't she better have her back to him?

Penny had got her own job in her own time, but she had had to buck her whole family to take it. Ultimately the director had realized her possibilities. He had let her handle props. He had let her work on scenery. She couldn't act—he hadn't even tried her there. But the night her set for the Glittering Golden Gate had drawn thrilled applause from the Greentown Little Theater audience before a player spoke a word—that night the director admitted to Penny: "You're a smart kid. If you ever want to try it in New York I'll give you some letters."

He had given her the letters—one of which got her a hearing with the director of the Neighborhood Theater—and Penny's own indomitable desire, her dogged burning dreams, had done the rest.

She wasn't designing for Ziegfeld yet. The Guild hadn't yet taken notice of her. But in the Neighborhood outfit she was making herself a name. She had found her job, and through her job she had found Gordon.

Across the lofty raftered room from the fireplace stood a bed, a very beautiful bed, four-postered, ornately carved. The vicomte was to throw his cloak on it—wait; yes, his cloak he throws on it. Better not have it curtained, shut off too much.

Penny got up from her knees, found a straight-backed chair, drew that to the table, sat down beside the set and cocked her head thoughtfully.

"I'll get the dolls," she mused. She was using two tiny pasteboard figures for the vicomte and the duchesse, another for the maid, another for the rightfully wronged—as it were—duc.

When she had set the dolls in place—one just climbing in at the window, one lost in meditation in the depths of the fireside chair—she lost herself and sat staring at nothing, smiling faintly.

Gordon, coming back of the scenes on a first night with some know-it-all critic; Penny, hair tousled, frock all any way, wild with excitement and happiness, shouldering him rudely.

"I'm sorry—I am so sorry!"

Introductions. Gordon's eyes, somehow from the first moment, burning into her. He had said he'd like to see her again. He had seen her again, the next night. She thought it was her work that had caught him. It wasn't her work: it was herself.

"Penny Wise, do you mean to say you don't know who he is? Why, that's Gordon Leverte! He's filthy with money. Of course, go out to dinner with him if he's asked you. He's terribly high-hat. You *have* made a hit! . . . No, you little hick, he's not that sort. Anyhow, why worry?"

What would Greentown, Alabama, say to Gordon? That would be the return of the prodigal daughter, with a vengeance.

The part of Penny that liked Gordon to protect her wanted Greentown to see him doing it. Wanted Greentown to read of her in white tulle and orange blossoms, hanging to Gordon's arm—old stuff, but somehow potent.

Penny cherished the vision of Mrs. Gordon Leverte, perhaps motoring through Greentown in a foreign car with her wealthy husband.

"He takes such care of her. He's simply mad about her—yes, he's building a theater just to try out her ideas on lighting and all that. You know those marvelous sets of hers—she's doing O'Neill's new play next winter."

Taxicabs racketing by in the street grew fainter and farther; the playing children ceased to shout or went indoors to bed. Hotter and stiller and emptier, the night. Penny pushed the set gently one side: she dropped her curly head on her arms, folded upon the table. She may have slept, though she intended merely quietly to consider if perhaps another chair facing the first beside the fire ——

Someone, years later, woke her, knocking blithely, tattooing the panels of her door with relentless knuckles.

She jerked herself upright, blinked, scowled, said stupidly "Come in."

"Must be a fire somewhere," she thought, between waking and sleeping.

It wasn't a fire; it was a slender, dark-haired young man with a script under his arm, no hat, a grin on his eager mouth, imploring question in his eyes.

"Hello, Penny, old dear!" he said, striding in happily. "Saw your light and thought I'd take a chance. I've got the whole second act now!"

Matter, obviously, for congratulation.

"You have!" said Penny, rising and stretching herself. "Oh, Carey!" Having completed the stretch, she thought to inquire: "What time is it? I think I've been aslee "

"Certainly must have," said Carey Pickens. "You look like a kitten that's just climbed out of a basket." He added, consulting a disreputable silver turnip which he took from his trousers pocket, "It's—ah, it's half-past eleven, if I'm right "

"Well, for pity's sake, Carey," said Penny, gasping, "that's no time for you to be coming around here!"

"I know it, but—gosh"—he reproached her deeply—"aren't you crazy to see the end of my second act?"

"You know I am, but ——"

"Then sit down and read it to me. You've got the set right there, haven't you? We can do the whole thing ——"

"I don't know whether we can or not. I'd have to go and dress."

"For crying out loud!" he observed, amazedly. "You look all right in that—in those ——"

"That's just it," said Penny doubtfully.

"Pajamas, aren't they?" he inquired. She nodded. "Do you sleep in 'em?"

"No, foolish! They're lounging pajamas. They're—they're to have tea in."

Delightfully he accepted it without question. "All the dog, aren't they! Where'd you get 'em? You look like a million, Penny."

"Do I look like too many millions?" asked Penny wisely.

He shook a reassuring head. "Not for me. I'll be calm."

"Idiot! I mean, would a lady go and put on the coat that goes with 'em?"

"Have they got another coat too? What's the use? I'll take mine off if it'll make you feel any better. Hotter than Tophet tonight anyhow." His shabby gray one was over the back of a chair before she could stop him. "Now I want you to cast an eye over that last scene, beginning at Page 32, and tell me, am I Shakspere's child or not?"

"Well, you can't stay too long," said Penny.

"Go on; don't waste any more time then," he adjured her.

She opened the script with a practiced hand, found page and line, began to read in her soft hesitant voice:

"'*(While the* DUCHESSE *is in the* VICOMTE'S *arms knock comes at door.)*

"'DUCHESSE *(desperately motioning* VICOMTE *to be silent):* Who's there? Who's there, I say? I am ill. I am not to be disturbed. Monsieur le Duc shall hear of this!

"'*(The door is broken open and the* DUC *enters with armed men behind him.)*'"

Penny said, "Wow, Carey!"—gray eyes wide, running a thin small hand through her rumpled thatch, rumpling it wilder yet.

"Is that a peach of an entrance, or isn't it? Go on—go on!" said the author.

So she read the scene through to the end.

It was, as the author had frankly admitted, a stirring scene. Madame la Duchesse defended Monsieur le Vicomte with all the eloquence known to woman under such trying circumstance. He had but come, she swore, to bring her news of her brother, who, carrying letters from the Prince of Cellamare to Alberoni, had found himself in desperate danger—her well-beloved brother in danger of his life.

To all of which Monsieur le Duc turned a deaf ear and a sneering lip. While Monsieur le Vicomte, scorning to defend himself, stood with arms folded, blond head high.

"'But, Jacques'"—that was the duchesse's line; Penny read it with a delightful quiver in her voice—"'Henri and I have known each other since childhood. There is no more between us, I assure you ——'

"'Than a drawn sword—MONSIEUR LE DUC *speaking*—and that, one regrets to observe, appears to have been drawn too late!

"'I flung myself into his arms, it's true, excited—wild!

"'Madame, do you boast of it?

"'I merely explain

"'Excellently phrased! No explanation could be merer.'"

"The vicomte goes into action there," Carey interjected tensely: "'Monsieur le Duc, you will regret this! The honor of your wife is unspotted ——'"

(Continued on Page 98

Little Miss Kitty, attractive and pretty
When asked what it was kept her healthy and gay
Replied, "Here's my hint: Always use Double Mint
Take it after each meal and don't skip a day!"

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I-53

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Penny read slowly: "'DUC: Ah, then the leopardess can change!

"'(VICOMTE *draws his sword.* DUC, *with a sneer, motions men to disarm him.* DUCHESSE *flings out both hands imploringly.)*

"'DUCHESSE: Jacques—my husband!

"'DUC: You have no husband, madame. You had once a fool, but what good is a fool to a woman, unless she loves him? I accept my dismissal.'

"Oh, Carey," said Penny, "I think that's swell dialogue; really I do!"

Carey lit a cigarette. He beamed like a Cheshire cat sheathing its claws in its domiciliary branch.

"Not so bad, eh?"

"But," said Penny—"but, Carey ——"

"Go on," said Carey, "finish. Then talk."

Penny did as she was told. She finished. She even read CURTAIN, with a clipped professional accent at the end of the Duc's last, burning line.

Then she sat with her chin in her hands, scowling a little unhappily at the set while Carey shifted the pasteboard creatures about and about.

"I think," said Carey, "that on 'Madame, you have no husband,' she moves upstage to the window ——"

The pasteboard duchesse moved upstage in Carey's long, nervous fingers.

Penny, watching him, broke out recklessly. He was so rapt in his quaint ducal imaginings, so sure of his big scene, all that thin hackneyed stuff so real to him. How could she tell him truth enough to be of any use? She blinked her eyes against his faint, absorbed smile.

"Carey," she blurted out doggedly, "I said the dialogue was grand, but if you really want to know ——"

The duchesse slid down upon the floor beside the window; lay there forgotten.

"Of course I want to know," said Carey touchily. "I asked you for criticism, didn't I? What's the matter with my dialogue? You want to remember this is Louis Quatorze, not Irving Berlin; that's the way those johnnies used to talk."

Penny insisted unhappily: "It's not the way they talk, it's the things they do. Don't be cross with me, Carey. I've got to say what I think, haven't I? Well, I think—I do really—it's hokum."

Hideous indictment! She could have cried to see the light in his dark eyes dulling slowly, the smile die off his mouth. Carey, who was so unendingly sweet to her, who ran her stupid little errands for her, heard all her stupid little troubles, who smoked her cigarettes and ate her corned-beef hash, but who also brought her hot cross buns on Good Friday, and once, when she had a terrible cold on her chest, a spray of greenish-white orchids, to make her well.

Nothing Carey wouldn't do for Penny—why do women say that only of the men who can do nothing for them that will matter?—nothing Penny wouldn't do for him, except lie about that sacred charge—their work, their theater.

So she said again, "Hokum—I mean it. The lines are nice, but the situation—it's old, you know."

"If you're looking for new ones, I wish you luck," said Carey bitterly.

"Don't be cross, Carey."

"I'm not cross. I'm hurt at your lack of critical faculty."

That annoyed Penny so, it was easier for her to hurt him.

"I mean, old dear, it's a lot of bunk, isn't it—the injured-husband thing? He'd have known her better than that. They're supposed to be frightfully in love with each other, aren't they—the duc and the duchesse?"

"Being jealous would make him give her the benefit of the doubt, undoubtedly," said Carey.

"No, I don't mean that. He'd weigh her explanation ——"

"And find it wanting—you're right he would!"

"No—no, wait! He'd let her explain."

"With a good-looking guy in a white plume throwing his cloak on her bed after midnight!"

"Well, a bed after midnight's really no worse than a bed after noon," argued Penny reasonably.

"Don't be naïve," said Carey coldly.

"Don't you be tabloidish. That scene's like one of those black-outs in a revue."

"Life's full of black-outs," said Carey morosely.

"Yes, but, Carey, hokum's dangerous. You don't suppose I hadn't rather tell you it's a riot, that you'll be packing 'em in with it—if I could tell you that and mean it! I've been crazy about your duc, up to now. I can just see Glenn Anders ——"

"Not the type at all," said Carey. "You don't get me!"

"I get this," said Penny—and she was by then so irritated, so stubborn in her own belief, that she stood up and slapped the script down on the table smartly—"it's old stuff—the unexpected husband and the circumstantial evidence! It's too old to get over. It has no kick any more. Make the duc come in and find the vicomte, if you must; then ——"

"Have 'em both do a little soft-shoe stuff and break into We are the Musketeers," suggested Carey rudely. "I'm not writing a musical show, Penny."

"No?" said Penny politely. "What is it—burlesque?"

She was sorry. She was sorry, directly she said it. Carey's eyes winced. His grin came hard.

"Bad as all that?" he inquired ruefully.

"No, no, no! Of course it isn't. Don't be silly, Carey! I'm only trying to show you ——"

"You've shown me, all right," said Carey. He got up, stuffed the script into his coat pocket. Penny thought he was going to put the coat on again, but he didn't. He turned, and the lines about his mouth, the shadows under his eyes, seemed darker and deeper than when he came in.

"Been writing all day," he said simply. "Got any coffee? I'm tired."

He looked it. He looked as if behind those tired eyes—now that the fire of creation had sputtered out—an ache was growing. His shoulders stooped a little; he ripped open his collar and left his tie dangling.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said. "Tell me where you keep the coffee and I'll make us some."

"I'll make it," said Penny.

"As you were!" said Carey. "I may not be a playwright, but I'm a Grade A cook."

She told him where to find the coffee and he disappeared into the bedroom.

Penny lifted the set onto the floor, sat down before it, hugging hunched knees, and brooded remorsefully.

After all, Carey was so ardent in his playwriting, what right had she to discourage, perhaps to disillusion him? She had begun the sets for him—the plan required two—more out of friendship than from any belief in their ultimate use in an ultimate theater. Poet? Yes, he was that—artist as well. But did he know enough of life? Would he ever snap out of his fog of dreams long enough to make contact with the fundamental realities upon which the drama has got to stand, foursquare, to be accepted? Thus Penny to herself, polysyllabically, but sincerely.

Carey came back and slumped down upon the floor beside her.

"After all," he said thoughtfully, "what's hokum but a pattern? It's the pattern you resent. It's life in the mold, but it's life. People walk in that pattern; they congeal in that mold. I do a picture of 'em, walking or congealing, and you yell 'hokum.' Well, it's true, isn't it? And it's important, if true."

"Where's the coffee?" asked Penny practically.

"It's perking," said Carey. "If you're bored with my play we won't discuss it any further."

"Oh, Carey, I'm not bored!"

"Then tell me what's wrong with hokum if it's Nature's mirror?"

"I'm saying it isn't," said Penny. "It's Nature's still, and what you want is a moving picture."

"Or someone who can operate a still," said Carey pleasantly.

It relieved her to have him laugh. He had a laugh she liked to hear. She hugged her black pajamaed knees and chuckled her relief.

"Y'see, Carey, the world today has a little clearer viewpoint."

"In your eye, it has! A lot of new *clichés*, maybe; that's all. My trusting child, so long as no biological change occurs in our so-to-speak flora and fauna, there can be no social change except in the approach."

"What's the good of living," Penny fought back hotly, "if we don't learn?"

"We do learn, in the course of time, to bite on the bullet and accept crow for capon, without too much operatic outcry, if we're bright."

"Carey, that's not like you!"

"What do you know about me?" asked Carey gently. "No more than you know about life?"

"Well," said Penny, staggered—"my Lord!"

"Even the Lord isn't yours," said Carey, "unless you're His.

They sat and looked at each other across some sort of chasm, new-cleft.

"Maybe I don't know you," said Penny reluctantly. She hated the idea of not knowing Carey from a to z, of having to decipher him like a message in code, rather than just have him in her mind, running pleasantly through her thoughts, like the song she'd been humming all evening—"Some day he'll come along—the man I ——"

Gordon, now—one had to think about Gordon. She didn't want to have to think about Carey. Just wanted him to be there.

As if the thought had shimmered from her mind to his, like a baby spot moving about a stage, Carey said casually: "How's your friend the elegant arbiter? Seen him lately?"

"You mean Gordon Leverte?" asked Penny primly.

"The king himself," said Carey.

"I was supposed to go to dinner with him tonight," said Penny.

Carey said, "Don't tell me the royal cupboard was bare," with mocking anxiety.

"He had to stay over in Philadelphia," said Penny, cool and dignified—as cool, that is, and as dignified as she very well could be, sitting on the floor, with her hair outrageously untidy. "He called me long distance to ask me to make it tomorrow night, and his sister, Mrs. Nash—Mrs. Darragh Nash, you know, Carey ——"

Carey looked at Penny out of dark, curiously wistful eyes which his smile never lightened, and shook his head at her.

"The Social Register will be your epithalamium."

"I thought that meant a marriage hymn or something," said Penny, not encouraging him to wise-crack about Gordon.

"'Or something' is right," said Carey.

He went to fetch the coffee presently, came back with it in two blue cups. A box of sugar and a tin of cream appeared also.

"Have a little bovine refreshment," said Carey, pouring a thin stream from the pierced tin. The coffee was good, hot and strong. Penny hugged her knees with one hand and smiled at Carey over the rim of her cup, held in the other.

"I likes my comforts," she said. "I do, really."

"The Quest of the Golden Cotton Wool," said Carey. "You'll find it. I mean, I suppose you have found it. Haven't you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Penny, lying sweetly.

"Like hell you don't!" said Carey. "When are you going to marry him, Penny?"

Penny began to sing: "Maybe Tuesday will be my good-news day." She set her cup down and hugged her knees with both

(Continued on Page 100)

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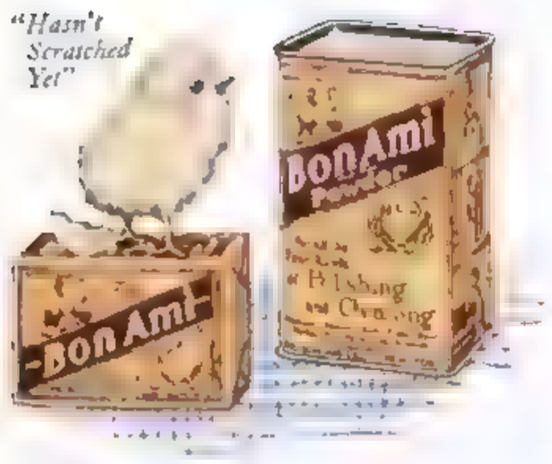

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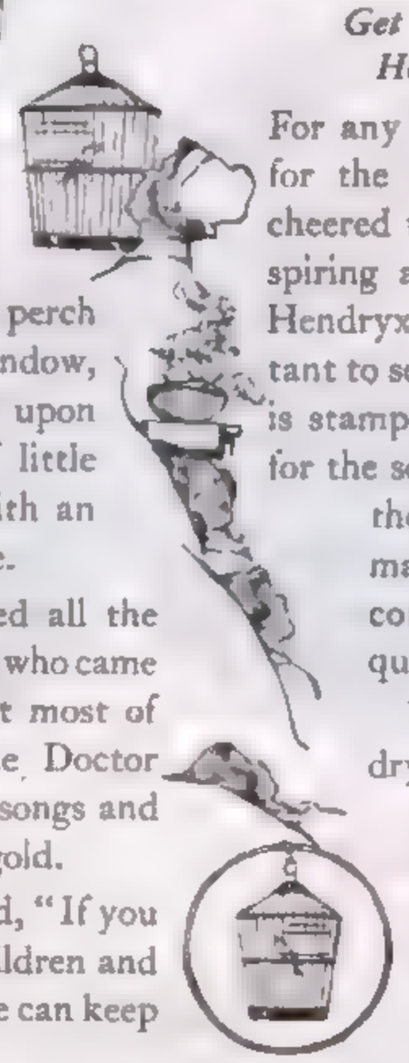

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(Continued from Page 98)

hands. Her eyes laughed, but her voice was reproachful. "Carey, I told you you could stay just a little while. What time is it now?"

"Do I have to look?"

"You do."

"Do I have to go if it's after twelve?"

"I should say ——"

He interrupted, glooming at the silver turnip: "It's after one—that's all it is."

"After one!" Penny sat aghast. "Not really!"

"There is no justice," said Carey. "That's what it is."

"Outside!" said Penny briefly. "Outside, Carey!"

He begged, with his hand on the sugar box, "Let me have one more cup—just one!"

"Well, make it snappy," said Penny, weakening. After all, he did look so tired, and the coffee had seemed to cheer him. "Make it dog-gone snappy!" she commanded sternly.

Carey disappeared into the bedroom with his empty cup.

Penny sat, with her mop of curls tipped back, staring lazily and amusedly at the set. She thought: "There really should be another deep chair."

It was with her thought of the other deep chair that once more her door resounded lightly. A knock. Two knocks. Knuckles striking a crisp clear summons from the insentient wood. At that hour—what on earth—yet more pertinently -who?

Penny sat staring, dumfounded. She produced, after a moment, like a Wagnerian *leitmotif*, her little Bright-Eyes voice, somewhat shaken.

"What is it?" she said.

"Penelope!" answered a deep voice, discreetly lowered.

"Come in," said Penny. It couldn't be true, of course. There was a frightful mistake somewhere, that was all.

Also investigating the mistake, just as the door opened Carey came out of the bedroom, coffee cup in hand.

"Who the devil?" said Carey—tired or not, a fairly romantic figure, coatless, collar open, striped tie dangling.

Carey always wore striped ties. Odd, how that fact stood out in Penny's mind as she said politely, scrambling to her feet, black silk pajama legs flapping:

"Why, Gordon!"

The Roman emperor made an impressive entrance, gray head high, followed by his entourage.

"Why, Cordelia!" said Penny.

The other woman—she must all her life have been the Other Woman—glimmering through Parisian black, lit by pale lucent pearls—the *comtesse*, of course, in the flesh. Not too distantly related to the devil.

"This is awfully nice," said Penny. The *leitmotif* died away into an unresponsive silence.

"Do come in," she said further. She got chairs for them.

"Mrs. Nash," she said, imploringly almost—"Cordelia—may I present Mr. Pickens? Mr. Pickens," said Penny, "is writing a play and I am doing the sets for him." She gestured with one thin chilly little hand toward the crimson velvet window seat, the leaded window, toward the tiny, ornately carved bed, toward the duchesse, flat on the floor, between the duc and the vicomte.

"How do you do?" said Cordelia to Carey. Less warmth than a naked turkey evinces between a fagot of asparagus and a lobster, dryly crimson, in a restaurant window.

"Mr. Pickens and I do not meet?" suggested Pearls and Black Georgette softly, twinkling a little, like a star easing itself through mists; gleaming silver gilt between smoky cloud fleeces—or cotton wool, maybe.

Gordon rose to the moment, and beyond it: "Marie, sit here!"

He himself gave Carey a nod and a look. "H'are you?" Like an open palm across Carey's face.

"Splendid, thanks," said Carey. He said: "May I get anyone some coffee?"

"Carey and I were just having some," said Penny rather pitifully.

"Too delicious!" said the *comtesse*. "And one had feared there was only Main Street."

She had a crimson mouth tipped and bowed in exquisitely the right places. There were vague, bluish, soft shadows on her eyelids. Her small black hat came down to her delicate eyebrows nearly, left two pale petals of silky hair visible upon her unrouged cheeks; like a gardenia, her cheeks—just that smooth thick ivory allure. And her mouth was undoubtedly love's red, red rose. But behind the soft bluish shadows her eyes held merciless amusement.

She seemed to say "Bless you, my children" on a *legato* of cruel soft laughter.

"Well," said Penny -"well"—to a Roman emperor, with the laurel well down upon his handsome brows—"what happened? Did you get back from Philadelphia?"

"I found I could make the ten o'clock train," said Gordon, in a snarl like a bass fiddle—beautiful, however outraged. He looked at Penny and looked away from her to Carey. His lips were tight and thin. His nostrils quivered.

"That's always a mistake, isn't it," said the *comtesse*—"taking a later train? I mean to say, one should stay with one's plans, Gordie, for the comfort of all concerned—shouldn't one?"

Something lancing the air between her and Gordon—something that had been or might be again. She may have been merely remembering him as an usher at her wedding.

Cordelia said in a stately way, appallingly significant: "Gordon called me up on the merest chance, when he got in, Penelope, and suggested that we take a little run down here in the car. See if you were still out of bed ——"

"I'm so glad that I was," said Penny. Northern Lights, flickering and gleaming from the *comtesse* to Gordon. Icicles forming. Smell of snow in the air. Said Penny desperately, "Won't anyone have some coffee, really?"

"Thanks," said Cordelia. "We can't stay. We only ran in for a moment."

What a moment! Psychological, unquestionably.

"Awfully sweet of you," said Penny. To the *comtesse* she put out a quivering antenna: "Are you—are you going to be here long?"

"It's so hard to decide," said the *comtesse*. "I feel I am going to like the sky line more than I remembered."

"You must let us amuse you, Marie," Cordelia told her with a kind of anxious ardor.

"Oh, you do, darling; you do!" said the *comtesse*. Suddenly she put her hand over Gordon's and gave a little throaty crow of laughter. Tightened her fingers, snatched them away again before he could more than bat an eyelash.

"Such a sweet place!" she said. "You live here?"—to Penny.

"Why, yes, of course," said Penny, flushed and awkward. Where else? And why not? A stiletto point somewhere in that cooing question.

"What is the delicious flower smell?" asked the *comtesse*.

"Petunias and coffee," said Carey.

"What is your play about?" asked the *comtesse* of Carey.

"Old stuff," said he. "Just this sort of thing."

The secret sybaritic enjoyment in the smile that played over him!

"Comedy, that is? Of course!"

Carey said, "It's all in the eye of the beholder, isn't it?"

Apparently Gordon couldn't sit still when Carey spoke. He got up abruptly. He shoved back the chair in which he had been sitting. His eyes burned into Penny, making her feel as if the black silk pajamas were Jane Shore's sheet.

(Continued on Page 103)

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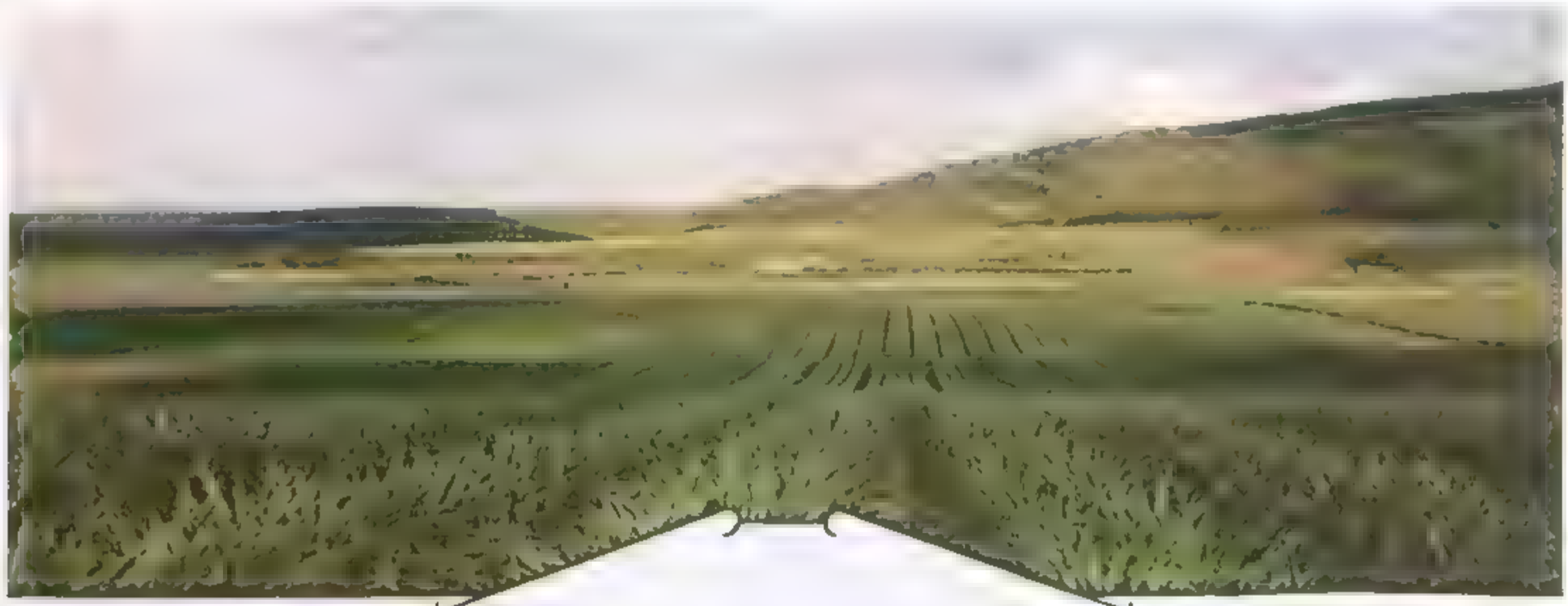

The KINGDOM THAT GREW OUT OF A LITTLE BOY'S GARDEN

Author's Note

Nowadays we take everything for granted! Pineapple for instance. You know, of course, that the finest pineapple comes from Hawaii. But do you know all that has happened to make it possible for you to serve it whenever you wish, in all its tropic flavor? It is a very human story, and that is why I am telling it.

Marion Mason Hale

IT all began in a garden down in Maine. In that garden among corn and beans, the seeds of a dream were sown—seeds which have since blossomed into one of the most romantic stories I have ever known.

The boy who labored in that Maine garden was James Drummond Dole—but let us call him "Jim" Dole, for that is the way he is known in Hawaii.

"Jim" Dole had always loved the soil. He had dreamed often of a great garden of his own—perhaps in a far-off romantic land—under tropic skies.

One day, there came tales of fortunes in coffee in far-off Hawaii. With the lure of the tropics in his blood, there was nothing to do but sail away—and sail he did.

But "Jim" Dole found Hawaiian coffee fortunes more fancied than real. Even so, he did not leave Hawaii. In staying he discovered Hawaiian Pineapple.

Hawaiian Pineapple has always been delicious—even in the semi-wild state in which "Jim" Dole found it. But being a practical idealist, he dreamed of delivering it to your table and mine—with all its delicious native flavor.

He saw that there is one moment in the life of pineapple when the fruit is at its very best—just as it comes to full ripeness on the plant. He wanted to capture that perfection—to send us that field-ripened flavor though we live thousands of miles overseas.

All of which to "Jim" Dole spelled—Cannery.

For "Jim" Dole to think cannery was as good as having it—and he got it. But it was only a little cannery—just big enough to put up 45,000 cans a season. Now it has grown so great that it packs that many cans in half an hour.

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But, just twenty-four years later, we find "Jim" Dole's household grown to the great Hawaiian Pineapple Company—with a pineapple garden reaching out over tens of thousands of sunlit acres.

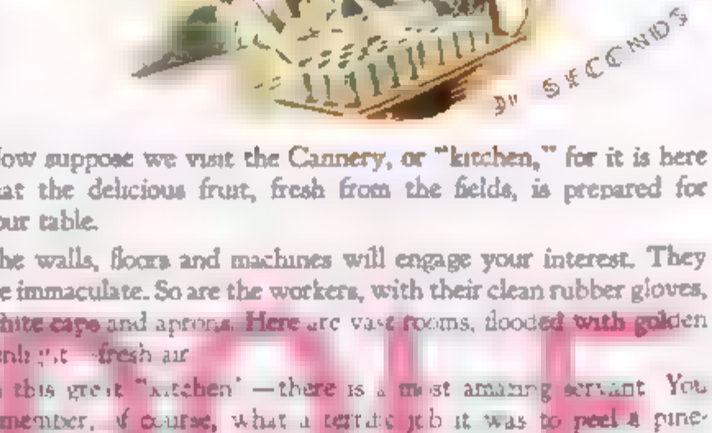
And the "kitchen" that was once so little now bustles with activity as thousands of workers prepare Hawaiian Pineapple for your table. In 1927 over 69,000,000 cans of Hawaiian Pineapple came out of that kitchen—more than one-third of all the pineapple that came that year from the Hawaiian Islands.

When you visit the pineapple plantations you will marvel at the freedom from weeds.

How do they do it? One way is with paper! Yes, with a special paper called "mulch" that keeps down the weeds around the plants.

You will enjoy watching the machines laying it out in long, even rows and the planters going up and down the rows—punching holes in the paper through which the new pineapple slips are planted. Each year, over 30,000,000 new plants are set out that way on the Hawaiian Pineapple Company's plantations. It takes 4,000 miles of paper to do it.

The Hawaiian Pineapple Company paid $50,000 for this idea so that you and I might have Hawaiian Pineapple at its very best.



Now suppose we visit the Cannery, or "kitchen," for it is here that the delicious fruit, fresh from the fields, is prepared for your table.

The walls, floors and machines will engage your interest. They are immaculate. So are the workers, with their clean rubber gloves, white caps and aprons. Here are vast rooms, flooded with golden sunlight and fresh air.

In this great "kitchen"—there is a most amazing servant. You remember, of course, what a terrific job it was to peel a pineapple by hand.

Well, that is what this marvelous machine does—it peels pineapples. As many as one hundred a minute. First it cuts open the tough shell, then whisks off the top, slices off the bottom, and finally cuts out the core. And it does all these things in less than a second.

Without such marvelous machines Hawaiian Pineapple might still be a rare dainty served only at our finest feasts. Instead, it goes from fruit to can in 91 seconds.

Speed! Yes—speed is vital in capturing the luscious flavor of the fresh fruit. Seconds count. That delectable taste of Hawaiian Pineapple must be caught—and is.

Now a pineapple kingdom all their own: It came about in this fashion.

We liked "Jim" Dole's kind of Hawaiian Pineapple—liked the luscious flavor—the delicate texture produced by careful plant breeding and equally careful canning—liked it so much that the Hawaiian Pineapple Company soon had to have more land. Men searched the world, but nowhere else could they find another Hawaii. The magic of Hawaiian soil, sunshine and climate has produced a fruit that has never been equalled.

The experts looked again—and behold, in their own back yard they discovered the forgotten island of Lanai, barren and unpopulated.

It promised to be wonderful pineapple land, so the Hawaiian Pineapple Company bought it, built roads—reared a model city for the workers—and began to prepare 20,000 of Lanai's 90,000 acres for Hawaiian Pineapple growing. Today, "Jim" Dole's Company controls 63% of all the choice pineapple lands of the Islands.

Some day you must see these things—you must come to Hawaii. And when you do you will see Hawaiian Pineapples growing in the fields, beautiful in their parade of gorgeous color.

And your love for things nicely done will carry your interest through every step from plant to can. You will see, too, how much "Jim" Dole and the Hawaiian Pineapple Company are doing to serve you with the finest of Hawaiian Pineapple.

When you have seen all this—you will begin to wonder, because all of it started from a little boy's dream—in a garden down in Maine.

And you will leave "Jim" Dole there on his broad acres—dreaming perhaps of an even finer fruit than the glorious thing he has already produced—Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

* * * *

NOTE: Of course this is only part of the romantic story of Hawaiian Pineapple and the man who has done so much to make it available to all the world. The whole story is told in a lovely booklet which the coupon below will bring you. Included in this booklet are 30 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes furnished by three famous culinary experts. Since it is free, why not send for it today?

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(Continued from Page 100)

"Suppose we run along," he suggested, with a sort of leashed violence.

"Suppose we do," said Cordelia, obviously relieved.

"Must we?" deplored the *comtesse*. "Just as I was becoming so interested in Mr. ——" she looked at Carey questioningly, eyes lifted, lips parted.

"Pickens," said Carey—two unresponsive woodpeckerish syllables.

"Pick-ens," accepted the *comtesse*, setting her teeth in the sounds sweetly—"in Mr. Pickens' play. Must we go so soon, Gordie?"

"I'm afraid," said Gordon, "it's a trifle late for paying calls." He said it with brutal and considered distinctness. "Except that you and Cordelia were along," he said, "I should scarcely have expected Penelope to receive me."

Under the lash of his words and his eyes, Penny ran a hand through her curls tremblingly. It didn't improve their disorder any.

"I hope you'll come again," she said politely to the *comtesse*. When the *comtesse* looked at her, Penny felt as if the black silk pajamas turned scarlet and seven beasts prowled at the Chinese-slippered heels.

Cordelia said coldly "Good-by, Penny." She did not put out her hand. All the sanctuary quality, the rock-in-a-weary-land attributes had gone out of Cordelia. She had withdrawn immense distances, into a fortified and certified place of her own. When she looked at Penny the black silk pajamas became a picture in a cheap newspaper—Exhibit A in a fetid court room.

"Surely it's only *au 'voir!*" said the *comtesse*.

Gordon, in a way, grunted; in a way, groaned. No words. The sound implied adequately suffering and disgust.

No one addressed Carey by name. He stood very quiet, black eyes horribly unhappy, watching the late callers go. When the door had at last closed on them Carey told his soul.

He said: "I wouldn't have done it to you for anything in this world or the next, Penny! Of course, it had to be me that did it."

Penny simply stood and looked at him. Her soft mouth tried to set itself, but without much success.

"Did you see," she said; choked, and began over again "did you see what they thought?"

"If their thoughts had been snakes and toads," said Carey, "you couldn't have seen 'em any plainer."

"But," said Penny, "but, Carey—Gordon—he's been saying he loved me!"

"There are many ways of showing it," said Carey. "He took one tonight." He began, none too steadily, to fasten his collar and knot his tie. "Have you forgotten, Penny," he said as he struggled, "that there are only so many situations in fiction? This one is about Number 33, I should say, and it may be old stuff, but—as we've just been reminded—it still gets a hand."

Penny wailed suddenly, "Carey, if you'd only gone home when I told you to!"

"Then they'd have met me on your doorstep," said Carey—"Situation Thirty-three and a Third! Not much improvement, do you think?" He dragged on his shabby gray coat. "Can I help you clean up before I go?"

"Never mind," said Penny tiredly. "I'll do it myself."

Shoving the bulky script of his second act deeper into his pocket, Carey came and stood beside her. In the big twilit room, with the scent of petunias and coffee ravishing the air, suddenly, when Carey looked at her, the black silk pajamas were a fluted and opalescent shell in which Venus left the sea; they were the cerulean robe, cleft through the breast by seven swords, in which a Madonna trod the clouds; they were a checked gingham apron in which a very little girl made mud pies and in prophecy put her dolls to bed; they were cloudy tulle and green and pearl and golden orange blossoms.

"Now that the horse is stolen," said Carey huskily, "can I shut the stable door for you, Penny, by going home?"

"Carey," said Penny huskily, "tell me if I'm wrong. I think maybe home is *us*."

She hadn't known she was going to say it until the words were out of her, but when she had said it he loomed so strange and so familiar, so terrifying and so dear, above her, that she put her white arms up about his neck. She felt his gray arms sheltering and coveting and cherishing her. She laughed, a tiny, strangled, blissful laugh, to see his mouth go down at one corner so near her own; to see his dark eyes darkening and deepening, so near—so blindingly, heartbreakingly near.

While she and Carey stood near as that, God couldn't be too far.

For the third time that night, a knock at Penny's door—almost a fumbling knock, a hurried one, not waiting for an answer. The knob turned, the door swung, over Carey's shoulder Penny looked into the eyes of a Roman emperor, returning perhaps penitent, perhaps merely suspicious; in any case she looked and she saw him, delaureled, discrowned.

She put her hand up before her eyes, palm outward, fending him away—a purely instinctive gesture.

And Gordon—for it was none other, unless, indeed, that other whom every man bears about him, willy-nilly, from birth to death—slammed the door and went without a word.

"Who was that?" asked Carey, not turning. What, he considered, had he to turn for, with the world in his arms.

"That," said Penny, "was just a man I used to know."

"And now, he knows!" said Carey.

"And so do you," said Penny, "and so, my own heart's heart, do I!"

Before the bright wave should topple and submerge them, she herself opened her door and thrust him very gently into outer darkness.

"We've got tomorrow!" said Penny Wise—pound foolish.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24)

"You're absolutely right, George. After every bull market there's a bear market. It's bound to come, and then watch out."

"Business isn't so good, you know, Bill. Earnings are falling off in a lot of lines."

"Yes, she's getting rotten, George. Inflation—that's what we've got now. Cheap money is the cause of it all, and the whole country going speculation mad."

"That's just it, Bill. They don't know anything about stocks or values. They just buy and buy regardless, and the market booms."

"Yes, they'll take any tip that anybody gives them, and ride it for all they're worth. They're due for some heavy losses, George."

"They sure are. But say, Bill, if you want a good buy, load up on Consolidated Ash Tray. She's due for a big rise. I got it straight from an officer of the company."

"That so? I'll remember that. And listen, George, keep this under your hat, but a friend of mine told me about a big merger that's coming off. Take it from me, buy Garbage Can Common right up to the hilt."

"Thanks, Bill, I'll remember that—Garbage Can Common. I'll call my broker right away."

"Me, too, George. Consolidated Ash Tray, you said, eh?" —*John C. Emery.*

A Paleontological Tragedy

Prologue

O MUSE that drove the tragic quill
Of Shakespere or Euripides,
Inspire the song of poor duckbill,
The freak of the Antipodes.

The duckbill is by sages used,
Though they say "Ornithorhynchus,"
In evolution—word abused!—
With misty pasts to link us.

His feet are webbed, his torso furred,
A bill precedes his face.
In evolution—tortured word!—
'Tis hard to find his place.

In eons old this earth has borne—
From books I have inquired—
Queer half-and-half's that rose each morn
And every eve retired.

But most of these from life's main trunk
Have sometime back been parted
By evolution—is it bunk?—
And something better started.

But this poor beast—or bird?—it seems
Was somehow spared the schism,
And haunts Australia's hidden streams
A lone anachronism.

L'Envoi

The beasts won't own him, the birds reject him,
The fish won't have him near;
His mate lays eggs though she has four legs—
That in itself is queer.
If I do wrong to pen this song,
My threnody was caused
By the tragic lot of the bird—beast—forgot
When evolution paused.

—*Daniel M. Lyons.*

"She's a Girl With a Lot to Her"

HE: WHAT do you think of Melissa Squidd?

SHE: Well, I think she's a girl with a lot to her, do you know what I mean?

HE: Do you think she is? I think she's sort of hard to understand.

SHE: Well, I think she impresses you that way because she's so shy, sort of.

HE: I always thought she was kind of snooty.

SHE: I don't think she means to be a bit, my dear. I mean, I think it's just shyness or something.

HE: Yeah? Well, I can't seem to talk to her.

SHE: She's the hardest person in the world to talk to, because—I mean, you simply never know what to say to her, sort of, but I think she's a girl with a lot to her.

HE: Well, she never says much.

SHE: No, you never know what she's really thinking, do you? I mean, I simply never know what to say to her, because she's so noncommittal, sort of.

HE: Nothing seems to interest her.

SHE: That's it exactly, my dear. Gosh, I honestly never know what to talk to her about, because—I mean, she just sort of shuts up like a clam the minute you try and talk to her about anything.

HE: Yeah, I think she's kind of dumb.

SHE: I don't think she's dumb. I think she's a girl with a lot to her, and that just ord'nary things don't int'rest her, sort of.

HE: I spose she is a girl with a lot to her, but it's darned hard to bring her out, sort of.

SHE: Exactly, my dear. I mean, she practically never opens her trap about anything, but I honestly think it's just because she's shy or something, because—I mean, I really think she's a girl with a lot to her—I mean I actually do!

—*Lloyd Mayer.*

BURKE 50-50

And it all started in Scotland

LOST balls . . . golf widows . . . sand-traps . . . water-hazards . . . supercilious caddies . . . divot replacements . . . what a lot Scotland has to answer for in its national game! Just the same, once a golfer, always a golfer . . . once a lunatic, always crazy.

So let Burke 50-50 balls aid you in making the best of a bad job. Long-flying, true-rolling, they help you get your distance and sink your putts. You can pay more but you can't get more. And they are guaranteed to go fifty holes without cutting through, cracking or losing shape, else they are replaced without argument.

A quality ball—a fifty cent ball—a guaranteed ball—can you duplicate the Burke 50-50? Your pro or favorite sporting goods store has the 50-50 or will get it for you.

Burke

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THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

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Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

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Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

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10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty. And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

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They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily:

This simple beauty rule

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

THUS WE TOOK ROME

(Continued from Page 7)

declaration that if I was left with only one man—or, indeed, all alone—I would not abandon the fight until I had obtained the final decisive ends as I had outlined them to my associates.

The logical clearness, the stout, rigorous, coherent reasons I had given, impressed those who had come to offer conciliation, compromise, concessions.

I think that one of them must have immediately sped off to inform the premier, Facta, that nothing could be done with me.

Poor Facta, instead of being preoccupied by his shortcomings, was wondering how and to whom he could announce this real crisis among the sham crises. The chamber was closed at that time. Where could he turn?

Anyone can see in all events, even in solemn events, that the grotesque and the ludicrous always find a way in and sometimes prosper under the shadow of great and tragic happenings.

The last of the Liberal governments of Italy wanted to make its last gesture. It addressed to the country a declaration composed in the following terms:

> Seditious manifestations are appearing in some of the Italian provinces, brought about in a way to hamper the normal functioning of powers of the state, and are of such nature as to throw the country into serious trouble.
>
> The government has tried to its utmost to reach an agreement, with the hope of bringing back peace to all minds and to assure a peaceful solution of the crisis. Facing, however, a revolutionary attempt, it has the duty to maintain by any means and at any price public order. Even though its resignations have been made, it will fulfill this duty for the safety of citizens and the safety of the free constitutional institutions.
>
> Meanwhile the citizens must maintain their calm and must have faith in the measures of public security that have been adopted.
>
> Long Live Italy! Long live the King!
>
> *Signed:* FACTA, SCHANZER, AMENDOLA, TADDEI, ALESSIO, BERTONE, PARATORE, SOLERI, DE VITO, ANILE, RICCIO, BERTINI, ROSSI, DELLO SBARBA, FULCI, LUCIANI.

At the same time the ministers in charge, considering the situation created in the country, put their portfolios at the disposition of the president of the council, Facta. This man sought advice from several friends in Rome. As a result he offered a decree to proclaim martial law, which the King, in his profound wisdom, flatly refused to sign.

No Compromise

The sovereign understood that the revolution of the Black Shirts was the conclusion of three years of struggle and of fighting; he understood that only with the victory of one party could we reach pacification and that order and progress in civil life which are indissolubly a part of the nature of active harmony in the Italian people.

Out of respect for the most orthodox constitutional forms, the King allowed Facta to follow the rules of the constitution. We had then resignations, designations, consultations, communications, charges, and so on and on. At this moment came a sinister maneuver that impressed me as being ominous. The National Party of the Right, which had a great similarity of outlook in common with the Fascisti, though it had not the same system of struggle, advanced some singular claims by means of emissaries.

The National Right asserted, in fact, that it was the keystone of the situation. Salandra, who was the most typical representative of the group, was disposed to sacrifice himself and to take upon his back the cross of power. This was to be understood as an aid for the Fascisti. I protested energetically against such a solution, which would have perpetuated compromise and error. Fascism was under arms; it was dominating the centers of national life; it had a very well defined aim; it had followed deliberately an extraparliamentary path and it could not allow its victory to be mutilated or adulterated in such a manner. That was my exact answer to the mediators of the union between the National Right and Fascism! No compromise!

The struggle continued with the objectives I had mapped out. It is impossible in autobiographic pages to present all the picture of the revolutionary events in those days. I distinctly remember that with every hour that passed I had more poignantly the sensation of dominating triumphantly the Italian political situation. The adversaries were confused, scattered, speechless. The Fascisti in compact files were already near the gates of Rome and were expecting that I would go at the head of their military formations to march with them into the capital.

In the afternoon of the twenty-ninth I received a very urgent telephone call from Rome on behalf of the Quirinal. General Cittadini, first aide-de-camp of His Majesty the King, asked me very kindly to go to Rome, because the King, having examined the situation, wanted to charge me with forming a ministry. I thanked General Cittadini for his kindness, but I asked him to give me the same communication by telegram. One knows that the telephone may play some dirty tricks at times. General Cittadini, after having first objected that my request was not usual under the court regulations, considered, however, the abnormal and informal situation and consented to send me the same invitation by telegram. In fact, after a few hours, an urgent message arrived. It was of a personal character. This was it:

> His Majesty the King asks you to come immediately to Rome, for he wishes to offer you the responsibility of forming a ministry. With respect, GENERAL CITTADINI.

This was not yet victory, but the progress made was considerable. I communicated directly with the headquarters of the revolution in Perugia, with the various commands of the Black Shirts in Milan. I gave, by means of an extra edition of the Popolo d'Italia, the news of the command I had received.

I was in a terrible state of nervous tension. Night after night I had been kept awake, giving orders, following the compact columns of the Fascisti, restraining the battle to the knightly practices of Fascism.

A period of greater responsibilities was going to begin for me. I must not fail in my duty or in my aims. I gathered all my strength to my aid, I invoked the memory of the dead, I asked the assistance of God, I called upon the faithful living to assist me in the great task that confronted me.

Off to the Capital

That night of October 31, 1922, I left the direction of the Popolo d'Italia and turned my fighting journal over to my brother Arnaldo. In the number of November first I published the following declaration:

> From now on the direction of the Popolo d'Italia is intrusted to Arnaldo Mussolini.
>
> I thank and salute with brotherly love all the editors, collaborators, correspondents, employes, workers, all those who have assiduously and faithfully labored with me for the life of this paper and for love of our country.
>
> MUSSOLINI.
>
> ROME, October 30, 1922.

I parted with regret from the paper that had been the most constant and potent element of our victory. I must add that my brother Arnaldo has been able to maintain with dignity and capacity the editorship.

When I had intrusted the paper to my brother, I was off for Rome. To the zealous people who wanted to get me a special train to go to Rome to speak with the King I said that for me a compartment in the usual train was quite enough. Engines and coal should not be wasted. Economize—that is the first and acid test of a true man of government.

And, after all, I could enter Rome only at the head of my Black Shirts, now camping at Santa Marinella in the atmosphere and the shining rays of the capital.

The news of my departure sped all over Italy. In every station where the train stopped there had gathered the Fascisti and the masses who wanted to bring me, even through the pouring rain, their cheers and their good will.

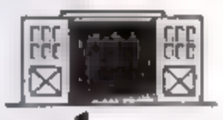
Going from Milan was painful. That city had given me a home for ten years; to me it had been prodigal in its satisfactions; it had followed me in every stress; it had baptized the most wonderful squads of action of Fascism; it had been the scene of historical political struggles. Now I was leaving it, called by destiny and by a greater task. All Milan knew of my going, and I felt that even in the feeling of joy for a going that was a symbol of victory, there was also a shade of sadness.

But this was not the hour for sentimentality. It was the time for quick, sure decisions. After the kisses and farewells of my family, I said good-by to many prominent Milanese and then I went away, running into the night, to take counsel with myself, to refresh my soul, to listen to the echoes of voices of friends and to envisage the wide horizons of tomorrow's possibilities.

The minor episodes of that trip and of those days are not important.

On the Way to Rome to Take Power

Both garage doors open with the turn of one key



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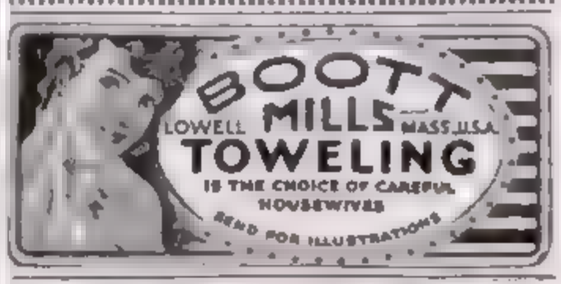

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If you are a busy housewife like Mrs. McCormick and have an occasional hour to spare, let us tell you how, as our local subscription representative, you can earn extra money—in a pleasant, dignified way.

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The train brought me into the midst of the Fascisti. I was in view of Rome at Santa Marinella. I reviewed the columns. I established the formalities for the entrance into Rome. I established connections between the quadrumvirate and the authorities.

My presence redoubled the great enthusiasm. I read in the eyes of those young men the divine smile of triumph of an ideal. With such elements I would have been inspired to challenge, if need be, not only the base Italian ruling class but enemies of any sort and race.

In Rome there was waiting for me an indescribable welcome. I did not want any delay. Even before making contacts with my political friends, I motored to the Quirinal. I wore a black shirt. I was introduced without formalities to the presence of His Majesty the King. The Stefani agency and the great newspapers of the world gave stilted or speculative details about this interview. I will limit myself, for obvious reasons of reserve, to declare that the conference was characterized by great cordiality. I concealed no plans, nor did I fail to make plain my ideas of how to rule Italy. I obtained the sovereign's approbation. I took up lodgings at the Savoy Hotel and began to work. First, I made agreements with the general command of the army to bring a militia into Rome and file them off in proper formation in a review by the King. I gave detailed and precise orders. One hundred thousand Black Shirts paraded in perfect order before the sovereign. They brought to him the homage of Fascist Italy!

I was then triumphant and in Rome! I killed at once all unnecessary demonstrations in my honor. I gave orders that not a single parade should take place without the permission of the general Fascist command. It was necessary to give to everybody from the first moment a stern and rigid sense of discipline in line with the régime that I had conceived.

I discouraged every manifestation on the part of army officers who wanted to bring me their plaudits. I have always considered the army outside and above every kind of politics. The army must, in my opinion, be inspired by absolute and conscientious discipline; it must only attend with the deepest will the defense of frontiers and of historical rights. The army is an institution which must be preserved inviolate. It must not suffer the slightest loss of its integrity in its own dedication.

But other and more complex problems surged about me in that moment. I was in Rome not only with the duty of composing a new ministry; I had also firmly decided to renew and rebuild from the very bottom the life of the Italian people. I vowed to myself that I would impel it toward higher and more brilliant aims.

A Time for Cold Reason

Rome sharpened my sense of dedication. The Eternal City, *caput mundi*, has two courts and two diplomacies. It has seen in the course of centuries imperial armies defeated under its walls. It has witnessed and beheld the decay of the strong and the rise of universal waves of civilization and of thought. Rome, the coveted goal of princes and leaders, the universal city, heir to the old empire and the power of Christianity! Rome welcomed me as leader of national legions, as a representative, not of a party or a group, but of a great faith and of an entire people.

I had long meditated my action as a man of party and as a man of government. I had carried these thoughts as I walked by day and even as I slept by night. I had won and could win more. I could nail to the wall—not only metaphorically but in fact if I had wished—my enemies, those who had slandered Fascism and those whom I hated for having betrayed Italy in peace as they had betrayed her during war.

The atmosphere was pregnant with tragedy. I had mobilized three hundred thousand Black Shirts. They waited for my signal to move. They could be used for one purpose or another. I had in the capital sixty thousand armed men ready for action. The march on Rome could have set tragic fires. It might have spilled much blood if it had followed the example of ancient and modern revolutions. This was for me a moment in which it was more necessary than ever to examine the field with calm serenity and with cold reason to compare the near and far results of our daring action turned toward definite aims.

Problems of the Victor

I could have proclaimed a dictatorship, I could have formed a dictatorial ministry composed solely of Fascisti on the type of the Directory that was formed in France at the time of the Convention. The Fascist revolution, however, had its unique characteristics; it had no antecedent in history. It was different from any other revolution also in its capacity to reënter with deliberate will legal established traditions and forms. For that reason also the mobilization I knew should last only the shortest time.

I did not forget that I had a parliament on my hands—a Chamber of Deputies of sullen mind, ready to lay traps for me, accustomed to an old tradition of ambiguity and intrigue, full of grudges, only repressed by fear; a dismayed senate from which I could obtain a disciplined respect but not an eager and productive collaboration. The crown was looking on to see what I would do, following constitutional rules.

The pontificate followed the events with anxiety. The other nations looked at the revolution suspiciously if not with hostility. Foreign banks were anxious for news. Exchange wavered, credit was still vacillating, waiting for the situation to be cleared. It was indispensable first of all to give the impression of stability to the new régime.

I had to see, resee and foresee everything. I slept not at all for some nights, but they were nights fecund in action and ideas. The measures that immediately followed in the first twenty-four hours of my government bear witness.

Another problem arose from the character of the revolution. Every revolution has in it, besides the great human mass of impact and the conscientious and unselfish leaders, two other types—adventurers and melancholic intellectuals who might be called, by a synthetic expression, ascetics of revolution. When the revolution is over, the mass, which often is moved by the simple intuition of a great historical and social reality, goes peacefully back to its usual activities. It forms the laborious and disciplined leaven of the new régime. The conscientious and unselfish leaders form the necessary aristocracy of rulers. But the ascetics and the adventurers are a dead burden. The first would like to see overnight a perfect humanity, without faults. They do not understand that there is no revolution that can change the nature of men. Because of their Utopian illusions, the ascetics are never contented, they waste their time and other men's energies in sophistry and doubts just when it is necessary to work like fiends to go forward. The adventurers always identify the fortune of the revolution with their own fortune; they hope to gain personal advantage from the victory and they harbor resentment when their wishes are not satisfied, and clamor for extreme and dangerous measures.

Now I had to defend the Fascist victory from the ascetics and the adventurers. The adventurers, however, sank rapidly in the Fascist revolution, because it was different from and on a higher plane than any other revolution.

But I felt it my constant duty to examine and to select, in such a grave moment, every step I made.

First of all, in the pressure of events, I desired to assure regularity to the country and to constitute a new government. Order came quickly. There were only a few sporadic incidents of violence—inevitable under such conditions. I felt the necessity to safeguard Facta and I called ten Black Shirts who had been much decorated for bravery for the purpose of accompanying Facta to Pinerolo, his native town, under their word of honor. They kept their promise. Nobody—that was the order—should touch a hair, mock or humiliate Facta. He had given to the country his only son, who died in an airplane accident during the war, and Facta deserved respect for that and more.

I forbade reprisals against the leaders of the opposition. It was only by my great authority that I avoided the destruction—not only rhetorical but also quite real—of my most rabid enemies. I saved their skins for them. At the same time, in the space of a few hours, I constituted a new ministry. I discarded, as I said, the idea of a Fascist dictatorship, because I wanted to give to the country the impression of a normal life far from the selfish exclusiveness of a party. That sense of instinct for equilibrium accompanies me fortunately in the gravest, the most strenuous and the most critical moments. I decided then—after having weighed everything—to compose a ministry of a nationalist character. I had the feeling that later there would become inevitable a process of clarification, but I preferred that it should come forth spontaneously from the succeeding political events.

But that was the last generous gesture that I ever made toward the old Italian ring of parties and politicians.

In the new ministry, among ministers and undersecretaries of state, were fifteen Fascisti, three Nationalists, three Liberals of the Right, six Popolari and three Social Democrats. I was generous toward the Liberals of the Right, whose peculiar maneuver in order to pick up for their profit the results of the Fascist revolution had been quite recent. Among the Popolari and Social Democrats I selected those who gave promise of national spirit and who did not intrigue with subversive popularism or with socialism.

The First Ministry

I kept for myself, with the presidency of the council, the office of the Interior, and assumed ad interim that of Foreign Affairs. I gave to Armando Diaz the Ministry of War and I promised to give him an army worthy of the country and the victor of Vittorio Veneto. I called Admiral Thaon di Revel for the Navy and Federzoni for the Colonies.

The complete formation of the ministry was as follows:

BENITO MUSSOLINI, deputy, presidency of the council, Domestic and ad interim of Foreign Affairs. *(Fascist.)*
ARMANDO DIAZ, general of the army, War.
PAOLO THAON DI REVEL, admiral, senator, Navy.
LUIGI FEDERZONI, deputy, Colonies. *(Nationalist.)*
ALDO OVIGLIO, deputy, Justice. *(Fascist.)*
ALBERTO DE STEFANI, deputy, Finance. *(Fascist.)*
VINCENZO TANGORRA, deputy, Treasury. *(Popolare.)*
GIOVANNI GENTILE, professor, Public Instruction. *(Liberal of the Right.)*
GABRIELLO CARNAZZA, deputy, Public Works. *(Democrat.)*
GIUSEPPE DE CAPITANI, deputy, Agriculture. *(Liberal of the Right.)*
TEOFILO ROSSI, senator, Industry and Commerce. *(Democrat.)*
STEPHANO CAVAZZONI, deputy, Work and Social Providence. *(Popolare.)*
GIOVANNI COLONNA DI CESARO, deputy, Posts and Telegraphs. *(Social Democrat.)*
GIOVANNI GIURIATI, deputy, Liberated Provinces. *(Fascist.)*

UNDERSECRETARIES OF STATE

GIACOMO ACERBO, deputy, Presidency. *(Fascist.)*
ALDO FINZI, deputy, Domestic. *(Fascist.)*
ERNESTO VASSALLO, deputy, Foreign. *(Popolare.)*
CARLO BONARDI, deputy, War. *(Social Democrat.)*
COSTANZO CIANO, deputy, Navy. *(Fascist, with the Commissariat of Commercial Marine.)*
ALFREDO ROCCO, deputy, Treasury. *(Nationalist.)*
CESARE MARIA DE VECCHI, deputy, Military Assistance. *(Fascist.)*

(Continued on Page 109)

What's in the can

Safety

NO tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other illness can possibly be carried by Evaporated Milk. Sterilized in sealed cans, it comes to you as pure and safe as if there were not a germ in the universe. The sterilization makes it free from anything that could harm health. The sealed, air-tight can protects its purity and safety.

With Sure Richness

More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, Evaporated Milk is certain in richness for these reasons:

1—It is concentrated to definite richness by removing sixty per cent. of the water from ordinary milk.

2—It is homogenized so that the cream never separates. It stays in the milk.

3—The sealed can protects the richness as it protects the purity.

Every drop of Evaporated Milk contains all the valuable food substances of whole milk—always in more than twice the richness of ordinary milk.

An Impressive Revelation

The certain safety, the sure, extra richness of Evaporated Milk have brought comfortable security and astonished delight to millions of women. For baby's bottle it is as safe, and as easily digested as mother's milk. When children drink Evaporated Milk you know they're safe—safe from danger of illness, safe, too, from the greater danger of undernourishment. Used in place of cream, it makes better food than cream can make—provides the precious bone and tissue-building substances which make milk —*not* cream—nature's most nearly perfect food. For every milk use it gives richness in flavor, fineness of texture, and sure wholesomeness which nothing else can be depended upon to supply.

And Then Economy

Used in place of cream, Evaporated Milk costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit the milk use, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk. Careful thought to your milk supply will bring you to the conclusion that for safety, wholesome richness, convenience, and economy, nothing else can equal Evaporated Milk.

Everywhere

Wherever you may be, in any city, town or village in America—Evaporated Milk provides a milk supply that is surely safe; that is certain in wholesome richness; that is the most convenient and most economical of milk.

Let Us Send You
Our Free Booklets

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
956 Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without cost, your booklets about Evaporated Milk.

Name_____
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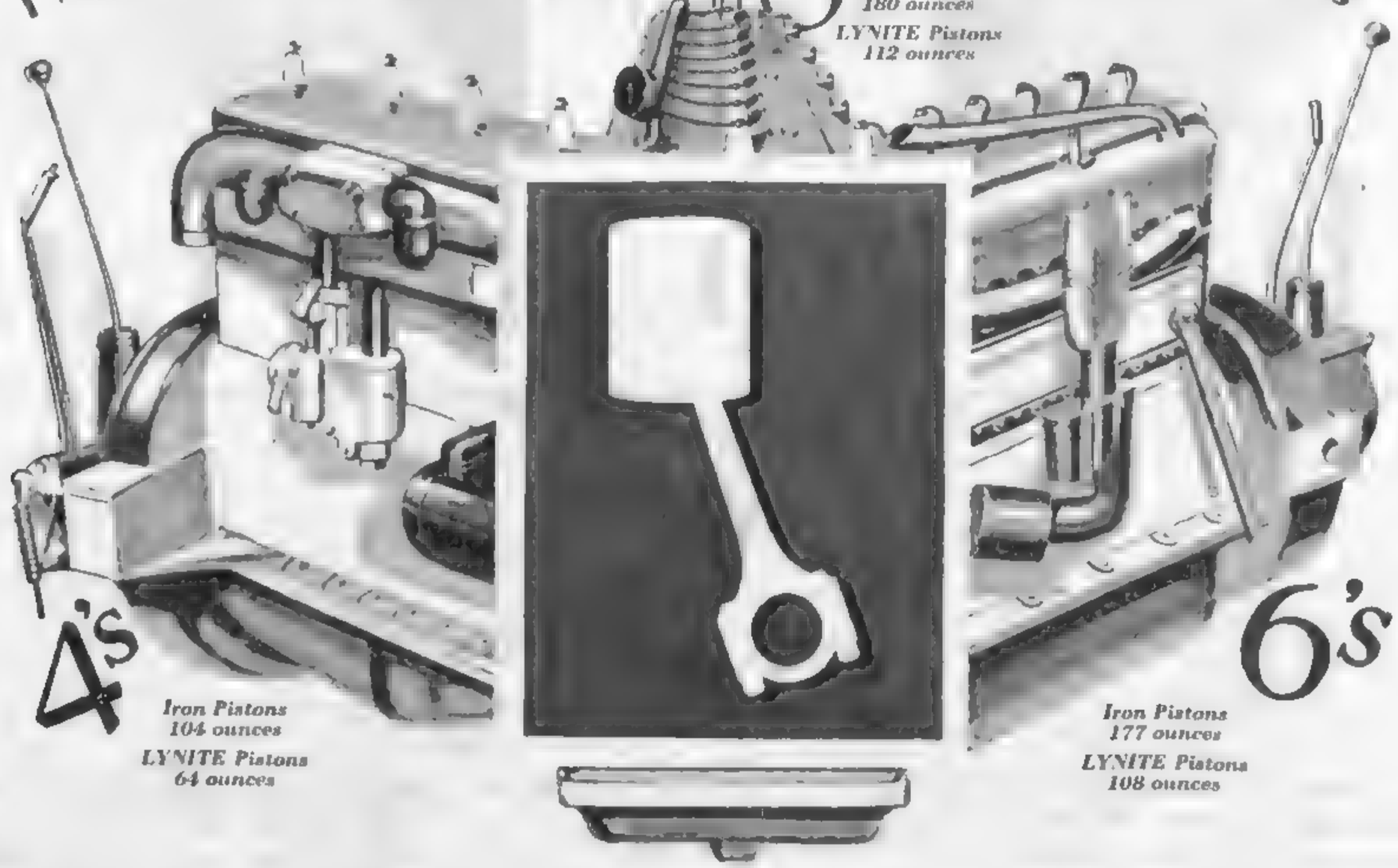
City_____
State_____

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf

ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS

IN FOUR, SIX OR EIGHT CYLINDER MOTORS



Plain Arithmetic Proves the Superiority of LYNITE

PISTONS AND RODS

Lightness of reciprocating parts is a major factor in the development of horsepower. The three examples pictured above illustrate the decided advantage of LYNITE over iron pistons and connecting rods. You don't have to be an engineer to figure out the difference. You can feel it in LYNITE equipped cars.

ENGINEERING ingenuity has given modern motors a vital personality. They sparkle; they almost breathe. When you step on the accelerator, your every mood is reflected in the pulse of power which results. Of the many improvements which have combined to produce this finer performance, none have been of greater value than LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods.

FOUR Cylinder Motors **are better when LYNITE equipped because the light weight of these strong aluminum alloys counteracts the natural hesitancy, or "drag". Vibration is reduced to a minimum and the high heat conductivity of LYNITE makes possible higher compression—greater power. Carbon deposits and spark knocks are practically eliminated. That is why LYNITE is *standard equipment* on modern fours in every price class.**

SIX Cylinder Motors **are better when LYNITE equipped because the "super-performance" which characterizes the present day six is made possible by the employment of high compression, hitherto regarded as impossible because of the heat which it creates. LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods rapidly and completely dissipate this surplus heat. That is why you will find them in the *finest* of sixes.**

EIGHT Cylinder Motors **are better when LYNITE equipped because compression is high and eight cylinder construction is subject to a slight periodic vibration. The dissipation of heat must be perfect, and the vibration, however slight, must be eliminated. That is why LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods are the choice of *leading* manufacturers.**

Just pick out the car that represents to *you* the greatest value in appearance and performance. Whether it is a four, a six, or an eight—you are almost certain to find it equipped with LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

(Continued from Page 106)

PIETRO LISSIA, deputy, Finances. *(Social Democrat.)*
GIOVANNI MARCHI, deputy, Colonies. *(Liberal of the Right.)*
UMBERTO MERLIN, deputy, Liberated Provinces. *(Popolare.)*
FULVIO MILANI, deputy, Justice. *(Popolare.)*
DARIO LUPI, deputy, Instruction. *(Fascist.)*
LUIGI SICILIANI, deputy, Fine Arts. *(Nationalist.)*
OTTAVIO CORGINI, deputy, Agriculture. *(Fascist.)*
ALESSANDRO SARDI, deputy, Public Works. *(Fascist.)*
MICHELE TERZAGHI, deputy, Post and Telegraph. *(Fascist.)*
GRONCHI GIOVANNI, deputy, Industry and Commerce. *(Popolare.)*
SILVIO GAI, deputy, Labor and Social Providence. *(Fascist.)*

When the ministry was concluded I wrote the following paper of demobilization, signed by the quadrumvirate:

Fascisti of all Italy!

Our movement was rewarded by victory. The leader of our party has assumed the political powers of the state, both for domestic and for foreign affairs. Our government, while it consecrates our triumph with the names of those who were the creators of it on the land and on the sea, assembles, with the purpose of national pacification, men from the other parties, because they are attached to the cause of the nation.

The Italian Fascism is too intelligent to desire a greater victory.

Fascisti!

The supreme quadrumvirate of action, turning back its powers to the direction of the party, salutes you for your marvelous proof of courage and discipline. You have served your merit in the future of the country.

Disperse with the same perfect order with which you gathered for the great trial, destined, we firmly think, to open a new epoch in Italian history. Go back to your usual work, because Italy now needs to work peacefully to reach its better day.

Nothing must trouble the powerful stride of the victory that we acquired in these days of proud passion and sovereign magnitude.

Long live Italy! Long live Fascism!

THE QUADRUMVIRATE.

Then I sent a telegram to D'Annunzio and I distributed an energetic circular to all the prefects of the kingdom and to the smaller authorities. The telegram to D'Annunzio said:

ASSUMING THE HARD TASK OF GIVING DISCIPLINE AND INTERNAL PEACE TO THE NATION, I SEND TO YOU, COMMANDER, MY AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS FOR YOU AND FOR THE DESTINIES OF THE COUNTRY. THE VALIANT FASCIST YOUTH WHICH GIVES BACK A SOUL TO THE NATION WILL NOT BLINDFOLD VICTORY. MUSSOLINI.

The text of the circular sent to officeholders was the following:

From today, intrusted with the confidence of His Majesty the King, I undertake the direction of the government of the country. I demand that all authorities, from the highest to the least, discharge their duty with intelligence and with complete yielding to the supreme interests of the country.

I will give the example.

The President of the Council and Ministry of the Interior. MUSSOLINI.

A Program of Action

I announced finally, for November sixteenth, a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies, to render an account of what I had done and to announce my intentions and program.

It was an exceptional meeting. The hall was filled to overflowing. Every deputy was present. My declarations were brief, clear, energetic. I left no misunderstanding. I affirmed sharply the rights of revolution. I called the attention of the audience to the fact that only by the will of Fascism had the revolution remained in the boundaries of legality and tolerance.

"I could have made," I said, "of this dull and gray hall a bivouac for corpses. I could have nailed up the doors of parliament and have established an exclusively Fascist government. I could have done those things, but at least for a time I did not do them."

I then thanked all my collaborators and I pointed with sympathy to the multitude of Italian laborers who had aided the Fascist movement with their active or passive solidarity.

I did not expose one of the usual programs that the past ministries used to present, for these solved only on paper the problems of the country. I asserted my will to act, and to act without delaying for useless oratory or talk. In the field of foreign politics I squarely declared the intention of following a policy of dignity and national utility.

The Dawn of New History

For every subject I made declarations of weight that showed how Fascism had already been able to assay and analyze and solve varying and urgent problems, and to fix the future outlines of government. Finally I concluded:

"Gentlemen, from further communications you will know the Fascist program in its details. I do not want, so long as I can avoid it, to rule against the Chamber, but the Chamber must feel its own position. That position opens the possibility that it may be dissolved in two days or in two years.

"We ask full powers because we want to assume full responsibility. Without full powers, you know very well that we couldn't save one lira—I say one lira! We do not want to exclude the possibility of voluntary coöperation, for we will cordially accept it, if it comes from deputies, senators, or even from competent private citizens. Every one of us has a religious sense of our difficult task. The country cheers us and waits. We will not give it words, but facts. We formally and solemnly promise to restore the budget to health, and we will restore it. We want to make a foreign policy of peace, but at the same time one of dignity and steadiness. We will do it. We intend to give the nation a discipline. We will give it.

"Let none of our enemies of yesterday, of today, of tomorrow, be illusioned in regard to our permanence in power—foolish and childish illusions, like those of yesterday!

"Our government has a formidable foundation in the conscience of the nation. It is supported by the best, the newest Italian generations. There is no doubt that in these last years a great step toward the unification of spirits has been made. The fatherland has again found itself bound together from north to south, from the Continent to the generous islands, which will never be forgotten; from the metropolis to the active colonies of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean. Do not, gentlemen, address more vain words to the nation. Fifty-two applications to speak about my communications to parliament are too many. Let us, instead of talking, work with pure heart and ready mind to assure the prosperity and the greatness of the country.

"May God assist me in bringing to a triumphant end my hard labor."

I do not believe that, since 1870, the hall of Montecitorio had heard energetic and clear words. They burned with a passion deep in my being. There were in that speech the essences of my old and my recent wrestlings with my own mind and my own soul.

More than one deputy had to repress all the rancor generated by my deserved reproaches, but my exposition in parliament was compensated by the approval of the whole of Italy. I was looking farther than that old hall of parties of petty power and of politicians. I was speaking to the entire nation. It listened to me and it understood me!

My political instinct told me that from that moment there would rise, with increasing truth and expanse of Fascist work, the dawn of new history for Italy.

And perhaps dawn on a new path of civilization.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue.

"Cool, Fresh, Clean Underwear!"

SOUNDS inviting, doesn't it? And if you'll insist on the "B.V.D." label, you'll not only have yours scientifically cool, but it will repeatedly withstand even very severe treatment in laundering.

No lukewarm suds-rinsing to "protect the fabric"; but *thorough*, germ-destroying, dirt-chasing laundering, that brings it back to you *hygienically* fresh and clean!

Both extraordinary coolness and extraordinary wear are scientifically built into "B. V. D.," from the weaving and treating of our own nainsook, to the completion of the last lock-stitched seam.

That's why its *economy* is as definite as its famed fit and comfort.

No Underwear is "B. V. D." Without this Red Woven Label.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

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MAKES GOOD BUILDINGS BETTER

There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys.

The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

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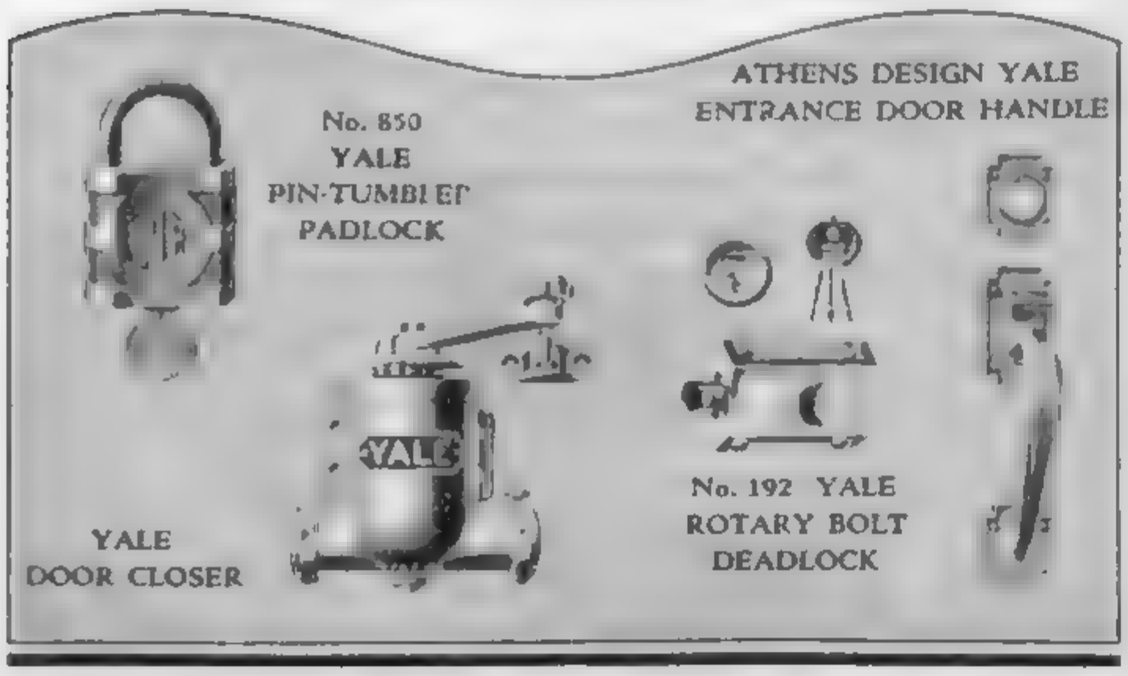


YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

CONFESSION OF A CARTOONIST

(Continued from Page 28)

general who wore a black beard and what I think was a wen on his neck. The general, whose name I don't remember, got very sentimental and a little fried one night and told us about a señorita in Mexico City who was his sweetheart. He announced to the world, or that part of it within reach of his voice, that he would not shave off his beard until "Mi General"—meaning Pancho Villa—took Mexico City. If he had kept his promise he could now double for one of the Smith brothers.

But listen briefly to the sequel. After our return to New York he came to visit that fair city on official business for the Villa government, and by way of returning some of his hospitality, we took him out to show him the town. He started, still muttering about his sweetheart in Mexico City and wearing his whiskers; but I think it was in either Healy's or Jack's that he met the siren who sold flowers, and didn't hesitate to buy a bunch for twenty dollars, evidently placing the same value on American money as on Mexican. She accepted an invitation to dine with him the following evening, and the next day he was as clean-shaven as Jack Barrymore. So went another romance.

To resume the thread of my story, if there is a thread, we arrived in Chihuahua early in the morning and were met at the station by a magnificent car driven by a stylish chauffeur. We were whisked to Mrs. Villa's house, while the whole town stood at salute as we moved through the streets. I know how Queen Marie felt when she arrived in New York. Mrs. Villa greeted us graciously at the front door. She was tall and dark and matronly looking, and standing by her was a boy of about six years adopted by the general because he had never had a son—a great disappointment to him.

After being shown about the city we went to a new house that Villa was building, most elaborate and gaudy. Mrs. Villa confided to us that it would cost $500,000 gold when finished, and in those days $500,000 gold would buy you most of Mexico. I don't know who designed it, but the walls were smeared with paintings of dying martyrs in the last agonies, and the favorite colors were yellow and purple.

"What do you think of it?" Mr. Wheeler asked me.

"It looks as if Nell Brinkley had designed it and Diamond Jim Brady had built it," I replied.

Before abandoning Villa to the verdict of history I want to say that, in spite of his cruelty, he had many attractive qualities. First of all, he was a fighter, giving no quarter to his enemies and asking none. He had no education, so his one idea, when finally victorious, as he believed he would be, was that every Mexican child should go to school. He told us he intended to establish free schools all over the republic. But underlying this thin veneer of good qualities, he had a streak of animal cruelty. He surrounded himself with the most vicious characters he could find and when in a rage his acts were unbelievable.

Villa's Great Regret

For example, on our trip he was discussing Obregón and regretted having had him in a room with him and letting him escape, when he knew the one-armed general was going to desert him. He broke a life rule and did not shoot him there, and I believe this was the most poignant regret of his life. He actually foamed at the mouth when he talked of it.

The Villa of those days was a man with ideals for the downtrodden and generally worshiped by the peons.

Returning to Chihuahua from this digression, we lunched with Mrs. Villa, and it was one of those typical Mexican meals we had come to know so well. There were innumerable courses, one consisting of a single stalk of asparagus. One had to hold on to the knife and fork he started with or he was out of luck.

Mrs. Villa told us of her romance, and it was apparent she was very much in love with her dashing husband in spite of the fact that she knew he was unfaithful to her. She seemed to take that for granted. It seems she was the daughter of a storekeeper in a small town in the state of Chihuahua when Villa was hiding with his band in the mountains and raiding the rich to help the poor. He came into Santa Rosalia, which was the name of the town, late one afternoon and announced there would be a dance that night. It was on this festive occasion that she met her future husband, not knowing he was Pancho Villa. The meeting developed into the love which finally took her to the capital of the country as the general's wife when Francisco Madero was the president, and culminated in the luxury at the luncheon table over which she presided and in which we participated.

During this period of about seven months while I was waiting for my contract to expire I had made no pictures; but arriving in New York after our Mexican trip, we felt fit to fight anyone, so that lawsuit we knew we were going to have with the Hearst newspapers did not scare us. My first picture under the new contract was to be released August 8, 1915, and we had lined up the biggest newspapers in the country under contracts to publish the feature.

Claiming All and Getting All

About a week before the first picture was to be published we were served in a legal action to get an injunction to restrain me from using my own characters and title—Mutt and Jeff. It was the first gun in the fight and the biggest crisis in my career, for if I won, it meant success and a lot of money, and if I lost, it meant starting all over again with new characters. If the Hearst papers won the suit I knew they could have another artist draw my Mutt and Jeff.

We immediately applied for an injunction restraining the Hearst papers from releasing and publishing the Mutt and Jeff pictures we knew they had been having drawn by another artist.

Not to plunge deeply into the legal aspects of the situation, but to give the reader a sketchy background, the two important cases we had to fall back on were the Buster Brown and Katzenjammer Kids. In both these cases the decision of the court applied only to the titles, which wouldn't do us much good if another artist could imitate my characters under another title such as Sap and Pep.

When we discussed the situation with our lawyer, Mr. Charles E. Kelley, he wanted to apply for relief only so far as the titles went, citing the two cases already tried. I knew so little about law that it gave me courage, so I said:

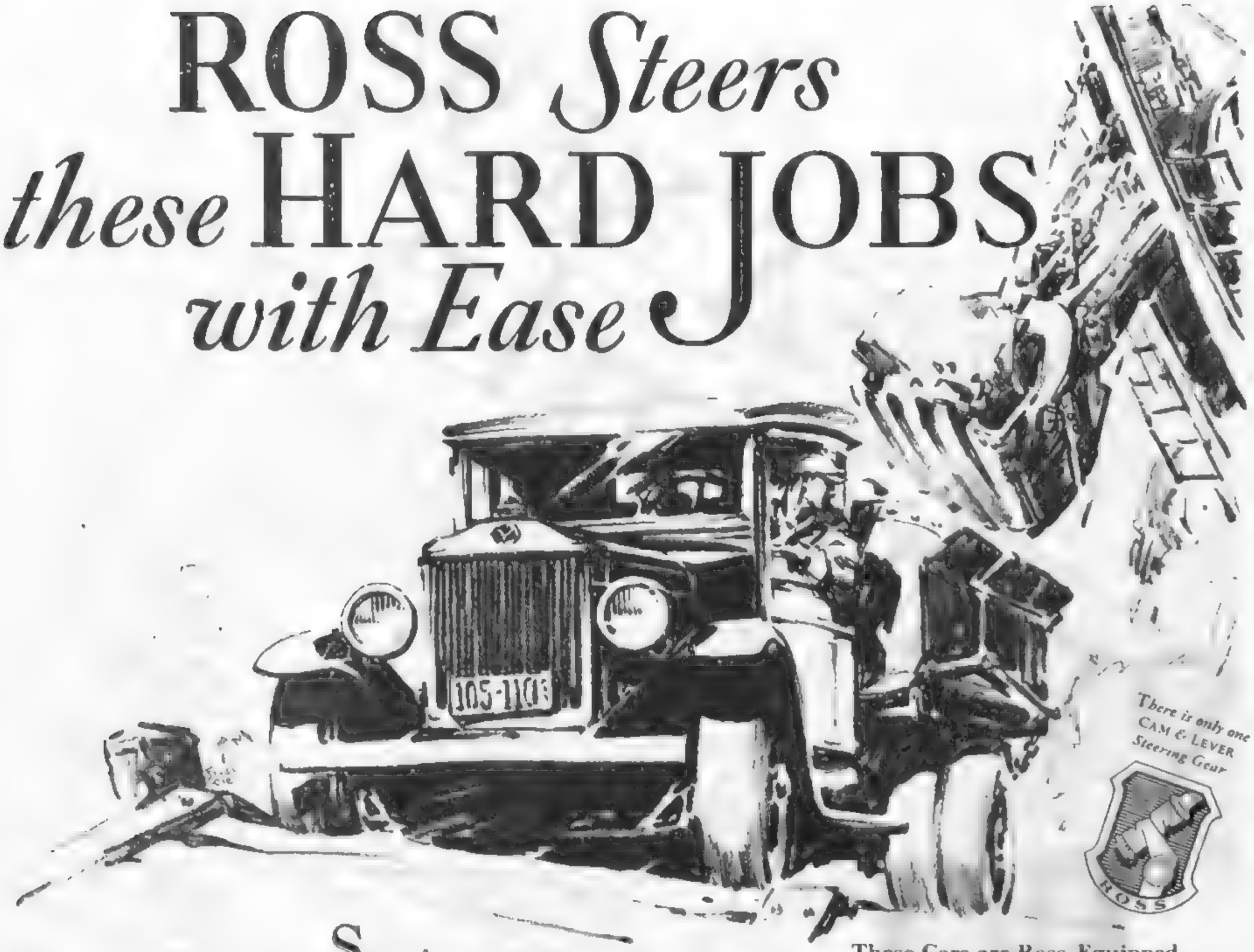
"Listen! Did you ever play football? Well, we kicked off to the other side, and they've smacked us with an injunction and now we have the ball. Let's kick it as far into their territory as we can. No one ever got arrested for claiming. Let's ask for everything, including an injunction restraining them from imitating my characters."

"But if we do that, we may not get anything," he said.

I finally persuaded him to try, and the result was we finally got everything we asked for, after a lot of scrimmages. The upshot of the first move was we got our injunction restraining the Hearst papers from putting out any imitations, while they were refused a temporary injunction until the case came to trial.

(Continued on Page 113)

ROSS *Steers these* HARD JOBS *with Ease*



S*teering* heavily loaded trucks up makeshift ramps—slithering down precipitous inclines—plowing through the mud and ruts of temporary or unfinished roads—on construction jobs—you'd call *that* hard steering!

Yes—but it *isn't* hard with Ross! The cam-and-lever principle, exclusive with Ross, brings such steering ease that more than 100 different makers of trucks use it as standard equipment.

And it is this same cam-and-lever principle that has revolutionized the steering of passenger cars—adding immeasurably to the ease, comfort and safety of your driving. Ross reduces road-shock—helps hold the steering wheel steady and true through ruts or gravel—makes parking almost effortless.

Know how easily a car *can* be steered. Drive one of the Ross-equipped cars listed at the right. Let your next car be Ross-equipped—and meanwhile, why not install a Ross replacement unit in your present car? Why not?

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the automobiles below likewise appreciate the *importance* of steering. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Graham-Paige	Nash Standard 6
Chandler	614, 619, 629, 835	Peerless
Chrysler 80	Hupmobile	Reo Flying Cloud
Cunningham	Kissel	Reo Wolverine
Diana	Kleiber	Rommer
Duesenberg	Locomobile	Stearns-Knight 8
Du Pont	Marmon 68 and 78	Studebaker
Elcar	McFarlan	Stutz
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Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

NAME_____

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ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

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Continental Hydro-Check
SHOCK ABSORBERS

(Continued from Page 110)

We knew that my pinch hitter had made a Sunday page, and we got our injunction on Friday afternoon, by which time all the colored comics which go into a Sunday paper are printed and the distribution of the papers has started. Wheeler and I had copies of the court's order printed and started up Broadway on Saturday afternoon, stopping at every news stand and handing the legal document to the proprietor, informing him that if he violated it by selling any Sunday Americans with Mutt and Jeff in them he was likely to go to the hoosegow for life. Most of them got scared to death, and some even threw the whole paper away. However, the circulation department of the New York American soon heard about it through frantic telephone calls from the news dealers, and the comic section was pulled out of the last of the run and men were sent around town to extract the funnies from the papers already distributed. I think it is the first and only time in the newspaper business that it has been done, and the papers circulated in the New York area were without the colored comic supplement that Sunday.

Then it developed into a knock-down-and-drag-out fight. Having previously had the title trade-marked in Washington, that helped us materially in the trial of the case. It took about six months before the court heard our stories. In the meantime I was drawing Mutt and Jeff, while there was no imitation because of the temporary injunction which we had obtained.

When the suit came to trial there was an imposing array of counsel on the Hearstside, including such well-known lawyers as Mr. Bainbridge Colby, afterward one of Mr. Wilson's Secretaries of State; and Nathan Burkan. There is one thing I will say for the Hearst forces—they played fair and did not hit low in the clinches.

S. S. Carvalho was still the general manager of the Hearst papers in those days, and he is rated a great newspaper genius. During the period of my service with the Hearst papers we had always been friendly, and I used to go to him with my troubles to get them straightened out. I usually succeeded. He was a fine-looking man with a pointed beard. His avocation was collecting objects of art—not including comic strips.

Pulling His Wooden Leg

His office was a dingy hole in an alley off the main corridor of the American Building, which is cut up into a lot of passageways resembling rabbit runs. The window over his desk was of beveled glass, through which the light came brightly, and the visitor's chair faced the window so that Mr. Carvalho was hidden in the shadow while the glare dazzled the eyes of his caller. When I visited him I used to move the chair around so that I was in the shadow and he was in the spotlight. Then he had a funny habit of pulling out one of the drawers of his old desk and resting his leg on it. While talking to him I used to tap the drawer with my foot until it would close and drop his leg down on the floor. Then he would prop it up again and I would repeat, until he would exclaim with a smile, "I wish you'd leave my wooden leg alone."

One day as I was talking to him in this shabby office, since he was a big enough man not to need ornate fixtures—Arthur Brisbane has the same kind—he said to me, "If you ever quit the Hearst papers I will do my best to see that you can take your characters with you."

There was no written agreement about it—just a promise made in casual conversation, but later it turned out to be one of the utmost importance to me. When we were collecting our ammunition for trying the case I recalled the promise Mr. Carvalho had made to me and told our lawyer about it. When he was on the stand testifying Mr. Kelley, our attorney, asked him in his cross-examination: "Didn't you tell Mr. Fisher that if he ever left the employ of the Hearst papers you would do your best to let him have the rights to Mutt and Jeff?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Carvalho.

That's what I call sportsmanship in business.

We won the case, which gave me the rights to my favorite comic characters, and Mr. Hearst has since bought them back for publication in several of his newspapers, where they now appear regularly. No imitation was ever put out.

I am as proud of this achievement as anything I ever did, since the whole contention of the Hearst legal forces was that they had the rights to the characters because of the popularity they had given them through publication. Our argument was that I had originated the strip on another paper where it was published before it appeared in any Hearst newspaper, and to prove it we produced the copies of the San Francisco Chronicle in which the drawings I had copyrighted away back in 1907 were published. Then the fact that I had already registered the trade-mark helped us greatly. As a result of this lawsuit, all the big syndicates and newspapers have changed their contracts so that they can register the trade-marks in their names.

Mutt and Jeff in London

Most syndicates are operated independently, although several of the larger newspapers now supplement their incomes with them. These include the Hearst papers, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the Chicago Tribune, the New York World and some others. These papers hire a writer or artist supposed to have unique talent, and to reduce the burden of what they have to pay him they sell the publication rights in other cities to newspapers wherever possible. The prices are graduated according to the size of the city and the paper. In this way a small publication can get for a reasonable rate as good features as the papers in the metropolitan areas.

The introduction of Mutt and Jeff into London is interesting—at least to me. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the London Daily Express, was in New York just after the war. Mr. Wheeler, with whom I have been closely associated ever since I left the Hearst organization, met him. With an eye out for business he began to talk to Mr. Blumenfeld about Mutt and Jeff, and finally arranged for us to dine together at the Ritz, where the London editor was staying.

After an excellent dinner, paid for by Mr. Wheeler, and some wine—it was before the days of the Volstead Act—Mr. Blumenfeld, with some hesitation, agreed to depart from all the accepted customs of British journalism and publish Mutt and Jeff. Waxing enthusiastic myself, I agreed to go to London to start them off, knowing how crazy the English readers are about racing, and feeling I could give them the same sort of stuff I did when I began drawing in San Francisco. In short, this would be tips on the races.

Mr. Blumenfeld accepted the proposal and offered to pay $100 a week for the London rights plus my expenses in England while I did some local stuff to introduce the two characters. Having always been interested in racing myself, I felt sure that after studying the English dope sheets a bit I could pick plenty of winners. But I ran into a terrible streak of luck, just the opposite of the great success I had had with my selections in San Francisco. Not only did I fail to pick winners but I lost plenty myself betting on my own selections. Mr. Blumenfeld was somewhat disappointed with his experiment, but was game and stuck. He got several violent letters from old subscribers, such as:

> I have been a reader of the London Daily Express for ten years and always liked it. I am now a regular reader of the London Daily Mail [the Express' great rival] which I will continue to read until you stop publishing that rotten American humor, Mutt and Jeff.

The English write more letters than the readers of American newspapers, and are more vicious about the things they don't like. It eased off some when the Express

ADD A SUN-PARLOR

Have one room in the house where the sun can shine winter and summer

NEARLY every new house nowadays has a sun parlor, of course. But there are thousands and thousands of homes built ten, twenty, thirty years ago without that most popular and cheerful of rooms! Well-built, substantial homes, many of them, but without the sun parlor, they are needlessly old-fashioned.

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Whether you are building a new house or remodeling, see that "A-W-G" Clear-Vision Window Glass is used. "A-W-G" Window Glass has been the preference of architects, builders and dealers for more than a quarter of a century. Its high quality, greater tensile strength, brilliant lustre, clearness and freedom from defects and discoloration make it the ideal window glass.

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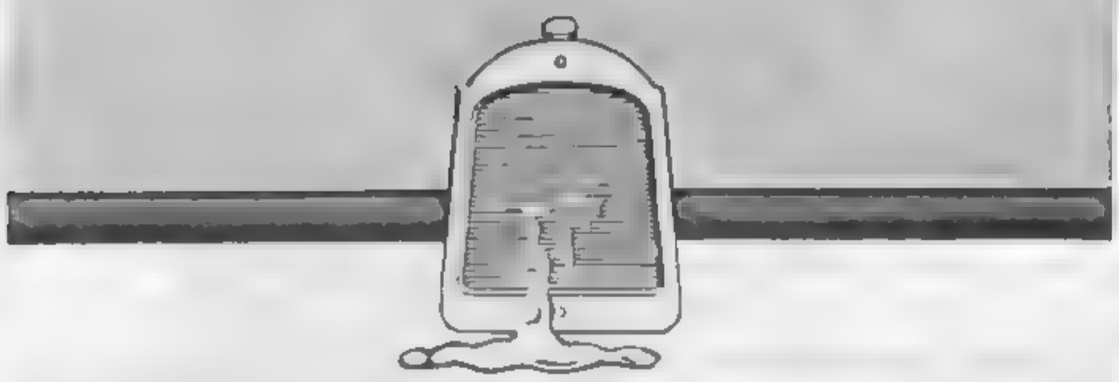

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Wonderful Lubricating and Penetrating Oil

Unexcelled for Lubricating Household and Office Appliances or for removing Rusted, Gummed or Frozen Machine Parts, Etc.

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began to publish the straight stuff anglicized, and I suspect some of the knockers had lost money betting on my selections. Then I undertook to sell Mutt and Jeff to several papers in the British Isles and opened up a syndicate in my vest pocket in London. This was a new idea to English publishers, and it was difficult to get them to understand the scheme. The possibilities are limited because the distances are so short, a London morning paper being on the breakfast tables in Britain as far north as Scotland.

We finally lined up about ten papers in England, Ireland and Scotland, and arranged to have matrices of the strips as they appeared in the London Daily Express made and shipped. A matrix is made out of pulp, and when a newspaper receives it a casting can be made from which the picture can be printed. Newspaper editors in England, Scotland and Ireland were calling me at all hours of the night, asking me to explain how to use the matrices. I also sold the Sunday page to several English papers.

It finally worked out pretty well, and Mr. Blumenfeld, seeing that I looked fatigued, I guess, invited me to spend a week-end at his country place, which had formerly been the house of Lady Warwick. Now to the average Englishman a week-end begins on Thursday at noon and he gets back to his office just before luncheon on Tuesday. By the time he has eaten his midday meal, which is no mean affair, and got back to his office, that day is pretty well shot; so if you don't catch him on Wednesday you are out of luck. But my host, Mr. Blumenfeld, was born in Milwaukee and had more of an American idea of the week-end, so we did not leave London until Friday night and we were to be back early Monday morning.

On the way to his country place he told me he was still getting plenty of letters kicking about Mutt and Jeff, most of them on the ground that the strip was American. This was just after the war, and there was not too much friendly feeling for us. However, we had a pleasant journey and I was impressed by the age of everything. Moss on an English country house is as important as dust on a bottle of Napoleon brandy, and there was lots of moss on Mr. Blumenfeld's place. I once had a neat Jap who washed off a bottle of Napoleon brandy I had—I fired him. They don't wash the moss off an English country house.

Putting the Host at Ease

It came time to fix up for dinner, so I changed my clothes and put on a dinner coat; but I guess my host thought he was entertaining a roughneck cartoonist, for when I got downstairs he had on a business suit. Nothing was said of the difference in the costumes; and we floundered around trying to find a subject on which we could both talk.

"Excuse me a minute," said Mr. B., and he went upstairs.

Thinking this a good opportunity to put my host at his ease, I slipped up to my room and took off the hard-boiled shirt and changed to a sack suit. When I again saw my host he had on a dinner coat, so we both began to laugh, and I said, "Let's quit playing firemen."

While I was in London I was invited to a fashionable dinner, and the lady next to me had on false eyelashes. Now one thing I could never understand is why a man or woman who gets a wig or false eyelashes or teeth or something is never satisfied with a substitute that looks real. Notice the next bird you see wearing a wig. He never has a bald spot on it or anything like that, but it always looks like a lawn that needs cutting. And the funny part about it is that he always thinks no one knows it's a wig. The only wig wearer I ever knew who wasn't ashamed of being under cover was a newspaper man from Baltimore and he figured the wear and tear on his. Whenever he was associated with ladies he wore it proudly, but let the feminine part of the gathering go home and he would put it in his pocket.

Well, my dinner companion with the false eyelashes was no exception, so she had bought a set that must have been part of an ostrich fan once, and every time she winked I thought somebody was fanning me. I caught a cold from sitting in the draft those eyelashes made. I was not much of a social success in London.

It was in 1918 that I first started to draw a Sunday comic page because there was a demand for it, but I have never taken so great an interest in the page as in the daily pictures. The Sunday page must necessarily be for children, since it is they who demand the funnies as soon as the newspaper comes into the house, while the strips are intended more for adult readers. I don't think I have the point of view of the child, since I have never had one myself, which is a great regret of my life.

My whole theory of the successful cartoonist lies in making the reader want to come back. I think it was George Ade who said, "A humorist cannot go to bat every day and knock out a three-bagger." A comic artist cannot knock his readers out of their breakfast chairs every morning, but if he gives them a good deep laugh on Monday morning they will look for it again on Tuesday. If Tuesday does not send them into hysterics they may say, "Well, that's pretty good; I'll look at it tomorrow."

In the Wee Sma' Hours

Then on Wednesday they get a smile, but on Thursday they find one they want to tell to their friends, so they come back to look at Friday's to be sure not to miss a knockout. Caruso couldn't sing every night. But I am frank to say the Sunday page is the hardest thing I have to do, and in trying to please my readers I have studied kids when they look over the funnies. The trouble is they never laugh. Have you ever watched a youngster when he spreads himself out on the floor and pores over the colored section? His expression is always solemn. Perhaps if I had lived closer to children I might have understood their psychology better.

Having started my work on a morning newspaper, it has always been my habit to sit up until three or four o'clock in the morning, and it is then that I make most of my pictures. The world seems quieter and more peaceful, and ideas come more easily, although I suppose it is a matter of habit.

It used to be my idea that if one went to bed early he was liable to miss some excitement and then regret it when he heard of it the next day. This was especially true of my attitude when I first came to New York. I remember I used to go to Jack's restaurant in Sixth Avenue, where you could find anyone you wanted to see after one o'clock in the morning, and sit there until four or five. At that time I had to finish my picture before midnight and the strip I made at night appeared the next day. It was necessary to sit up so I could see it in the paper as soon as possible.

There was a fellow built like Tom Sharkey, square on all corners, whose job was opening oysters at Jack's, and when he was feeling real good he opened them with his thumb nail. If he had a cold or was out of sorts he used a knife. Well, besides being a champion oyster opener, he was a first-class bouncer; so when some of the boys from Yale or Princeton would visit Jack's and decide it was time to lick a waiter, he could take three or four college boys and tie them up into a neat bundle, with a tall one wrapped around the bunch as a binder, and throw them out into Sixth Avenue with no trouble at all. Any man who can open oysters with his thumb nail is strong.

Then if the odds were too great—say, eight or ten college boys—the famous flying wedge of waiters would go into action and there would usually be several dents in the asphalt outside where the collegians landed.

Well, I would usually go to Jack's, for it was a great gang that could be found there

(Continued on Page 117)

Is Sentiment Handicapping Your Game?

What's in your Golf Bag — and what should be

THE fickleness of golf *may* have something to do with its fascination—there is always the lure of tomorrow even if today's game has not fulfilled our hopes.

But *would* it really lose its fascination if some of the fickleness might be removed? *We think not.* There should be even a decided gain—for no one plays poorly by preference.

Favorite clubs are fine—but *golf is not a one-club game.* And you are not getting anywhere if you're forever having to call on one old favorite to save you.

There simply can't be any one favorite if every club in your bag is built and balanced to *harmonize* with each of its matched mates. With merely a graduation of loft, for distance—but exactly the same "feel" and *swinging weight* for all—you won't ever again be limited, but will know the thrill of playing *eleven clubs that swing as one.*

Is sentiment handicapping your game? Don't let it—accept the proven developments of progress. What's in your golf bag? Is your caddy carrying for you merely an *accumulation* of clubs? That's way out of date. What *should* be in that bag of yours is a *complete matched* set of MACGREGORS—both Woods and Irons—every one a favorite, whether it be at the drive from the first tee or the final putt on the eighteenth green.

Then you will know the thrill—and the results—when every stroke is as a practice swing for the one to follow. And then, too, you'll feel a new fascination—a deeper enchantment—a rarer charm. Write for free catalog.

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So perfectly balanced is a set of MACGREGOR *Harmonized Irons* that when the clubs are laid across a suspension point and come to rest in a horizontal position, the grip ends of the shafts and the heels of the Irons form two straight lines, the putter, of course, excepted. *This is the proof of perfect balance.* Your set of Irons, too, should be *harmonized* with your Woods.

Your Wood Clubs should be *harmonized* between themselves as well as with your Irons. Then you won't have to make any mental or physical readjustments from one shot to another. At the left is a Uni-Set of *Premiers*—Driver, Brassie, and Spoon—painstakingly *matched* through every step of manufacture as to balance, length, weight, loft and "feel." MACGREGOR *Special Face* Clubs have always set the pace. No one has ever been able to duplicate the patented "Scruloc" method of building *permanence* into these Clubs. By an *exclusive* process, assurance against loosening is guaranteed.

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COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

The STERILIZED Bathroom PAPER, *Madam,*

Doctors are urging, is called NORTHERN TISSUE

20 Times Sterilized!

TWO years ago a new Bathroom Paper was announced. A *sterilized* Bathroom Paper. Chiefly on medical advice, thousands of homes discarded old-time "toilet tissues" for it.

Today, its use is almost universal. Thousands of mothers, having heard of it, are asking, "How can we get it—and be sure that it is this 20 times *sterilized* Bathroom Paper?"

Northern Tissue. That is what you ask for—Northern Tissue.

Not ordinary "toilet paper" but—a scientific cloth-like paper

No other paper is quite like it. For every sheet of Northern Tissue is sterilized 20 times. (A cultural test conducted by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories proved it as sanitary as sealed hospital cotton. Consider what that means.)

Moreover, it is cooked at a temperature of 302°. This process does three important things. 1. It whitens the paper. 2. It makes a soft, cloth-like texture. 3. It makes a paper *utterly free of irritating particles.*

Most yellow "toilet paper" contains *raw* ground-wood. Actually tiny splinters. (Note illustrations above.) These splinters irritate. Frequently, they cause more serious rectal troubles such as Pruritis Ani.

There is no raw wood in "cooked" Northern Tissue. That is why doctors are urging the *immediate* discontinuance of yellow "toilet paper" in favor of white, *sterilized* Northern Tissue.

Only 10c a Roll

With all of its marked superiority, Northern Tissue costs no more than ordinary "toilet paper"—only 10c a roll. Hence, it is folly to use any other kind.

But a word of caution. Every white Bathroom Paper is *not* Northern Tissue. This paper, endorsed by highest medical authorities, has "The Sterilized Bathroom Paper" printed on the label. Look for this wording.

Order today. Insist on Northern Tissue. Or we will send you a generous sample, *free*, if you will mail the coupon below.

To Get this Sterilized Bathroom Paper

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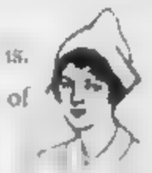
Please send me your *free* sample package of Northern Tissue.



Name

Address

City ..... *State*

(Continued from Page 114)

nightly. Hype Igoe, a funny guy, now a boxing writer and once a cartoonist, used to keep his ukulele in the ice box and play it nightly.

A cartoonist cannot be a hermit and get any ideas. He must circulate and listen. At any rate that's an excuse for staying up late, though I really believe it. Ideas come by suggestion, and you don't get any suggestions from the paper boy in the morning, or the janitor who is fixing the furnace, or the milkman.

To digress in support of my contention, I know a cartoonist who was and is famous. He was always full of enthusiasm for his work, and the first thing he looked at in the paper was the picture drawn by his favorite artist. The first page might announce that war had been declared. This cartoonist never stopped there to read about it, but fumbled over the paper to the place where his cartoon was published so he could see how it looked in print and always seemed surprised to find it there. He went about to fights and all sorts of gatherings, and his work sparkled.

Then he fell in love, which many a cartoonist had done before. This girl's father was wealthy and she beautiful, so he married her. They got a house and settled down, and instead of staying up all night and sleeping all day, he began to keep banking hours and had an office and a secretary and everything. He even ate luncheon, which is something no cartoonist should do, and he put on his carpet slippers at night. His work lost its punch as a result. If there is a moral to that anecdote don't ask me to explain it.

Well, as I say, if a regular patron of Jack's stretched at about two in the morning and said, "Boys, I've a headache. I think I'll hit the hay early tonight," some tempter would say, "Oh, wait for the fight."

There was a fight every night in Jack's, and no regular left before it.

I recall the night Rosenthal was shot by the four gunmen in the doorway of the Metropole Hotel in Forty-third Street. I was in a restaurant at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street called the Garden, and word of the shooting was flashed so soon that we arrived almost in time to get the number of the gunmen's car. The early risers missed that.

This will illustrate the advantages of drawing near the news. For the day following Rosenthal's murder I made a picture of a stranger approaching Mutt at a table in a restaurant and telling him someone desired to speak with him at the door, and he promptly slid under the table. Old-timers will remember that Rosenthal got a message that a friend wanted to see him at the front door, and as he went to see his friend the four gunmen made him look like a colander.

A Sign That Drew a Crowd

There used to be a restaurant at Sixtieth Street which was patronized for years by the smart folks of the Tenderloin. Over the ballroom on the second floor were apartments, one of which was occupied by a New Yorker, now dead, who had a beautiful wife. At the front of the building was a triangular electric sign which advertised this restaurant. I was a good customer of this rendezvous and once won a dancing contest there in the early days, the prize being a trip to Bermuda, which I never took.

Well, the New Yorker and his wife, whose rooms were just above the electric sign, used to quarrel a great deal. One morning—it must have been about four o'clock—the gentleman with the beautiful wife got into a row with her, and like many other women, she threatened to commit suicide by diving out of the front window.

Much to the surprise of her husband, who advised her to go ahead because she had proposed doing such a thing before without ever attempting it, she made good. At the time, she was wearing the uniform made famous by Lady Godiva. Doing an Annette Kellerman, she merely got tangled up with an electric sign.

Hanging on the sign, she lost all desire to commit suicide and began to scream for help, which brought the police reserves, and shortly afterward the fire department with the necessary apparatus for rescue of an undressed lady on an electric sign. The scene naturally attracted a crowd, of which I was one, and the incident supplied a subject for conversation for days. If I had failed to be there, I would have been as badly off the next day as the fellow who didn't see the Dempsey-Firpo fight—the greatest of hundreds I have witnessed. I would have had nothing of interest to talk about.

Then there was Kid McCoy's under the old Normandie Hotel at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway. Every night some patron would make up his mind along about two or three in the morning that he wanted to lick a prize fighter and would make the serious mistake of selecting McCoy to realize his life's ambition. Let the Kid tell it in his own words:

"Some of these fellows were always trying to take a sock at me, and I hated to hit them because when they went down they generally cracked their heads on the hard floor and got hurt. So I bought a big doormat with Welcome on it and put it just inside the entrance. When some customer aimed a punch at me I would argue with him until I could back him over on this mat and then I would let him have it. When his head hit the Welcome it never did any more than stun him."

Left-Handed by Accident

I sketch in this background to show why people sat up late in those days when it was possible to go into a bar and order a drink without fear of arrest or poison. Tad, the cartoonist from San Francisco, was a great companion of mine at this time. He was and is a spontaneous amusing fellow who always called me John for the same reason he called his brother John, Ike, and he is so known now to everybody. Ike Dorgan is the press agent at Tex Rickard's Madison Square Garden. Tad also named Bert Igoe, Hype—why I don't know.

Poor Tad's heart went back on him about five years ago, and for three of those five years he never left one floor of his home at Great Neck, Long Island, but during all that time he made his pictures, and no one knew the artist had what he calls a bum ticker. Says Tad, "You've got to do your stuff. If the public wants a sick guy, they can go to a hospital and not to the comic page."

And for three years he did his stuff from the same room in the same house without being out of it, his only contacts with the outside world being the radio, telephone and newspapers, and none of his readers knew from him that he had a bum ticker. As it is, he will probably die of gout instead of heart trouble.

Now he comes to New York once in a while and takes a room high up in one of the hotels and opens the windows at night and looks down on the cake eaters and the sports and the mob and gets a sniff of the old life.

"That's close enough for me with this dime-a-dozen ticker," he says.

But when I first came to New York, Tad was a companion who invented the expression "sun dodger," which means the fellow who sleeps all day so that he won't see the sun.

Tad had a nub of a right hand, for when he was a boy he had got curious about the operation of hoisting a safe out of the fourth-story window of an office building in San Francisco. He put his hand in the drum, around which the cable was slack, and just then it tightened up with the full weight of the safe on it and sheared off four fingers. Not discouraged, he became left-handed.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles by Mr. Fisher. The third will appear next week.

HYDRAULIC

NO AXLE TOO LOW FOR THIS JACK!

LOW-SLUNG car—deep-rutted road—a balloon tire flat—then's when this latest Blackhawk Hydraulic Jack is worth its weight in gold!

Just slide it under—engage ram or sturdy toe—give long, rigid handle a few easy strokes, short or long—and up she is! Then, to lower, just open release valve with handle tip, and down she comes, smoothly and quickly. That's the joy of *hydraulic* jacking!

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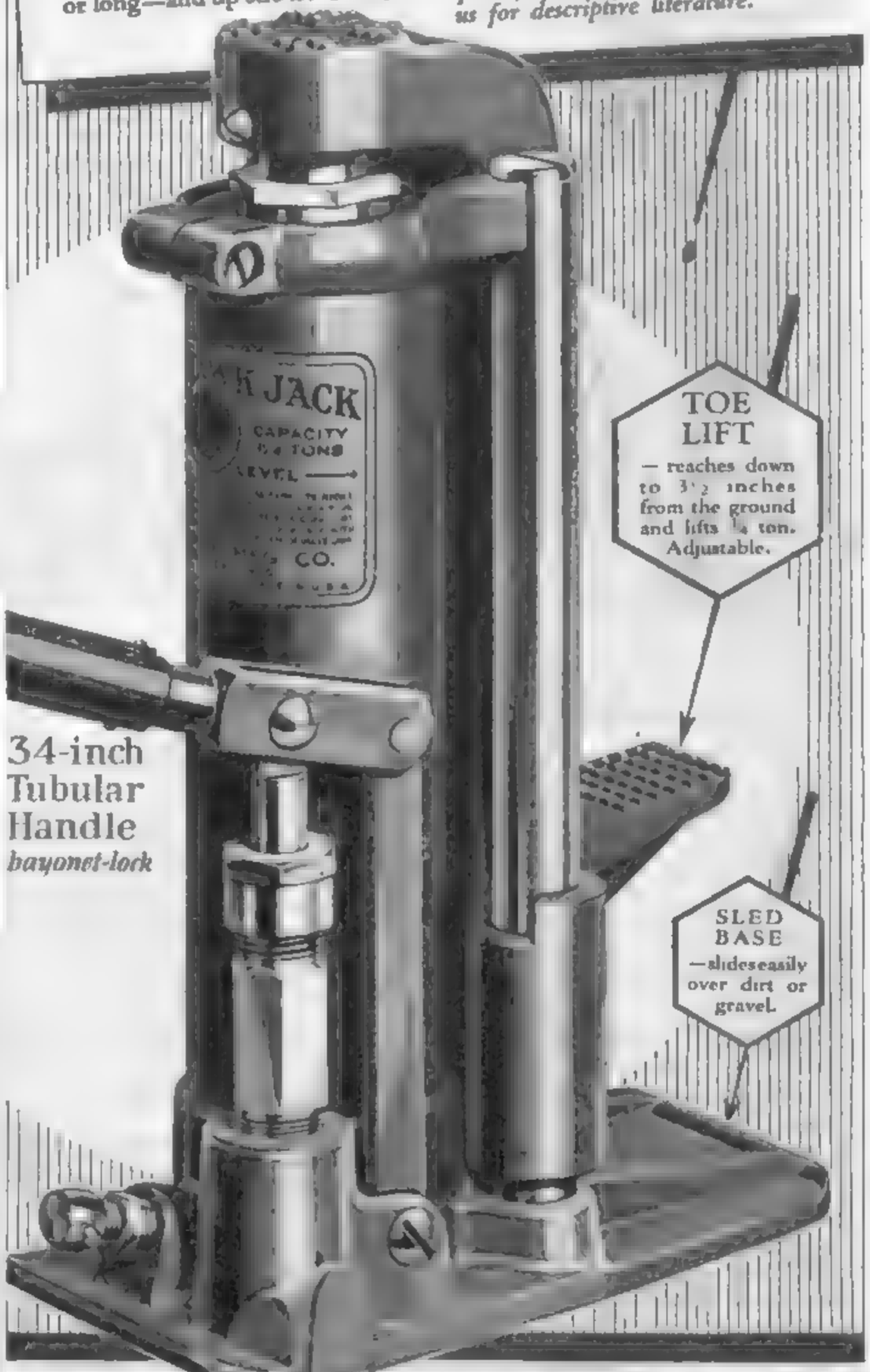
Your dealer has this jack or can quickly get one for you. Write us for descriptive literature.



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MOTOR-COACH 7 tons

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Just as the K-S Telegage guards the gasoline supply of millions of motorists —and the comfort of thousands of homes where furnace oil is used—it likewise serves industry in many fields, for the measurement of various fluids such as water, oils, chemicals, milk, etc., always with the same dependable accuracy.

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BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

Adopted as standard factory equipment on three-fourths of all cars selling for $700 or more.

GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from Page 11)

Contracts for October delivery of cotton were selling on the New York Exchange then at 9½ cents a pound. Scales felt that it ought to go to twelve, so he returned to New York and proceeded to buy and buy and buy. Trading on the New Orleans Exchange were two other men with plenty of money with which to back their judgment that there was going to be a shortage of cotton.

The New Orleans traders were Frank Hayne and William Perry Brown. In 1903 they had taken up the bull campaign started by Sully after the latter withdrew from the market. Then they came to New York and successfully squeezed the shorts in every month from July to September. Brown was a Mississippian, his upper lip covered with a big sweeping mustache, and was called colonel by reason of some connection with the militia. He had a higher rank in the cotton ring. There he was a general.

Knowledge similar to that which had influenced Scales had started a succession of buying orders from Chicago. One of the big speculators out there likewise had seen a meaning in the unfavorable seeding conditions.

Four men, then, were backing with millions of dollars their judgment that there would be a crop shortage. Among them before the end of that operation they must have held contracts for the delivery of more than 1,000,000 bales. Cotton advanced until in the spring of 1909 October contracts touched sixteen cents a pound. Scales could have withdrawn from the market, it has been estimated, with a profit of $5,000,000. One of those speculators at one time during the operations had accumulated contracts for 300,000 bales.

Scales profited hugely, and the spinners of England, field hands in Texas, traders in the ring of the New York Exchange gossiped about the $1,000,000 in securities this Texan had given to his sister, and the presents of hundreds of thousands he had given to other relatives in Texas.

Flooding New York With Cotton

The bull campaign continued until 1910, because the spindles of the world had fallen far behind their task. There was still insufficient cotton in the world for the world's needs. The cotton planters were delighted with the high prices. The market quotations in March, 1910, showed the season's remaining options at around 14½ cents and the next summer's crop at 12½ cents a pound. Some men in the trade, losing sight of the fact that even if there was produced a bumper crop of 14,000,000 bales there was a demand for at least 1,000,000 more, sold contracts to deliver cotton; but again the price began to advance. The bull leaders of the previous year were steadily buying.

If the cotton planters were pleased with the high prices they were getting, the spinners were not. Neither were bankers whose institutions were involved by those high prices. Some of the most bitter were men in the spot-cotton business—that is, they were in the business of buying actual cotton in the country and then selling it to spinning mills in this country or else to other cotton dealers abroad. In July, 1910, under the influence of high prices and the continuance of the bull campaign, 219,000 bales of cotton were delivered in New York on contracts. More were received which were unavailable for delivery because of the great congestion. The bales were exposed to the weather on the docks of the water front, on the open decks of the lighters that had received them from the holds of ships that could not reach docks, and in barges that had been loaded from freight cars in the New Jersey terminals on the west bank of the Hudson. In some cases cotton was exposed for days before the overworked inspectors could weigh and sample it in accordance with the contract rules of the cotton exchange, and the close of each day saw more and more cotton arriving in consequence of the train of events that had followed Scales' investigations of field conditions in 1908. Cotton that had been shipped to Liverpool was withheld from the British mills that needed it so that it might be shipped back to New York. Northern and Southern mills in the United States reshipped cotton into New York, each arriving bale bearing a little additional token of hope that it might be the bale to break the credit of Scales and the others. But the price of cotton rose until in August, 1910, it sold for twenty cents a pound.

Transportation needed for a more economic purpose was wasted in that effort to break the Scales corner. Then other methods triumphed. Scales and three of his associates were indicted on the charge of violating the Sherman Antitrust Law. Such action, of course, did not destroy a single boll weevil nor add a single pound of cotton to the world's supply. During 1911 the price dropped back to where it was when Scales began his deal. The cotton growers had begun to catch up with the cotton spinners. The bull campaign was over. The profits of the speculators who had led it were enormous.

The Story of Vegetable Wool

Scales' fortune was said to have touched $8,000,000 on paper, but he had, like Antæus, that giant of mythology whom Hercules vanquished, lost his contact with the earth. This man, the nerviest speculator the country had ever produced, began to trade on hunches, buying or selling on guesses. A few years later he was bankrupt. Until his death he haunted the scene of his triumphs, a tall, stooped, gaunt, lonely old man, trading in his mind when he could not make a better deal.

A significant thing in the Scales year was the handicap on the men who had sold cotton on the men, I mean, who had contracted to deliver cotton to the four chief speculators who led that market. In order to deliver cotton to Scales and the others in that campaign, it had to be diverted from its natural channels and shipped, wastefully, to New York.

Year after year squeezes had been worked in the New York Cotton Exchange that would not have been possible, in my judgment, if the contracts made there provided for Southern delivery.

Before undertaking to show how New York became supremely important in the cotton trade after the close of the Civil War, it might be well to take a hasty glance at the history of this remarkable plant, which more than any other single growth has made the New World vital to the Old.

Alexander, the Macedonian, invading India, found cotton being cultivated there, and perhaps among the booty brought home by his troops were fabrics woven of this vegetable wool. Columbus found cotton in the West Indies on his first voyage of discovery. Cortés, after his conquest of the Aztecs in Mexico, sent to the Spanish sovereigns, along with stolen gold vessels, wonderful fabrics taken from the natives. Some of that apparel was contrived by forgotten processes out of the downy plumage of tropical birds, but there were other cloths in the rich cargoes of the ships he sent home which awakened the envy of all the ladies of the Spanish court. The robes of the Aztec kings were woven out of cotton. Similar fabrics won the fancy of Pizarro in Peru as he destroyed the civilization of the Incas in his hunt for their gold. But all the gold that has been produced in America since those times does not equal in value the total of the cotton crops of our Southern States in the past twenty years.

In 1792-3 the equivalent of 10,000 bales was raised in the newly formed United

(Continued on Page 121)

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THE CROMAR COMPANY
Williamsport, Pa.

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED Oak FLOORING

(Continued from Page 118)

States, thanks to the stern needs growing out of the Revolutionary War. Cut off from Europe, the people had to provide for themselves, and did so by growing and spinning cotton. That year of the insignificant 10,000-bale crop, young Eli Whitney, a Connecticut Yankee, traveling to Savannah by sailing ship, found himself in the charming company of the widow of the Revolutionary general, Nathanael Greene. Whitney, seeking the best means to market a college education, was on his way to South Carolina to teach school. At that time he never had seen a bale of cotton. Mrs. Greene invited him to her plantation on the river near Savannah. There he heard the neighboring planters express their longing for some mechanical device that would separate the cotton lint from its seeds. Every school child knows that this mechanical genius proceeded to evolve a machine which filled the need, but I wonder if the elders of every school child appreciate the consequences of that invention. Within a year or so after his invention became available to the planters of the Carolinas the crop was doubled in size; it was four times as large in 1798–9, eight times in 1800–1, sixteen times in 1805–6, and then was doubled again and again, year after year, until in the cotton year of 1914–15 the crop was 1600 times as large as the last one made just prior to the invention of the gin. Whitney's device was a creation on the side of demand, but three men of the Old World—Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton—devised machines that enabled the world to buy all the cotton America could produce. Their inventions revolutionized cotton spinning.

My father, Samuel M. Inman, was a student at Princeton University preparing himself to become a Presbyterian minister when the war between the states came on. Cotton was responsible for the alignment of that struggle. It had made the South agricultural and therefore strongly in favor of free trade. It had created a need for cheap labor, for slaves.

After the war my father went into the cotton business. Because of the ease with which money can be borrowed on cotton it has always been a comparatively simple matter for young men who wished to do so to make a start as cotton merchants, but in those times my father had to pay 9 per cent hire for the money he borrowed and 10 per cent commission for the privilege. All the machinery of commerce was broken down in the South. Shipping and finance were disrupted. Still he managed to make a living, and the New York agent to whom he consigned the cotton he bought in the country around Atlanta was another Confederate veteran, his brother, John Inman. Uncle John's firm in New York was Inman, Swann & Co.

Wrecked for a Nice Profit

There was then no such mechanism as the modern system of commodity protection we call hedging. A merchant who bought cotton carried every dollar of risk involved until he succeeded in shifting title to that cotton to some purchaser. I do not believe I would attempt to run my business today unless I could hedge my transactions, selling my contract to deliver in some future month the same number of bales my buyers have purchased in the country. In that way I confine my hope of profit and my risk of loss within the margins of my merchandising skill. I buy and sell futures, not because I wish to speculate but in order to avoid speculating.

Whenever my father bought a number of bales of cotton in the first years after the close of the war, he was in danger of losing every dollar he possessed, as well as his credit standing, until he had succeeded in disposing of his stock. He was a speculator in spite of himself. Once in those early days of his business career a freight train hauling 1000 bales of his cotton to New York was wrecked. For about sixty days he could not get it moved northward to the warehouses in New York. If the market had gone down sharply he might have been ruined; instead, it advanced during those two months forty dollars a bale, so that, thanks to the wreck, he made about $40,000. It was the best turn fortune had ever given him and enabled him to expand his business. New York then was the logical place to market a big share of the Southern crop. The buyers were there. New York was an exporting market as Liverpool was, and is, an importing market.

Until some time after the war we continued to export more of the crop than we manufactured ourselves. Liverpool, the source of the bulk of the buying orders, was a week away from New York by the swiftest mail steamers and three weeks away by sailing vessels.

Sailing vessels moved South in the fall, loaded cotton at various Southern ports, and then set sail for Liverpool. If my father, for example, loaded a few hundred bales of his cotton aboard one of those ships, it did not start immediately for market. His risks continued while the captain of the vessel hunted about for the rest of his cargo. Still, the prices could not be influenced by Liverpool news oftener than the weekly mail steamer. Then the Atlantic cable was laid and the price of cotton in Liverpool began to influence the price of cotton in New York at hourly intervals.

A Cotton Hedge

Before long there had grown up a practice of offering contracts for cotton "to arrive" within a specified time. Some manufacturers began to contract ahead for their raw materials. The cotton famine of the war period had made all of them fearful of idle spindles. They wished to insure their supplies. One New York firm began to protect itself against forward contracts made at a fixed price by purchasing equal amounts of "to arrive" contracts. They had discovered that by providing a margin of profit between the two related transactions they had put their business on a safe and paying plane. Over in Liverpool a merchant named John Rew had begun to sell "to arrive" contracts on the same day that he had bought cotton in the South by means of cabled orders. Whether the market went up or down, his transactions balanced themselves. Others in the trade were quick to adopt the scheme.

In that way the hedging of cotton began, and today this insurance mechanism is a stabilizing influence in all the principal commodities of commerce. The principle is the same in grain or pork as it is in cotton. Four transactions are necessary to complete a single deal. When I buy 100 or 1000 bales of actual cotton in the country, I sell my contract to deliver an equal number of bales at some specified month in the future. Before I can earn my profit as a merchant I must sell that actual merchandise—the spot cotton—and buy back my future delivery contract. If the market has gone up or down in the interval those trades have been on my books I am not concerned. The trades have balanced each other.

For five years after the close of the war trading in futures was conducted by brokers who rushed about from office to office looking for buyers or sellers. That kind of trading put a premium on legs rather than brains. Besides, unethical brokers could not readily be punished for sharp practices any more than it was possible to punish unethical merchants. Trading necessarily was on a lower tone than it should have been. Then, in 1870, agitation for a regular trading place and a uniform contract resulted in the establishment of the New York Cotton Exchange.

My uncle, John Inman, was one of the first board of managers. Thereafter the best characters in the cotton business established the plane upon which the business was transacted. Today, after fifty-eight years of experience, the signal of a man's hand in the hubbub of the trading ring has all the weight of a written contract. If it were not for that marketing mechanism in

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Single or double grip 50c up a pair.
If your dealer can not supply you, order direct.
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a cushion without bulk
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New York and a similar one in New Orleans, I should be obliged to pay less for the cotton I buy in the country and to charge more to the mills to which I sell it. It is a vital thing, and yet it is not merely an organization of men or a skyscraper of steel and concrete with a trading ring on the top floor. It is an accretion of trading rules. Its right to survive, as I see it, rests on the ability of the organism to adjust itself to changing conditions in the trade. The speculator is necessary to the cotton merchant, and therefore to the cotton planter; it is only when he begins to operate individually or in pools, with a huge sum of money, that he becomes a nuisance. It is idle to deny that a man or a combination of big interests with absolute control of big fortunes may upset the course of a market month in any of the cotton exchanges—New York, New Orleans, Liverpool, Bremen or Havre.

Such an operator may lose his fortune, but that is small comfort to the puzzled farmer or country storekeeper who has seen the price of mules, of land, plows and other things, lift and fall in a crazy response to the yelling of buyers and sellers confronting one another across a cotton ring. Like the wheat pit, those rings are made so the traders may have a compact frontier. It is, indeed, a queer piece of furniture, but our civilization could not manage well without it.

One of the men whose operations today are responsible for the greatest single share of that clamor in the New York and New Orleans trading rings—15 per cent of it, I should say—is not a speculator in any sense of the word. His business is the buying and selling of spot cotton. It is no more possible to discuss cotton without speaking of Will Clayton than it is possible to talk about oil without mentioning John D. Rockefeller.

All over the South there are cotton shippers with headquarters at strategic points, with their network of agents and buyers extending all over the Cotton Belt. There is our firm in Atlanta; in Wilmington are the Sprunta, in Montgomery the Weils, in Philadelphia the McFaddens, in Memphis the Newburgers, in Houston, Dallas, Oklahoma City and every Southern port and large interior concentrating point there are such firms; but Clayton directs the biggest. There are hundreds of these concerns and in recent years, as the American Cotton Shippers Association, we have met annually to discuss our problems.

Buying Here and Selling There

At our last meeting we voted overwhelmingly in favor of urging the New York Cotton Exchange to provide a contract under which a seller might deliver cotton at one of its natural concentration points in the South. We did this because a large majority of cotton shippers had become convinced that it was the best way to stop a kind of market manipulation which the cotton trade refers to as a straddle.

In recent years these straddles have become almost monthly operations. In working a straddle an operator enters one market, New Orleans, for example, and buys cotton heavily and at the same time sells in New York. In the delivery month such a buyer produces great quantities of actual cotton in New York for delivery on his short contracts. Consequently the New York market goes down. The last thing the speculator wants is cotton. What he wants is a profit. In the face of delivery he runs to cover—that is, he sells, and it is that selling pressure that sends the price down. Sometimes it goes down abnormally and a part of the trade suffers.

Sometimes these straddles are worked as between two trading months, so that December contracts sell at a strong premium over January and January will be depressed under March.

Let us see how it has worked. The largest cotton-shipping firm handled last year about 2,000,000 bales of actual cotton that moved through and was stored in their warehouses throughout the South. Inspectors stabbed those bales with a kind of saw-toothed bayonet which they twisted in the wound thus made and then drew out a sample which received a numbered tag to correspond with its parent bale. The samples were graded according to government specifications. Spinners in the South, in New England, in Europe and in Japan, then bought that cotton by cable, telegram, telephone or letter orders. So highly regarded is the integrity of men in the cotton trade that a transaction of millions of dollars is sometimes arranged with no more than an exchange of brief cable messages.

Bales of Stage Property

The shipping concern in question, because it owned those 1,000,000 bales, containing nearly 500,000,000 pounds of cotton, had hedged itself, largely in the New York market, by selling its contracts for future delivery. But ordinarily New York is almost bare of cotton. Great changes occurring in the industry have brought this about. Seed experiments undertaken in efforts to control the boll weevil shortened the cotton fibers. New England spins, chiefly, cotton with fibers fifteen-sixteenths of an inch long or longer. New York contracts call for delivery of seven-eighths-inch cotton. Such cotton finds its best market in Southern mills. Once all the spinning mills of the country were in New England. Today there are more mills in the South—some actually standing in the cotton fields—than there are in New England.

Another market for seven-eighths cotton is Japan. The opening of the Panama Canal has altered the currents of ocean commerce. It is cheaper to ship a Southern product to the Orient from Southern ports than it is to ship by way of New York. Therefore cotton shipped from the South to be tendered in fulfillment of a New York contract is shipped out of its natural course.

Nevertheless, this big concern, aware of its great volume of short contracts, bought to protect its ownership of more than 1,000,000 actual bales, felt that it ought to have enough cotton in New York to prevent the possibility of a squeeze by long interests that might at the last minute demand cotton instead of money. Accordingly it shipped nearly 200,000 bales into New York for storage. There it became a sort of stage property to be brought out month after month and tendered to speculators who did not want it. Only a very large business concern could afford to do this. Undeniably this cotton shipped into New York depressed the market there out of its natural parity with other markets.

This was not an illegal transaction in any sense, but it was an unfortunate thing for men in the trade. Their own hedging operations, because of the artificial spread between markets, sometimes failed to afford them adequate protection. Some of the small shippers undoubtedly believed the Houston firm headed by Clayton was manipulating the market in the same fashion and from the same motives that actuate a man like Scales.

In 1926 this feeling was intense. As the cotton shippers prepared for their annual meeting, to be held in Atlanta, I invited Will Clayton to come and tell us his side of the story. I was president, in that year, of the American Cotton Shippers Association.

I can best describe Clayton by saying that he is six feet tall, still in his forties, and looks as if Charles Dana Gibson had drawn him. He understands cotton as no man has ever understood it before. Under his influence increasing quantities of cotton are being pressed into round bales, half the size of the cumbersome, unwieldy 500-pound standard bales. One man with ease can roll one of these newer bales along the

(Continued on Page 126)

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Since the idea of oil filtration for circulating systems was first conceived, Purolator engineers have earned and kept their place as the acknowledged leaders in this field. They designed and perfected the first oil filter to meet the requirements of car manufacturers, and ever since, devoting their entire time to this one single purpose, have been responsible for every practical, proven and tested improvement that has resulted from their original conception.

The Purolator works with that simplicity which is the hallmark of almost every useful invention.

The filter element is built into an oil tight metal case, thoroughly tested for leaks and seepage. This unit is called the "Purolator cartridge," and is removable. When it contains all the dirt and grit that it will hold the filter simply quits functioning—goes off the job—and the oil continues to circulate as before. This usually happens after about 8,000 miles.

To put the filter back in operation requires only a few minutes. The garage man removes the old metal housing and inserts a new Purolator cartridge, containing a new, clean filter element. And your car rolls away for another eight thousand miles of clean oil—and the cheapest kind of motor insurance.

If your force-feed oiling system isn't protected with a Purolator, ask your garage man about putting one on.

And ask him to tell you the difference between the Purolator and the Purolator's imitators.

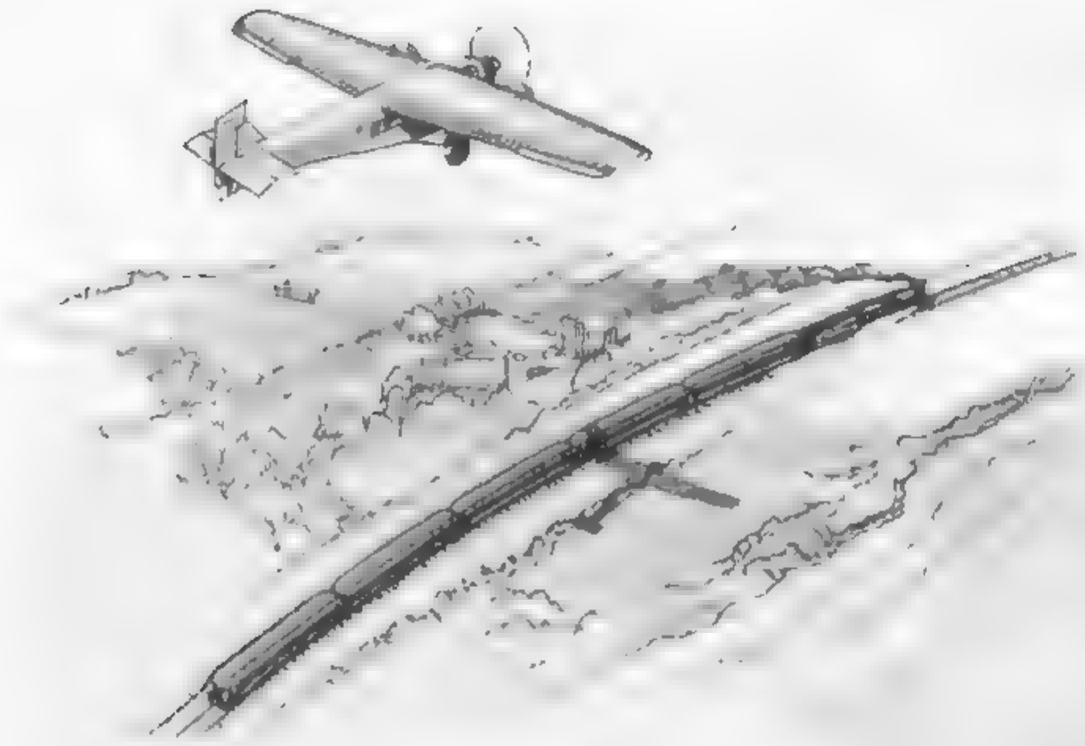
His job is to keep your car on the road—AND HE KNOWS.

MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC.
363 FRELINGHUYSEN AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.

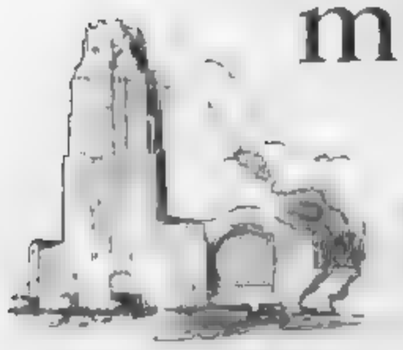
Licensed under the Sweetland Patents

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR



BUFFALO *within 5 hours of* 90 million people



THE NEW BUFFALO STATION OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

85 MILLION residents of the United States and 5 million Canadians live within 500 miles of Buffalo. By train you can reach almost any part of this magic circle over night. Airplanes will take you there in less than 5 hours.

Buffalo has a municipal airport acclaimed by government authorities as a veritable model. Six airplane industries are located here.

With freight costs, and speed of transportation, more vital than ever in American business, the manufacturer has a decided advantage in Buffalo, with so vast a market, of such great spending power within so easy reach.

Investigate Buffalo—Visit Buffalo

With all its other advantages, Buffalo has financial institutions of the first order. The Marine, organized in 1850, is closely linked up with the prosperity of Buffalo. More than 225 million dollars of Marine resources are at the service of Buffalo's industries.

Ask the MARINE *more about* BUFFALO.

MARINE
TRUST COMPANY
OF
BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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The money Mrs. Turner makes helps with household expenses

No Experience Needed

Just arrange with us to become a Curtis subscription representative. The coupon brings all the details.

Cash for Spare Time

YOU Can Just as Well Have Spending Money

IF you are as busy most of the time as Mrs. Robert Turner, of Texas, is with housekeeping you can still have more money and all the little luxuries it will buy. (Mrs. Turner has made $5.00 in a single day.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
695 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

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State ..... *Age*

Customers for sale at public auction

There will be a special offering of prosperous customers this week. They will be sold to business men anxious for their trade. Purchasing capacity high. Credit A1. Selection from best families in all localities. No reasonable bid overlooked.

Customers of stores, or customers of a line of branded goods, are not obtained free. They do not just happen. They are not the result of chance. You paid *something* for every customer you have.

Some you bought by your reputation. Others you bought by the very location of your business. Still others you acquired in exchange for special service, sound policies, a better price, a better quality, or better advertising.

But those customers were bought and paid for, and now each one has an actual value in cold cash.

Suppose, for instance, that your net income is twenty thousand dollars a year and that you have a thousand customers. Each is worth twenty dollars to you. When one of those customers walks away, twenty dollars has walked off the books . . forever.

The question before you is this—will you invest a small part of that twenty dollars to hold your good trade? How much will you put up against a competitor's offer?

Thousands of customers will gladly put themselves on sale this week. All over America, they will listen to bids for their attention. Somebody will buy them at bargain prices. Will you?

Send them a leaflet each month telling things about your business they may not know. Mail them a folder when new merchandise is added to your line. Let the postman carry a booklet or a mailing piece in place of the personal visit you always plan to pay . . . but seldom get around to. Pay them the printed attention they expect and deserve.

There are customers for sale this week—new customers that printing will help you buy, old customers that printing will surely help you hold.

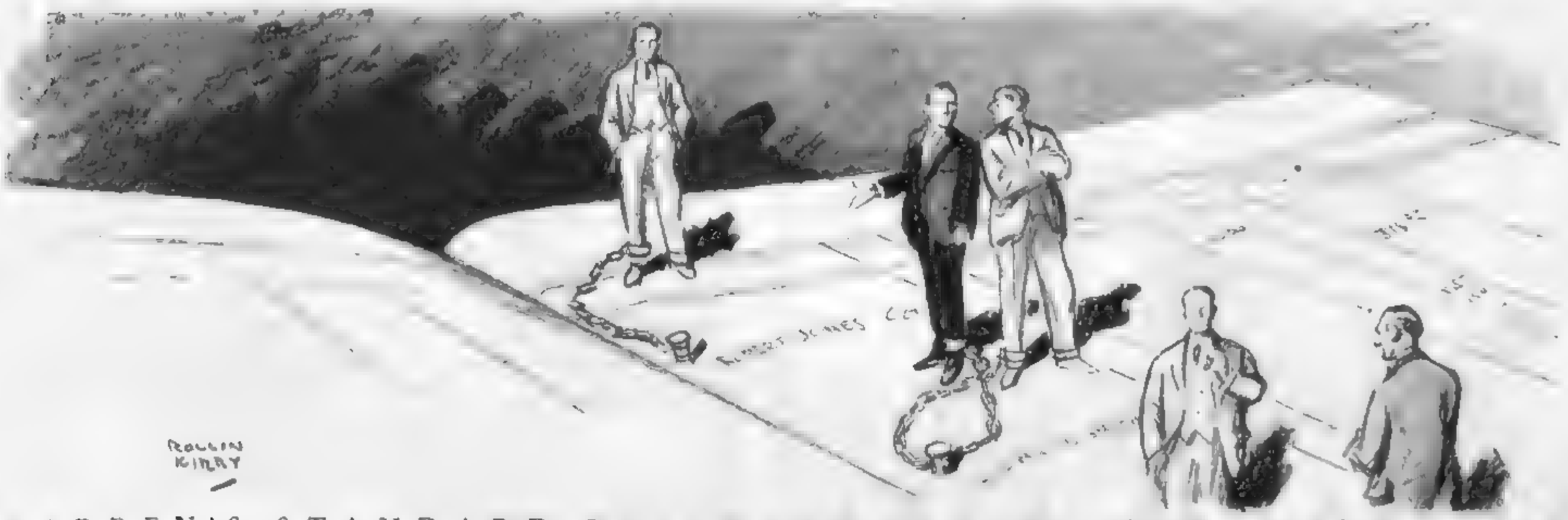
TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Warren's Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

When you buy a customer–keep him bought!



WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper - better printing}

A Continental Lesson for Most Americans . . . Facts about the Aquitania's "Second Cabin" Passage at $152.50 . . .

When your foreign globe-trotter . . . your English gentlewoman . . . your distinguished scientist and his family travel . . . they will, so frequently, be found in the "second cabin" because "second cabin" in the Aquitania is like travelling "second" on the continent . . . a custom accepted by the best people . . . One may travel second cabin in the Aquitania with every civilized . . . and sophisticated . . . comfort. You have faultless English service . . . and food . . . charming dining room . . . three lounge rooms . . . sunny glass-enclosed porch . . . flowers! . . . running water in every cabin . . . plenty of deck space. You are travelling on one of the most impressive and fastest ships on the Atlantic . . . you reach your destination in six days . . . you pay only $152.50.

To Cherbourg and Southampton
Via the Cunard Line

For all information re Cunard Second Cabin apply to your local agent or

CUNARD LINE

(Continued from Page 122)

floor of a warehouse. Two can toss one into a freight car. He has insisted all along that the time has come to modernize the cotton business. Some of us are beginning to agree with him. Anyway I invited him to come from Houston to Atlanta to address the cotton shippers.

"It might result in unpleasantness," he objected.

"I'll guarantee, as chairman," I retorted, "that you will be listened to courteously." I was guaranteeing a lot, for many in the audience I was asking him to address blamed him for big financial losses. So he came.

I introduced him, needlessly enough, but with the usual gestures. One or two applauded. The hostility would have been less noticeable if all had kept silent. Then Clayton began to talk. He told us every problem that had figured in some of his recent business campaigns. I doubt if a listener not familiar with the argot of the cotton trade or its mechanisms would have understood any part of what he said, but none could have mistaken his earnestness and sincerity for anything else. He explained why he believed that, if New York futures contracts provided for Southern delivery, straddles would be much less easy to work, even for the biggest concerns. It is obvious that not even a man with Henry Ford's fortune in liquid form could buy all the cotton that might come flooding into a Southern delivery point if the price got out of line.

Clayton told us that in New York heavier handling costs have resulted in a range of what we call inaccurate response. Savannah cotton, for example, would not be shipped into New York to be tendered until the price at New York rose $3.50 a bale above the price of cotton in warehouses at Savannah. Under reverse conditions a decline in New York prices is not checked until it has dropped $1.65 below the price of Savannah cotton. At that point the New York price would encounter that fabric of influences which we call demand.

Since 1926 the total of this range of inaccurate response has dropped from $5.40 a bale to $4.50 a bale. Southern delivery on New York contracts, most shippers now believe, would, by eliminating more of this play in the economic machinery, also eliminate the temptation as well as the opportunity to work a straddle.

Not all the oratory that influences American life is uttered in Congress. Some—in fact, a great deal of it—is spoken in the conventions of business men. Will Clayton's speech was, in my opinion, that kind of oratory. Two years later, in our April, 1928, convention at Savannah, the applause that was given Clayton at the conclusion of his Atlanta speech was translated into a resolution demanding a Southern delivery clause in New York futures contracts

Before we buyers and sellers of spot cotton get this necessary thing, though, I suppose there will have to be a lot of oratory in Congress.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

For men who set the pace! Modern as air travel, Talon Slide Fasteners . . . Fast as a pursuit plane in its speed of operation . . . Smooth as a flight through cushiony clouds in the ease with which they fasten and unfasten. No fussing with laces, straps and buckles. Just an easy pull to close or open.

Aviator Suits have Talon Slide-Fasteners down the front, up the trouser legs, and on the sleeves

The vogue for Talon *grows* and *grows!* Leaders in sport, in work, in play—men who demand convenience, speed, correctness in every phase of life, insist upon Talon Slide Fasteners on all of their clothing, equipment, accessories. You see it on fine purses, sweaters, countless things for household use. Smart luggage comes equipped with it—tents, sleeping bags, outdoor equipment of all kinds . . . You can identify the Talon—the original slide-fastener—the one that always works, never rusts, launders perfectly—by the words "Hookless" or "Talon" on the slider-pull.

Brief case, cushion upholstery cover, traveling bag and roll bag showing application of the sturdy, rustproof Talon Slide Fasteners

Write us, the original manufacturers, for names of companies making articles fitted with Talon Slide-Fasteners

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CHICAGO: 14 East Jackson Blvd. NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Ave.

THE TALON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SLIDE FASTENER . . .

IT is an ancient and honorable custom to urge the trial of a tooth paste with a sample of small size and short use—and such a sample of Ipana Tooth Paste we offer in the coupon on this page.

But at best, such a sample can prove only Ipana's delicious taste and its wonderful cleaning power, while a full-size tube, used faithfully twice-a-day for a month, will show you a decided improvement in the health of your gums.

Under our diet of soft modern food, the health of our gums is endangered. But, with Ipana and a light massage, you can restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage in itself is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the dental profession.

So use Ipana every day for a month. Buy the large tube from your nearest druggist. It contains over a hundred brushings. You'll be pleased with its beneficial effects upon your gums, you'll be delighted with its cleaning power and you'll enjoy its pleasant flavor every time you use it.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P88, 73 West St., New York

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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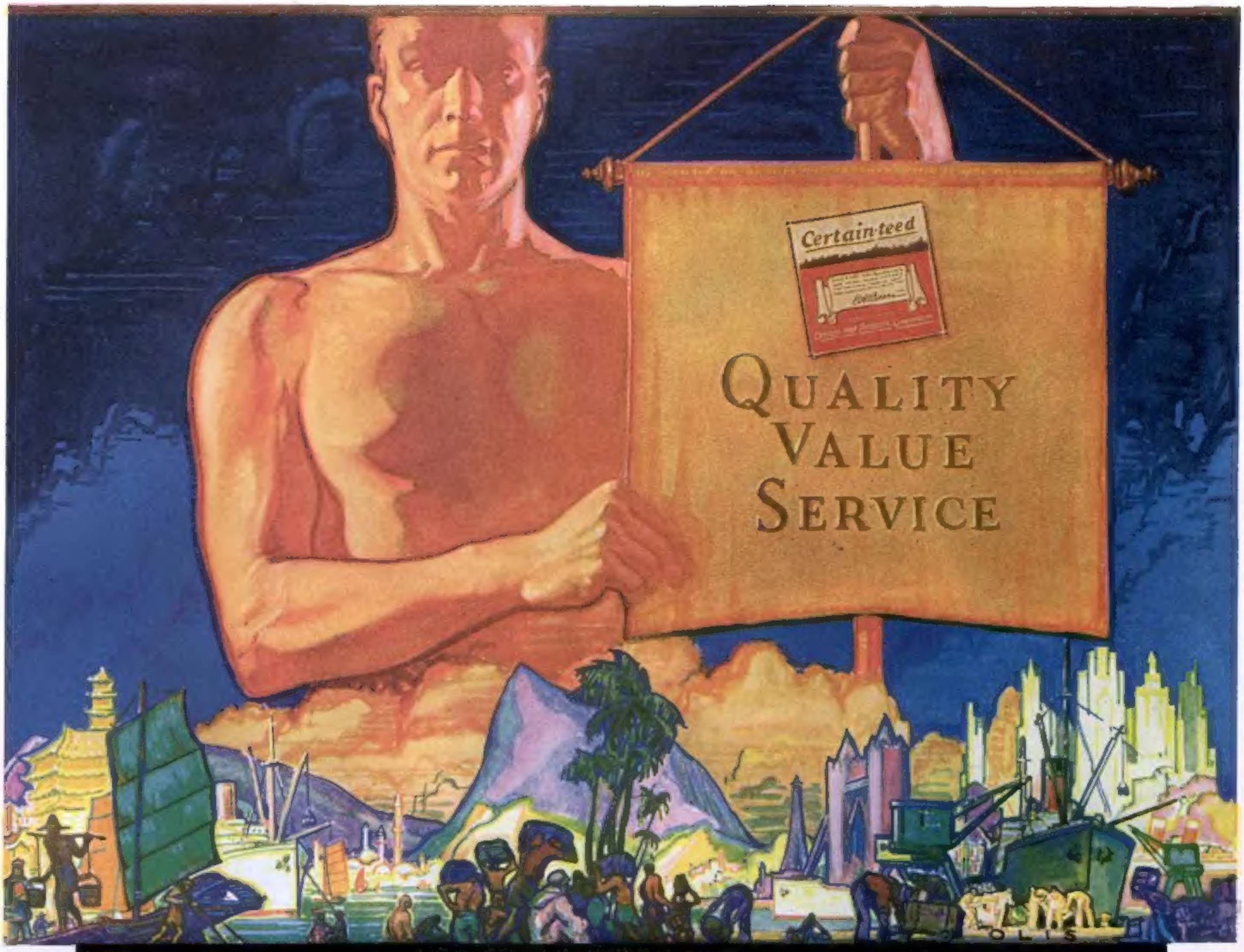
City ..... *State* .....



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Whatever your experience has led you to require of a product, in the way of high quality and service, Certain-teed carefully builds into its different lines. A reputation for giving extra value at all times has developed a world-wide demand for these products. In the Orient, in the Tropics, in far places of the North, men and women buy with the same confidence in the Certain-teed label that is shown by domestic purchasers.

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"It's remarkable to me—so many things that are really good *for* you are *unattractive to the taste*. But orange juice, highly beneficial—especially in these days of almost universal 'Acidosis'—is one of the most delicious of all drinks."

"FOR several years I knew that I was 'under par.' Had headaches every week or so, was conscious of 'acid mouth' and sour stomach. Didn't have much appetite and had indigestion when I did eat a full meal. Took cathartics frequently, was often nervous, often tired and my sleep was not as sound as I knew it should be.

"And yet I didn't think that I was 'sick enough to see a doctor,' because I seldom had to go to bed with any very definite complaint. What annoyed me more than anything was the difficulty of continued concentration.

"My wife really forced me finally to see Dr. Manz. He said, 'Acidosis,' and then astonished me by prescribing orange juice three times a day.

"I said, 'Orange juice for Acidosis?—I thought oranges were acid-fruit!'

" 'They are acid in *taste*,' he replied, 'but *alkaline* in their reaction in the body, and that is what you need—more alkaline reaction foods. I know you'll *like* orange juice, and since there is nothing *better* for an Acidosis I am prescribing three full tumblers daily.' Well, I've been a 'new man' since he told me that."

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know. In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone greatly increases the efficiency.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the skin of the fruit.

Write to address below for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail.

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Richest Juice Finest Flavor

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The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

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